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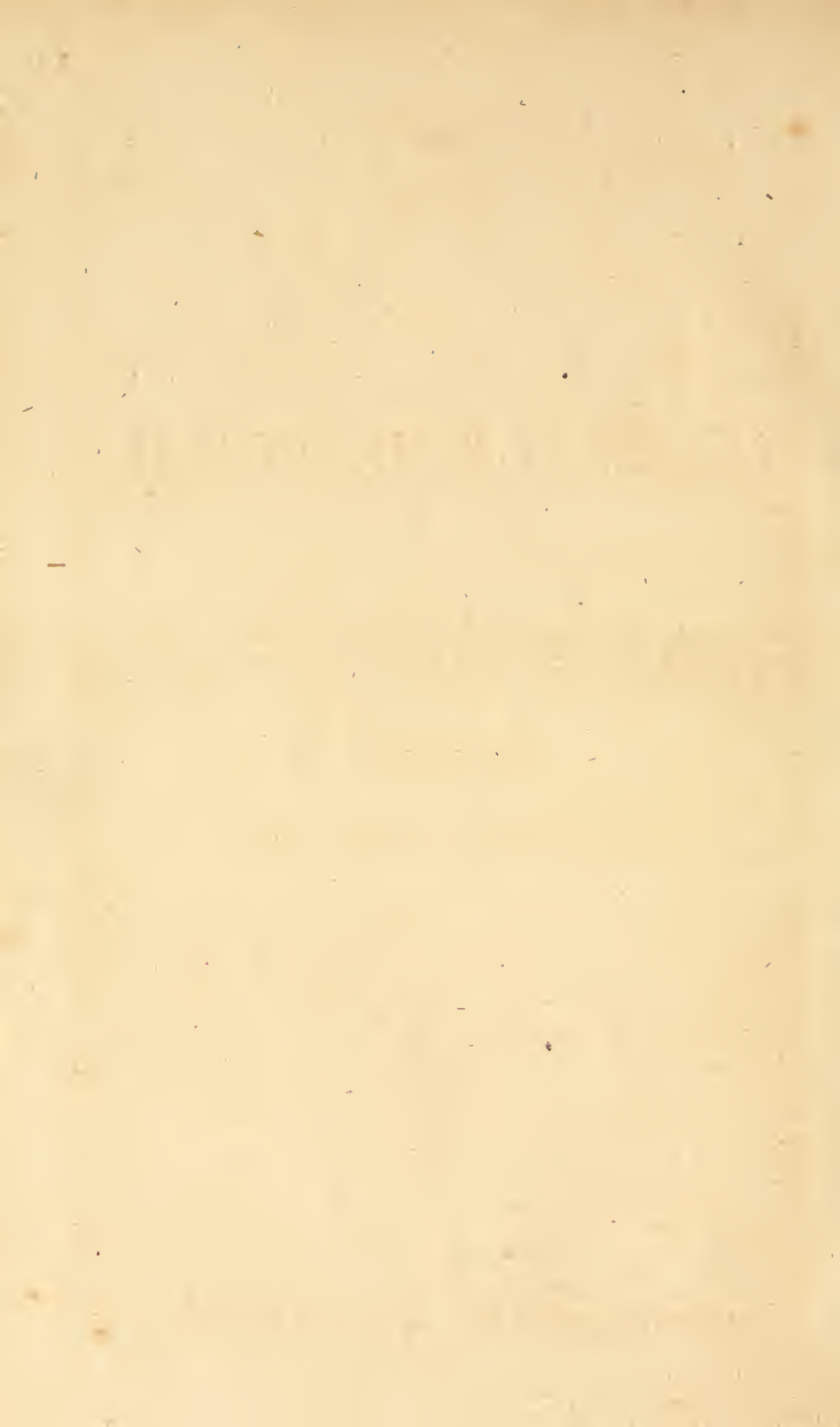
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THE

LUTHERAN HOME JOURNAL.

VOLUME I.

FROM JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1856.

PHILADELPHIA:

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LUTHERAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

1856.

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THE
Lutheran Home Journal.

JANUARY, 1856.

OUR TITLE.

BY REV. T. STORK.

THIS inscription was not a mere suggestion of the fancy, but the deliberate selection of a name conceived to be most expressive of our ideal, of a monthly designed to occupy an intermediate sphere between the weekly paper and the scholastic review. This has been the sphere, thus far, occupied by the Magazine, and the favorable reception with which it has been greeted, is a clear indication of a felt want in the Church of such a periodical. In assuming this new title, we do not profess to change its sphere. In designating it a Lutheran Journal, we do not wish to indicate any intention of making it a medium for polemical discussions, or sectarian intolerance and exclusiveness. Without any such purpose, we assume the name, as expressive of our design to make it a Journal of the Church. With no local or confessional phase,—and yet breathing a true and liberal Church spirit—in its current tone and utterances, having special adaptations to our own Church, and yet with a noble, Christian catholicism, that would make it a welcome and an unobtrusive visitor to any Christian fireside.

It is further designated as the Lutheran HOME Journal. In the adoption of this musical word, we were not influenced merely by the euphony which it gives to our title, or the factitious charm with which it might

possibly invest the Journal. It is significant of an ideal, which it will be our earnest efforts to actualize. In this aspect, we contemplate an essential improvement in the Magazine. It is designed to make this Home feature one of special interest and pre-eminent importance. Home, is the earliest and most influential school—the sanctuary of all that is most sacred in humanity. “There, are unfolded the deepest experiences of human life; there, is the joy of wedded felicity; there, wells up in the heart the first strange gush of parental affection; there, comes the intimation of awful change, staring upon us with the face of death; there, falls the shadow of the funeral train, passing over the threshold.” From the very nature of the family relations, the profoundest joy and misery of human life must be experienced among the conditions of home. It is, moreover, our first sphere of duty and moral discipline. “The family is a divine ordinance—the home is an institution of God, forecast in the very peculiarities of our nature. It is the foundation of all society. It embraces the germ and ideal of the state.” Conscious of this important relation of the family to the community and the Church, it will be with us a special object to act on these springs of social life.

And inasmuch as at home are born the ideas of the infant, and developed the soul of childhood, it will be our effort to give something in every number with special

reference and adaptation to children. Something, that may unobtrusively, yet effectively, influence for good the sacred duties, immortal affections, and divinely sanctioned relationships of the home circle. And, although the Journal assumes no formal mission as a religious messenger, but is sent as a genial, recreative visitor, to mingle in the social pleasures and innocent joys of the family, it will nevertheless breathe the spirit and maintain the chastened tone and lofty sanctions of the Christian teacher; seeking, by multiform methods, to unfold and impress the apostolic direction to families in the primitive Church, "*First learn to show piety at home.*"

It will seek to exalt Christianity in the home-sphere, as the guide and strength of the parents, as well as something joyous and lovely to the heart of childhood. For has not Christianity done everything to consecrate our earthly homes, and make them schools for heaven? "It has mingled a chastening moderation with its dispensations of joy, and yielded the only consolation for its sorrows. It has hallowed the tender years of that childhood, which makes sunshine on its walls, and music in its chambers. It has erected altars of prayer, where its daily duties may be revealed in the light of divine communion; where every morning may unite the family as at the gates of heaven, and every evening see them part with love and benediction as to their final rest. And for the season of trial and bereavement, when that circle of home is broken, and the deepest shadow of all broods there, Christianity pours out its consolations; it opens above the darkened chamber, the glory of its 'many mansions,' and speaks to the soul its blessed assurance that the dearest relations of earth can never die."

With such convictions of religion, as the essential element in a happy home, it will be a pre-eminent object, to send the Journal, as an angel visitor, with messages from heaven, to every family.

There will be, as indicated, in this number, a *Biblical* department, devoted to the exposition of difficult passages of Scripture. This, we regard as invaluable to the family.

It is not designed to give tedious and scholastic exegeses, but simple illustrations, drawn from Biblical antiquities and scientific discoveries, to elucidate obscure passages. This, we believe, will tend to interest the minds of the young in the study of the Bible, and furnish them with Biblical knowledge, such as is not accessible to the general reader.

There will also be a department of the Journal, devoted to Church intelligence. This will embrace the most important items of information, in reference to the Lutheran Church in this country and in Germany.

This department of the Journal in itself, should be a sufficient reason for its introduction into every Lutheran family.

In the articles, both original and selected, special care will be taken to furnish only such as are of decided excellence, and on such topics as will prove both instructive and entertaining, and conducive to the general object contemplated in the publication of this Journal.

It may seem to some, that we have promised too much; that the tenor of this introductory article is adapted to awaken expectations that will not be realized. We hope not. But the realization of our ideal, will depend, in part, upon the sympathy and co-operation of the Church. Let the ministers and lay members of the Church, unite with us heartily and efficiently, in securing an extensive circulation of the Journal, and more than we have promised will be realized. We earnestly solicit our ministerial and lay brethren to unite with us, promptly and efficiently, in distributing in every family of our Church, the "*Lutheran Home Journal.*"

LOST TIME.

I THREW a bauble to the sea,
A billow caught it hastily;
Another billow quickly came
Successfully the prize to claim;
From wave to wave, unchecked, it passed,
Till tossed upon the strand at last.
Thus glide unto the unknown shore,
Those golden moments we deplore;
Those moments, which, not thrown away,
Might win for us eternal day.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY REV. E. W. HUTTER.

IN the circle of revolving time, by the kind providence of God, we have again been brought to that fairy vestibule, which opens, rich with hope, and bright to expectation, upon another year. Our familiar friend, 1855, is numbered among the things that were. Like a swell of the ocean, tossing with its fellows, he has been borne by a resistless current to the land of death and silence. From the point we now occupy, we gaze around, and as the events of the departed year come thronging to our retrospection, the griefs or the raptures that have been commended to us, either move our hearts to gladness, or swell them with emotions of sorrow. From the transports that have been enkindled, there arise like sweet odors from summer fields, the rich banquetings of grateful reminiscence; whilst, from the sorrows that have environed us, there breathe the salutary admonitions of experience, and the sweet voices of pious resignation.

It is a custom becoming the historian, the philosopher, the moralist, and the Christian, on the advent of each year, to take a calm and cautious retrospect of that which has just concluded its circle, and to enregister, if not on paper, in memory, the most striking and instructive events that have occurred within its compass. To every feeling and contemplative mind, an exercise like this, embracing necessarily a diversified schedule of experiences, can never fail to be productive of moral and intellectual improvement. Such an exercise addresses itself to every spring and power of our nature, that is worthy of cultivation. It addresses itself to the *heart*, through the medium of events that have awakened the affections; to the *understanding*, by expanded and practical exhibitions of nature and society; to the *imagination*, by means of the beautiful, the terrible, and sublime; and to the *religious* sense, by enabling it to trace, in all sublunary affairs, from the fall of a leaf to the fall of an empire, the all-directing and all-encircling providence of God. From the *past* it gleams matter and motives, salutary to contemplate.

The *present* it enriches and adorns. The *future* it surrounds with useful calculation and profitable arrangement.

We have said that on the ever-restless pinions of time the year 1855 has passed away. But it is only as a fragment of conventional chronology, that it has been gathered to the tomb. The year 1855, in a most important sense, *still lives*, and will live on forever. The *events*, to which it gave birth, are not of a transient, but of an ever-enduring nature. Their influence, for weal or woe, can never die. And even to their earthly record will the memory of millions cling with indissoluble adhesion, though never chiselled by sculptor-hands on marbled monument, or engraved with adamantine pen on bronze or brass.

It would not comport with the limits of the present article, to enumerate *all* the principal events of the past year, nor to attempt to deduce from them, with logical interpretation, those conclusions, which to the vision of the seer they may seem to warrant. We can merely glance at facts, submitting it to each reader, in a great degree, to make such application of them, as his own feelings and judgment may prompt.

Directing our view to the Old World, to what stupendous deeds has the year 1855 given birth! The bloody drama, enacted in the Crimea, in and before Sebastopol, involves results, whose finality the eye of Omniscience alone can comprehend. In and through them, unquestionably, the Supreme Ruler is working out His own hidden and transcendent purposes; yet they are, nevertheless, occurrences at which nature shudders and humanity mourns. With convulsive and hideous energy, with giant step and frantic air, has the fiend of war there issued from his cell, shaking the earth with volcanic thunders, and breathing into opposing armies his own sanguinary and demonic temper. Oh! what an arch enemy of human kind is not he, who, "from the beginning was a murderer," and whose delight it is to instruct his disciples in the fearful "trade of death!" How, at his approach, the very sky turns yellow with pestilence, and the very winds are burthened with the groans of the mutilated and dying! See, how beneath

the fiery flashes of his eye, all that is lovely and beautiful withers! See, how he severs the ties of holy brotherhood, how he crushes beneath his iron hoof all the arts and monuments of civilized life; how he strews the earth, which should be the garden of the Lord, with the mangled bodies of sons, and brothers, and fathers.

Deep and eternal is *our* indebtedness to God, that *we* are at peace with all the world. PEACE! Mild and lovely art thou, fair sister, in thy gentle presence! We hail thee as the bounteous patroness of all that improves and adorns life, as the benignant foster-mother of the arts, industry, agriculture, commerce, science, literature, friendship, benevolence, morality, and religion! Thou dost nurture every virtue of the heart, and sheddest the dews of a vigorous juvenescence over all the charities and amenities of life. Go, halcyon bird, and wave thy golden pinions gently over the multitudes of infuriated men convened in the Crimea, and silence their tumultuous passions! Go, put an end to the clang of the armor of Mars, and attune thy silvery voice to the melody of the lute of Pan, and the harp of Apollo! Oh! that the angels' song, hymned in tones of celestial sweetness over the manger, on the plains of Judea, "PEACE ON EARTH," might soon be heard from the centre to the circumference of the globe!

Although exempt from the desolations of war, unhappily, our country has not been wholly unvisited by pestilence. Two of our southern cities, Norfolk and Portsmouth, have suffered immensely from yellow fever. In *their* local annals, the year 1855 will never be forgotten. All the published accounts concur in representing the ravages of the destroying angel, as fearful in the extreme. Hundreds fell before his devastating flight. Not worth, nor virtue, nor age, nor youth, nor beauty, nor genius, nor piety, nor fortune, afforded any immunity against his ravages. From first to last, these two devoted cities presented such a panorama of woe, as seemed at times to mock the descriptive energies of language. Saddening as were the details, however, there was "a silver lining to the cloud," and through the seven-fold darkness there darted gleams of

glorious sunlight. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, the Norfolk and Portsmouth calamity excited the profoundest commiseration. The heart of the whole Union palpitated with generous sympathy. All sectional differences were forgotten. Now, truly, there was "no north, no south, no east, no west." Money and provisions came to the sufferers, almost as the quails to the camp of Israel, on the wings of the wind. Nurses and physicians left their healthful homes afar, and plunged into the thickest of the pestilence, to minister to the sick and dying. Many have never returned. In the ministry of love, they themselves fell victims to the plague.

Oh, say! is there not a divine philosophy in misfortune, which casts a flood of light on the hidden mysteries of the dark providences of God? What would become of us, and what would we become, if there were no hungry to feed, no naked to clothe, no imprisoned to visit, no ignorant to instruct, no wandering to reclaim, no sick to nurse, no dying to solace and cheer? The great heart of humanity would stagnate, like the atmosphere without electricity, or, like a lake of water, without inlet or outlet. If there had been no deluge, no rainbow of hope had spanned the firmament. Suffering seems as much an *appointment* of heaven, as the blowing of the wind, or the shining of the sun, and is as necessary.

The year 1855 will long be memorable, too, on account of the multiplicity of "RAILWAY ACCIDENTS," recorded in its annals. During no previous year, within our recollection, were we called to mourn over so many casualties of all kinds. Perhaps it would not be extravagant to assert, that they were without a precedent in the previous history of the country. Some of these disasters were truly of a most melancholy and extensive nature. Perhaps the most shocking of all, was that which occurred on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, near Burlington, in the month of August. As its sickening details were read, the liveliest sympathies of the nation seemed to be excited. Pulpit and press joined in discussion of the causes that led to it, as also in improving the occasion for suitable moral in-

culcation. This disaster was followed by numerous others, in every quarter of the country, until no traveller entered a rail-car without serious apprehensions that he might not come out again alive. The frequency of these catastrophes is not without lessons of deep moral significance. They should teach us, in travelling, to value safety more than speed. They should serve, too, to impress upon our minds, more indelibly than ever, the mutability and uncertainty of life. What are the *temporal* affairs of men? Nothing is more imbecile, or more empty. They are as the vision of a night, the illusion of a dream, which, when the day returns, are blotted from existence. They are as flowers of the field, beautiful and fresh at morn, but, ere the night-shades gather in, withered and strewn. They are as bubbles of water, which float awhile, but, when they are pierced, lo! they are gone. They are as smoke and vapor, that pass away. They are as a spider's attenuated web, which a breath of wind tears to tatters. Let the many sudden and often frightful deaths that have occurred, during the past year, admonish us to prepare to meet our God. Seeing that we are but stewards of a day, and that not one has any immunity from the destroyer's shaft, let us care less for the gains and gaities of this life, and unspeakably more for that kingdom of surpassing glory which is to come. These are the freshly corroborated utterances, that issue, with potential awfulness, from every wrecked ship, and every crushed rail-car: "BE YE ALSO READY!"

We have thus called to mind a few of the most prominent events of the past year. Each reader, in his own experience, will summon to memory many others, which we cannot particularize; for each family circle, and, to some extent, each individual heart, constitutes a miniature world in itself. Many are the changes which the last twelve-month, in its revolving round, has wrought. Many matches have ended in happy marriages, and many were better blotted from Hymen's record. Many immortal souls have been born into the world—would that more had been born into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, who are still shivering beneath

the cold of the second death! During the past year many a true heart has been smitten into silence and placed in the dust—many a child, many a parent, many a brother and sister have been carried to the tomb. There are vacant chairs at many hearth-homes, added monuments in many cemeteries; for Death is an insatiate husbandman, and is never done reaping the hosts of earth into his ever-yawning garner. Among those still living, too, many are the fond imaginings which the sober realities of the departed year have dissolved,—many the bright visions dissipated,—many the cherished hopes, purposes, and plans, many the joyous expectations, which its stern experiences have crossed and thwarted. And such is man's history on earth! Well is it with him, whose pilgrimage is not *self-darkened*!

"What is man's history? Born, living, dying,
Leaving the still shore for the troubled wave!
Struggling against storm-clouds o'er shipwrecks
flying,
And casting anchor in the quiet grave."

THE VOICE OF WINTER.

I COME—my breath is on the blast!
A wreath of clouds is o'er me;
And the lovely flowers of earth as I passed,
Have withered and shrunk before me.
I have found the earth in its richest bloom,
I come to gather its pride to the tomb;
I have found it with all joy elate,
I come to make it desolate.

The leaves of the trees are rustling and gay,
The sheen of the rivers is bright as the spring;
I will blow those rustling leaves away,
I will stop its streamlets murmuring;
I will strip of its robe the towering oak,
Its roots shall be torn, and its limbs be broke;
I will howl through the waste, and the wild beasts
there
At the sound of my voice shall sink to their lair.

The eagle shall close her soaring wing,
And seek her nest on the eyrie high;
And every songster cease to sing,
At the sound of my ominous rushing by!
I will bow to the dust the gayest flowers,
And strip of their pride the fairest bowers;
I will clothe the earth with white as I come—
The winding sheet of her wintry tomb!



REV. ERNEST LEWIS HAZELIUS, D.D.

REMINISCENCES OF THE REV.

ERNEST LEWIS HAZELIUS, D.D.,

FIRST PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY OF
HARTWICK SEMINARY.

IT is not our intention, in this article, to give a detailed biography of the individual who presided for several years over the affairs of Hartwick Seminary, with honor to himself, and with advantage to the interests of the Institution. That biography has been already written, and published briefly in the pages of the *Evangelical Magazine*; and it is to be prepared more in detail, we understand, by one who is fully competent for the task, and will be published in due time in the *Evangelical Review*, from which we shall make extracts in a future number, if any facts are brought to light with which our readers have not already been made acquainted.

In the meantime we shall content ourselves with relating only such traits and incidents as came out prominently under our

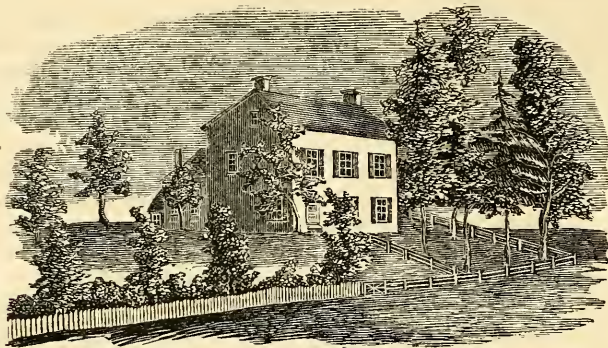
own observation. Well do we remember our first interview with the subject of these reminiscences. It was in the days of our waning boyhood; about three years previous to the dissolution of his connection with the Seminary. We rode in company with him on that occasion, from Canajoharie to Hartwick; the Rev. Dr. Gærtner and the Rev. J. Eisenlord, were also "*compagnons du journée*." It was a pleasant day in autumn. The sun shone brightly upon the hills over which we passed. The scenery was new to us, and had not only the freshness of novelty to interest the mind, but a roughness and grandeur that were at times startling; especially where the narrow road, cut out of the hillside, passed along the edge of deep, thickly wooded precipices, at the bottom of which flowed the narrow, limpid stream, dark in the dense shadows, save where a ray of sunlight, stealing through the thick foliage, danced on the surface, in sympathy with the trembling leaves, as the gentle breeze played among them. He was a de-

voted lover of nature, and had a lively appreciation of the grand and beautiful. All along the way he pointed out to us striking objects—features in the landscape that were striking to him, though they would not be likely to attract the attention of an ordinary observer. “Do you see yonder hill?” said he; “what an excellent position that would be for an army; it would be impossible to dislodge them, for they would sweep down the enemy as fast as they approached.” And sure enough, on examining the position narrowly, it was found to possess all the superior advantages ascribed to it. Never have we passed that hill, as we have many times since, without thinking of the Doctor and his two imaginary armies. And as we approached the head of Otsego Lake, or rather that portion of it which is first seen from the Springfield Road, his enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch. He seemed anxious that we should all catch the first glimpse of it. We looked where his finger pointed. The bright water sparkled for a moment through the vista that had been opened by levelling some of the giant forest trees, that had stood for a century or more, like sentinels, ranged up the precipitous shore; and as we rode rapidly along, the bright vision disappeared, until, in a few moments, the broad lake lay out before us in all its calm, silent, impressive beauty. Then his soul seemed to drink in happiness from our surprise. The eastern shore of the lake is very bold, and the road, for six miles, has been cut along the mountain-side, at an elevation of from about fifty to a hundred feet from the surface of the lake. The trees of the forest stand thick on both sides of the road, on the one hand reaching down to the lake, and on the other stretching up to the very brow of the mountain. Here and there at right angles with the road are deep glens, spanned by strong bridges, and made suddenly visible by the curves with which the road abounds. At these points of interest he would stop his horse, that we might gaze leisurely far down into the fearful chasms over which we were passing, and imbibe the full excitement of the scene. Never shall we forget that ride, rendered memorable as having occurred on the first

day of our acquaintance with one whom we afterwards learned to venerate and love.

He spent many leisure hours in his garden, which was indeed a model; full of trees, bearing fruit of the finest flavor, particularly plums, of which we believe there are some of his planting there now. Often was he accustomed to leave the recitation room for a few moments, when a class had been dismissed, for the purpose of mellowing the ground around some favorite tree, or rooting out usurping weeds. He had two garden companions, which he said knew him well, and were not at all afraid of him, but would follow him in his walks—a *batrachian* and a *coluberian*, or in vulgar phrase, a toad and a garter-snake—both of which, he affirmed, were excellent helps, and saved many of his plants by destroying noxious insects. The garden and the terraces are still there; the walks just as he arranged them; but these humble co-laborers are among the things that were.

He was a man of strong social feelings, and not only made many and valuable friends, but retained them by the vivacity of his conversation, by the generous hospitality with which he always welcomed them to his house and table, and by a childlike simplicity and earnestness of character, that were attractive in an extraordinary degree. Among his intimate friends he counted some of the most influential and intellectual families of Cooperstown and its vicinity—some of whom are still there, and yet treasure up the recollection of the many pleasant hours spent at the Professor's house in Hartwick. With his students, especially those who were studying theology, he was frank and unreserved in his intercourse, often inviting them to his table; and there he became the pleasant and instructive companion, the joyousness of his nature overflowing from the deep “well-spring” within. He was as far from moroseness as any man could well be. There was nothing of a stiff and dignified reserve about him, but a geniality and buoyancy of temperament that made every one feel easy and at home in his presence. Those students who were on special terms of intimacy, and whose privilege it was to find a welcome at his table whenever they



PROFESSOR'S HOUSE AT HARTWICK.

chose to drop in, will remember the excellent cup of coffee, quite as vividly as the enlivening conversation. The coffee *was* excellent; and the Doctor had a habit—essentially German, indeed, and not peculiar to himself—of enjoying a pipe with his coffee, after breakfast or supper, as the case might be. First, he would take a few whiffs with manifest gusto, and then a sip of the coffee, as if the mingling of the two created a third element of pleasurable sensation. This little indulgence was to him a real enjoyment. His mind seemed to float in a sort of dreamy repose—active, indeed, but not disturbed by unpleasant images. The troubles of the lecture-room were, during these moments, all forgotten. There was a speaking play of the muscles around the mouth, as the short, sharp, rapid *puff, puff*, was heard, and the wreathed smoke curled up and floated away,—a sort of tell-tale action, which indicated plainly enough that the movements of the mind within were calm, gentle, and peaceful. Many a time have we admired the tranquillity of these smoking moments, brightening up into a happy excitation of the nervous system; like the silent, deep, summer clouds, irradiated with light, and edged with the rich brocade of sunset.

Speaking of the lecture-room, reminds us of some of the pleasant scenes enacted there. The Doctor was irritable beyond a question; but it was a sort of irritability that left no sting behind; it passed away like the mist of a bright summer morning. He generally made

use of a significant "*ach*," when anything went wrong, accompanied, in extreme cases, by a somewhat violent scratching of the head. If a student blundered over a plain sentence of Latin or Greek, he would walk the floor with increased impetuosity, and manifest impatience. We had one student who commenced reading theology before his preparatory education was fairly completed, and who, on one occasion, attempted to read aloud a passage from one of the text-books, beginning with the words: "Schmidt, in his introd., says." He was not a German scholar, and, therefore, had no idea of the sound of the proper name; neither was he a scholar in any sense, for he did not know the meaning of, and could not fill out the abbreviated word; so he read the abbreviated word as if it were complete in itself, and began, with solemn emphasis, thus: "*Skim-it, in his introd, says.*" Never shall we forget the mingled look of amazement, anger, and mirthfulness, with which the Doctor peered through his glasses upon the unfortunate and unconscious offender; while, after a moment's fixed look of wonderment, in slow and measured tones, that were strikingly and ludicrously expressive of this wonderment, he pronounced the sentence as it should be. The effect was irresistible, and though it would have been fatal to have laughed outright, each member of the class had as much as he could do to restrain the ebullitions of merriment that were knocking loudly for utterance.

An instance of the playfulness of his

temperament was afforded on one occasion. There was one of our number who was full of fun, and whose physical conformation gave him great power in his peculiar line. He was extraordinarily tall and slender, with a peculiar expression of mock gravity on his countenance. One day he purchased of a peddler a chip hat, very small, with a rim about an inch and a half wide. This, he put on in the afternoon when going to recite to the Greek professor, and his appearance was so absurdly ludicrous, that we, his room-mates, could not restrain ourselves, but laughed most boisterously. This brought the Doctor suddenly into the hall; but the scene was too much for his gravity; he was fairly conquered, and went quickly into his room, laughing with the rest of us. But our chum, emboldened by the success of the one experiment, attempted it the following day. The laughing in the room was repeated, for it was utterly irrepressible; the Doctor again rushed into the hall; but now his gravity was unmoved, and with a look of anger and commiseration combined, he exclaimed: "Now, my dear *son*, my *dear son*,—don't make a fool of yourself!" This cured the evil; our chum never ventured upon the experiment again.

As we have said, he had a childlike simplicity of character; not imbecility, for it was combined with a manly earnestness of temper and purpose. This artlessness stood out with a prominence which made it a leading element; and it was most attractive to those who were best acquainted with its workings. It prompted him to make concessions, even to his students, when he imagined himself to be, in any measure, in the wrong. He did not stand upon his dignity on these occasions, but with a childlike candor, made amends to the full extent of his power, and thus won the warm affections of those who from their relative position expected no such thing. A lad intrusted to his charge, who attended the classical department of the Institute, had been guilty of some impropriety, for which the Doctor locked him up in one of the rooms of the Seminary, intending to leave him there for an hour or two; but it so happened that the lad was forgotten, and remained a prisoner

all night; a degree of infliction that was probably warranted by the merits of the case. Early the next morning, the Doctor remembered that the lad was still in durance; and in great anxiety and distress of mind, he hastened to see whether anything unusual had befallen the youngster during the night. All was safe, however; but this did not satisfy the Doctor's conscience; he felt that he must make recompense for his unintended severity; so he took the lad home, apologized again and again, fed him bountifully at his own table; so that on the whole, taking his excellent breakfast and exemption from recitations that day into account, the urchin thought himself a gainer by the mistake. This was not a solitary instance. If anything unpleasant occurred between himself and any one of the students, he had no rest until the matter was settled; and to secure this end, he generally made the first advances; not in the way of undignified concession, but by a word of kindness, and a warm grasp of the hand, that carried the severest rebuke along with it, and brought the offending student at once to terms, constraining him to make becoming acknowledgments. Some might be disposed to consider this a weakness; but in him, it was a beautiful and attractive trait of character.

He was a diligent student, and prepared himself with great care for the lecture-room. Nothing troubled him more than to meet a difficulty in the class which he could not solve. One day he encountered a stubborn mathematical problem, with which he could do nothing, and he was compelled to dismiss the class without having found the solution. That night the solution occurred to him in a dream, and he entered the recitation room the next morning as happy as a child, and laughing in his own short, peculiar, hearty (not boisterous) manner, not only over the fact of his victory, but especially the mode.

As a preacher, he was instructive, warm-hearted, and earnest. Those who listened to him were always profited. His sermons were prepared with care, and, as a general thing, thoroughly studied. For a native German, he had attained unusual mastery in the English language. He frequently

related to his students the manner in which he acquired this knowledge. He took his first lessons from a newspaper, and read that single newspaper, advertisements and all, over and over again, until he understood every word of it. He used to employ this, as an argument against the introduction of so many text-books in classical studies, and contended that, if Cæsar alone were read and mastered, it would be far better than the present mode of consuming the same time in passing over a larger surface, and would make better Latin scholars. He often spoke of the desirableness of reform, in this respect, in American academies and colleges, where the period allotted to study is so much shorter than in Germany, and said he would like to begin that reform himself, were it not for the impossibility of contending with the popular mode. He was himself an excellent classical scholar.

During the vacations, he performed a large amount of missionary labor,—strictly voluntary and gratuitous; visiting destitute congregations, that were not too remote from the Seminary. Thus he became widely and favorably known, and created an interest in behalf of the Institution over which he presided. In the wide circle of acquaintances thus formed, he was respected by all, and loved by many; and to this day is spoken of, in these communities, with undiminished regard and affection.

He had strong home-attachments, and, as often as he returned from the places he visited, he was accustomed to say, there was no place like Hartwick. There were, indeed, reasons for this expression, independent of any strong home-feeling. Hartwick is distinguished no less for the beauty of its scenery, than for its quiet and retirement. A person of taste can hardly fail to catch the inspiration of the peaceful valley, and the river flowing gently along its meandering course, and the bordering hills cultivated to the very tops, and the mountains rising boldly at the north, and still covered with dense forest, particularly on the east side of Otsego Lake, just where it pours its waters into the Susquehanna. Our opinion is, that this attachment was never obliterated, or even impaired, by subse-

quent associations, and that, from his Southern home, the heart of the old man often turned with regret and longing to the scenes he loved so well in the beautiful valley of the Susquehanna, and to the friendships he had there formed. We say not this in disparagement of new friends and new scenes; we say it, only to show the fondness with which he clung to the old. This fondness was often expressed after duty led him into new paths.

He was a man of strong faith. We shall mention an example, and, with this, close the present chapter of reminiscences. We have already said that he spent much of his leisure time in his garden. One night he dreamt that, in a certain bed in his garden, he would find a watermelon plant, and that, when he first discovered fruit on this plant, he would hear of the death of a valued friend; that, when the fruit became ripe, he would hear of the death of another friend, equally valued; and that, in a certain number of days from that time, he himself would die. When he awoke, in the morning, he had forgotten his dream, and he went early to work in his garden, as usual, and, whilst weeding, he discovered a young watermelon plant, and, as he had not planted it, his dream at once flashed upon his mind; and he resolved to cherish the plant, not from a blind superstition, but on account of the strange coincidence, as he regarded it. The plant grew finely, and, in due time, the young fruit appeared; and it so happened, that, on the very day of its discovery, he did hear of the death of an intimate friend, Mr. Edmonston, an English gentleman, of high intelligence, residing in the town of Edmonston, not many miles from Hartwick. As his death was extraordinary, the coincidence was the more remarkable. He was drowned in a lake near his own dwelling, in attempting to rescue his nephew from drowning: the nephew was saved. This gave fresh interest to the dream, and the vine was guarded with more care than ever. It so happened, that, about the time the fruit was ripe, he did hear of the death of another valued friend, a beloved niece, who had been much in his family. Her death, however, had been ex-

pected, for she died of consumption. In his dream, he was assured, that, in a certain specified number of days, his own death would occur. And here he showed his strong faith. Though his mind was somewhat excited, as any mind would be, he did not alter a single one of his arrangements, as some would have done, to ward off what might turn out to be the third coincidence. He had concealed his dream carefully from his wife, and had revealed it only to a single friend. The day on which his own death was to take place, occurred in the vacation. He had intended months before to visit New York, during that vacation. And this purpose he deliberately carried out, though some would, doubtless, have been deterred by the risks of travel. Still concealing the whole matter from his wife, he left his home for a distant city, throwing himself with the confidence of a child into the arms of his Heavenly Father. The writer of this met him in Albany, according to agreement. Thence we were to accompany each other down the river. It was another remarkable coincidence, that the very day on which he was to go from Albany to New York, was the day indicated in his dream as the day of his death. We were to take passage, towards evening, in an old steamer, called the Olive Branch; and, as we stood on the deck of the vessel, just previous to leaving the wharf, I remarked, casually, that I disliked very much going to New York on that boat.

"Why?" inquired he, quickly; and he started, evidently concerned somewhat at my remark.

"O," said I, "my only reason is, the boat shakes very much, and I have always found the passage in it unpleasant on that account."

My answer seemed to relieve him at once; and, laughing in his own peculiar manner, he proceeded to explain to me the reason of his agitation, by relating his dream.

I confess, that I felt somewhat agitated myself, though not superstitiously so. At his usual hour in the evening, about 10 o'clock, he retired to his berth; and I felt sufficient interest in the matter, to sit up until 2 o'clock, when I was sure the specified day

had passed; and then, as I drew the curtains of the berth aside, I saw that he was sleeping as sweetly as a child, safe in the Arm he had trusted.

The next morning he arose, calm, but thankful.

This dream has a psychological value. It is a striking illustration of Abercrombie's doctrine of "*Coincidence*," in the fulfilment of dreams. The failure in the third point, establishes the principle of coincidence in the first and second.

We might add to these reminiscences, but this chapter already exceeds the limits we had marked out for it. C. A. S.

SCRAPS.

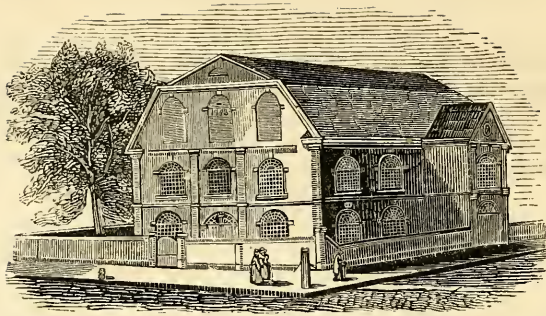
TRUE MERIT is always sure to win its way to favor, not from extraneous causes, but *for its own sake*. The Psalms of David lose nothing from the fact, that he was once a Shepherd, and gain nothing from the fact, that he was once a King. Both the King and the Shepherd are merged and forgotten in the *Psalmist*.

"*The Epistle of St. Paul*," is the title of a new paper, issued at St. Paul's, the capital of Minnesota. The taste of such a title, we think, is in the highest degree censurable. The postmaster should charge the editor, for every copy he sends out, with *letter postage*.

FONTENELLE, it is said, had a brother at Paris, who was an Abbe. Being asked what his brother did, he answered: "In the morning, he says mass; and, in the evening, he don't know what he says."

THERE is much wisdom in the following, from the Germantown Telegraph: "To *die*, expressly to have people speak well of us, may do for some people. But we have resolved to *live*, so as to secure the love of good men, and the favor of God, and then we shall be the witnesses of our own exaltation."

BUY what you do not need, reader, and you will soon sell what you cannot spare.



ST. MICHAEL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

BY REV. G. A. WENZEL.

IT is part of our nature, to form warm and lasting attachments, not only to individuals, but even to inanimate things. The old homestead, beneath whose sheltering roof we were first ushered into existence, and where we passed the flowery and fragrant spring-time of life; the old arm-chair, where dear mother sat, and where she fondled, caressed, and smiled upon us; the old family Bible, from which we first heard our father read lessons of wisdom and piety; the shady tree, beneath whose spreading branches we were wont to engage in our childish sports and innocent delights; the little, neat, stone church, where, in days gone by, we worshipped with our fathers, and near which many of our loved ones rest from their labors;—all are objects so deeply engraven on memory's tablets, and so fondly cherished, that nothing can obliterate them. The objects themselves may long since have been hid from our view; yea, they may even have been mingled with the dust; yet will their images remain bright and fresh, as long as life endures.

We were led to these reflections, on contemplating the engraving of St. Michael's German Evangelical Lutheran Church, which the "Home Journal" presents, in its present number, to its readers. It is, as will be perceived at a glance, a very antique, and unpretending specimen of architecture. It boasts neither of that external splendor and magnificence, nor of that internal richness and elegance, which characterize most of our modern churches, whose really beau-

tiful and imposing appearance are an ornament to this goodly city. No marble front, or fluted column, with elaborately chiselled capital, architraves, friezes, and cornices; no windows of stained glass; no high, towering steeple arrests the stranger's gaze, or exacts from him a tribute of admiration and praise. It is simply a plain, substantial brick; and yet it is dear—very dear—to those acquainted with its history. It is the place where our fathers worshipped; where, for more than a century, the word of life and salvation had been proclaimed, and the people of God have united in singing the praises of their King. It reminds us of the fervent and self-sacrificing piety of its founders; leads us back, in spirit, to the good old days of frankness, honesty, and singleness of heart; and admonishes us, in silence, to "stand in the ways and see; or ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein."

St. Michael's is the oldest Lutheran Church in Philadelphia, and one of the very few interesting relics of bygone days, which the flood-tide of modern improvement has not yet succeeded in sweeping from its foundation. It stands at the northeast corner of Fifth Street and Apple Tree Alley. It is seventy-two feet, by forty-four, and twenty-two feet high to the eaves. And the following brief and imperfect sketch, drawn, as it is, under the disadvantages of a peculiar pressure of other engagements, and very short notice, will not, we trust, prove altogether uninteresting to the reader.

Prior to the year 1742, the number of German emigrants, who had taken up their abode in this city, was comparatively small, and most of them in indigent circumstances. Being, therefore, unable to erect a suitable

place for public worship, the Evangelical Lutherans united with the Reformed in renting an old carpenter shop, or, according to some, an old barn in Arch Street, and fitted it up for that purpose. Religion, however, appears not to have flourished among them. The flock was divided, scattered, and neglected. Those who had charge over them were, with but few honorable exceptions, men without knowledge and piety, self-called preachers, or suspended ministers from Germany, who were mostly disorderly and of doubtful character; and as these were mere hirelings, who had espoused the sacred office of the ministry with no other view than to gain an easy livelihood, it is not surprising, that the Lord's vineyard run to waste, and multitudes perished for lack of bread. "In those days there was no king in Israel, and every man did that which was right in his own eyes." Deprived of the inestimable blessings of a stated ministry, many of the aged became cold and indifferent, and the young grew up in ignorance, and became hardened and profligate. But man's adversity is ever God's opportunity, and it pleased the Lord to visit his erring, wandering sheep in kindness, by sending them a faithful shepherd, a man after his own heart, in the person of Dr. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, who should follow them in their wanderings, and gather and lead them back to the fold whence they had strayed.

This eminent servant of Christ, who is universally and most deservedly regarded as the father of the Lutheran Church in this country, arrived here in the month of November, A. D. 1742. "He was selected by the Reverend Doctor and Professor Franké, of Hallé Orphan-house, for this special purpose; and well did he justify the choice, by his ardent piety, his great talents, splendid attainments, excellent good sense, unwearied perseverance and self-denial in the labor of the ministry; a combination of qualities which would have insured him a commanding position in his native land, but which, though a young man, he was willing to employ, in these western wilds, in the service of his Master.

On the 27th of December, he was intro-

duced, in the Swedish Lutheran Church (which has by some means passed into the hands of the Episcopalians, but which, in common justice, belongs to us), to the elders and deacons of the German Lutheran Church, and entered immediately upon the discharge of his duties in his new field of labor. The obstacles which rose up before him, and the difficulties, that presented themselves, were neither few nor trifling, yet he overcame them all, and, by the grace of God, succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of all who had encouraged and sustained his mission.

His first care was to provide a suitable place for public worship, a most desirable object in the then existing condition of things, and one, too, which a man of his energy and perseverance could not be long in accomplishing. He laid the subject, at an early opportunity, before his little flock,—showed them the necessity of such an enterprise, and the advantages that could not but result to the congregation from it. His people, who now, that they enjoyed the ministrations of a regularly ordained and called pastor, seemed imbued with a new life, and at once entered readily and most heartily into the measures and plans proposed by their esteemed leader. Accordingly, in the year 1743, one week before Easter, the ground upon which the church now stands was purchased, "on the Lord's credit,"—their own not being very good by reason of poverty,—for the sum of two hundred pounds, and immediately the joyful tidings were announced to Dr. Muhlenberg, with unfeigned pleasure.

This desirable end accomplished, the next step to be taken was the erection of a suitable building, which was commenced as early as the 5th of April in the same year, by laying the corner-stone with appropriate ceremonies. The work was now carried on with great vigor. Labor and money were freely and most cheerfully contributed, and even private property was mortgaged to carry out the laudable enterprise. In fact, the zeal was such, that, on the 29th of October, it was so far completed as to be set apart for Divine service. Their souls had longed, yea, even fainted, for the

courts of the Lord, and their heart and flesh cried out for the living God. And they had not longed, and fainted, and cried in vain. The Lord heard and answered their prayers, blessed their humble labors, and enabled them to exclaim, with hearts overflowing with gratitude, "The sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my king, and my God!"

The building, finished as it then was, had cost the sum of 1500 pounds, an enormous sum for those times, and for a people who were few in numbers and poor. But the Lord had helped them hitherto, and they would not distrust him now. They would not despise the day of small things, but wait patiently till it should please Him to replenish their exhausted treasury, and enable them to complete the work, in the carrying on of which He had so signally prospered and blessed them.

As yet nothing had been done in the interior, and yet these pious souls esteemed the Lord's tabernacles none the less amiable on that account. The scaffolding erected to put up the walls, was left standing, and the members, instead of seats, used logs of wood, upon which they laid boards; and to have some protection against the weather, nailed up most of the windows. Here they assembled even in winter, without a stove to temper the atmosphere, and whilst the snow drifted in through the crevices in such quantities, that the minister was not unfrequently obliged to wipe it off the Bible when referring to his text. Dear readers, what a contrast betwixt then and now? How, think you, would some of our fashionable audiences, who, week after week, throng the most elegant and fashionable churches, supplied with all the modern improvements and conveniences, in the shape of spring-bottomed seats, in quest of the most fashionable preacher, by whom they expect to be entertained with the most fashionable discourse, have fancied a "pew" in such a church? But I cannot stop for your reply. I must hasten on to inform you, that old St. Michael's, after having remained in its unfinished condition for a period of upwards of five years, was finally completed, and

solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God, on the 14th of August, 1748.

The congregation which had, up to this time, consisted only of a very few members, began now to increase with such rapidity, that it became necessary, in a few years, to erect galleries. This happened in 1750. On the 12th of May, in the year following, the organ was placed in the gallery, at that time, probably the largest and handsomest in the United States.

Their number still increasing, the congregation felt constrained, in reliance on Divine assistance, to incur a new debt, by purchasing another site whereupon to erect a larger church, and we find accordingly that as early as June 25, 1769, only 21 years after the dedication of St. Michael's, Zion, at the corner of Fourth and Cherry Streets, was also dedicated to the worship of God, in presence of the German Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium, which at that time was composed of about 12 members.

In 1777, after the commencement of the War of Independence, and during the occupancy, by the British, of Philadelphia, this noble structure was deprived by them of its pews, and converted into a temporary hospital for their sick, whilst St. Michael's was used as a garrison church. After, however, the Americans had achieved their victory at Yorktown, by which that independence, for which they had so long and nobly struggled, was finally secured, Congress repaired to this same church in a body, to return thanks to God.

After the restoration of peace, Zion was again refitted, and on the 22d of September, 1782, dedicated anew to the service of God. Those who, during the war, had left the city, returned, and prosperity seemed once more to smile upon the church. Whilst the continental currency was in circulation, the congregation used considerable of it in liquidating its debts; when, however, after the war, the paper was found to be worthless, they freely and without constraint, redeemed it with silver and gold. Rev. Helmuth, in relating this circumstance, exclaims: "Well is it for thee, thou German Evangelical Zion, that thou hast shaken this withering ban from off thy shoulders."

About this time too, 1787, a school for poor children was established, for which they received, in 1789, a grant of one acre of land from the State Legislature.

On the 1st of February, 1790, a society for aiding the poor of the congregation was established, whose members, male and female, remembering the injunction of their blessed Master, when thou givest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; and "do not your alms before men to be seen of them," have never sought publicity; for years have they been noiselessly treading the alleys and lanes of this populous city, sought out their poor, their aged, and infirm, dispensed to them their charities unostentatiously and with a liberal hand, and carried warmth and comfort and consolation to many a hearth and heart. May the Lord increase their means a thousand fold, and cause them never to grow weary in well doing.

In the same year, a very large and magnificent organ was placed in the gallery of Zion Church. But whilst so many favors were lavished upon the daughter, and whilst she had been loaded with ornaments, her less attractive mother had been partially overlooked and neglected, so that her attire had become old and ungainly, "a striking emblem," as one observes, "of many of Pennsylvania's mothers." However, an effort was now made to refit it, in which the young men took a very active part, who contributed amongst themselves the sum of 90 pounds, and thus enabled the church council to gild the front organ pipe, and make many other improvements and embellishments. Thus improved, St. Michael's was re-dedicated in 1791.

In 1793, the yellow fever raged, by which the congregation lost, within a period of only three months, 625 of its members. In the following year, Zion Church, with its magnificent organ, was burned down. St. Michael's, having, by this calamity, again become the only place of meeting, and being by far too small to accommodate the masses who crowded its portals, the people became scattered throughout the various churches within the city; some connecting themselves with English congregations,

whilst others became indifferent and stayed away altogether. However, all these adverse circumstances did not discourage our people. They labored only the more, and had the satisfaction of again entering Zion in November of 1796. One of the many causes, which contributed largely towards the prosperity of the congregation, was the school system which they had adopted at an early day. Even as far back as 1744, a school had been established alongside of the church, in which were taught not only the rudiments of a common school education, but religious instruction was freely imparted. Since then the number has been augmented. They are fostered with a jealous care, and richly deserve to be called, what every school ought to be, "a church for children." It is impossible to form an estimate of the amount of good accomplished by them, or count the number of those now scattered throughout the length and breadth of our beloved country, whose minds and hearts were fashioned there.

On the 17th of May, 1804, the first Sunday school was organized in the congregation by a certain widow lady, named Anna Cruse, who commenced with six children. In 1805, on the 27th of April, another was established in the school-house in the Northern Liberties, which occupied the site where St. Paul's now stands. These schools have been in a flourishing condition ever since, and are now attended by hundreds of children.

But time does not permit us to pursue the thread of our narrative much further, though there is yet much connected with the history of this particular church, which might prove both interesting and instructive to the reader. Suffice it to say, that St. Michael's has gathered around her a very respectable and well-to-do posterity. Besides her Zion, she boasts of a St. John's, a St. Paul's, a St. Matthew's, a St. Mark's, a St. Luke's, and several others; and though some of her sons or daughters, whichever the reader pleases, have ceased to speak her language, they have nevertheless the same Lord, the same faith, and the same baptism. They are members of one and the same body, and that body is Christ. May they never cease

in their endeavors, "to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," and thus united, "hold fast the profession of their faith without wavering, and consider one another, to provoke unto love, and to good works."

On the 14th of June, 1843, the congregation celebrated their centenary jubilee, in honor of their ancient church and its founders. The writer of this sketch enjoyed the privilege of being present on that memorable occasion, and never will he forget the impression made on his mind. Even now his recollection of the scene as it then passed before him is so vivid, and the pleasurable emotions it calls up so intense, that he cannot repress a tear of joy as it rises unbidden to his eye. Some days prior to the anxiously looked for festival, unusual preparations had been in progress within the building. The younger members of the congregation, especially, manifested the liveliest interest. They worked early and late, and something more than ordinary was therefore expected. And however high expectation had been raised, the writer feels fully warranted in saying, that it was not disappointed; for never has he seen anything more beautiful and appropriate, than were the decorations of that church. Every pillar was entwined with flowers and evergreens. The door frames, windows, galleries, choir, and organ, were wreathed with the same material, beautiful festoons, interspersed with roses of different colors, were waving gracefully from the open spaces between the doors, windows, and pillars; and the pulpit was arrayed in the most elegant and tasteful manner, and above it appeared, upon a ground of sky-blue silk, the simple inscription: "Peace be within thy walls." On the north and south walls, were two handsome tablets of marble, bearing the following inscriptions in German, which for the benefit of those not familiar with that language we here translate, beginning with the tablet at the north side.

This Church,
a work of faith and love
of our German ancestors,
and the fervent zeal of their first regularly
called minister,
the REV. HENRY MELCHIOR MUELENBERG,
was,
by Divine assistance,

founded the 5th of April, in the year 1743;
opened for Divine service, the 20th of Oct'r, 1743;
finished and dedicated the 14th of Aug., 1748.

And
received the congregation
at the celebration of its 100th Jubilee,
the
14th of June, 1843.

The inscription upon the tablet at the east side, is as follows:

In memory
of the teachers of this congregation,
whose earthly tabernacles found a resting-
place in front of the altar of this Church,
JOHN DIETRICH HEINZELMAN, called as assistant
minister, the 26th of July, 1753, died the
9th of Feb'y, 1756.
PETER BRUNNHOLTZ, called as minister, in
January, 1745, died July 5th, 1757.
JOHN FREDERIC HANDSCHUCH, called as minister
in the year 1757, died the 9th of Oct'r, 1764.
JOHN FREDERIC SCHMIDT, called as minister,
the 18th of Sept'r, 1786, died the 12th of May, 1812.
JUSTUS HENRY CHRISTIAN HELMUTH, called as
minister, the 25th of May, 1799, died the 5th of Feb'y,
1825.

Among those present, were the German Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania, and several of the descendants of Father Muhlenberg.

And now, dear reader, we have travelled over a period of more than a century. We have walked round about Zion, and told the towers thereof. We have witnessed, alike the early struggles, and toils, and trials, and sacrifices of our pious ancestors, and the tribute paid to their honest worth by their children's children. They have long since yielded up their spirits into the hand of Him who gave them, and their bodies have been mingled with their kindred dust, yet do they live in the memory of a grateful posterity. We have also seen the old Mother Church in her day of small things, without ornament and even comfortless, and we have seen her crowned with flowers and loaded with fragrance. May the sight do us good. May it increase our love for the faith and church of our fathers, and excite us to emulate them in their virtue, their piety and zeal, so that when our bones shall have been laid beside their ashes, our memory may be as precious to others, as theirs now is to us.

LUTHER.

BY DR. BETHUNE.

O! THAT the soul of Luther
 Were on the earth again!
 The mighty soul, whose mightier faith
 Burst ancient error's chain;
 And flashed the rays of God's own word
 Through superstition's night,
 Till the church of God, that sleeping lay,
 Awoke in Christ's own light!

For there are banded traitors strong,
 Who fain would round us east
 The fetters that our fathers wore,
 In those dark ages past.

"The church! the church!" they loudly boast;
 "The cross! the cross!" they cry;
 But 'tis not God's pure church they love,
 Nor the cross of Calvary!

They would knot again the painful scourge,
 And fire the martyr's pile;
 And the simple poor of God's free grace,
 With mystic words, beguile.

They would tear the Bible from our hearts,
 And bid us blindly turn
 From the holy page, and the spirit's power,
 At the feet of men to learn.

They darken e'en the house of prayer
 With Gothic shadows dim,
 Lest the sun of truth and righteousness
 Should shine on us from him.

They open lying legends old,
 And claim their right to rule,
 Through lines of tyrant prelates long,
 From the meek Apostles' school.

They stand between us and our God,
 In their robes of bigot pride,
 And swear that none, who serve not them,
 Shall serve the crucified.

O! that the soul of Luther,
 Were on the earth once more;
 And his mighty faith in the words of truth,
 Those floods of light to pour!

For the church his holy zeal once led
 From worse than Egypt free,
 Is wandering from the glory back
 To foul captivity!

SOME one sought to excuse an habitual liar to Doctor Johnson, saying: "You need not believe more than one-half he says." "Ay!" replied the Doctor, "but will you inform me which half?"

ONE of the methods of living happily in this life, and attaining to the rewards of heaven, in the next, is to *do*, in health, what we *promise* to do, in sickness.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A MINISTER AND A PANTHEIST.

BY REV. J. A. BROWN.

"GOOD evening, Mr. M—, I have called to pay you another visit, but I had hoped to see you again in church."

"Oh, I don't believe much in your church-going! Last Sabbath morning, I went out early into the woods, and communed with Nature—my heart and soul were full of God."

"Who or what is your God, that you thus worship?"

"Why, I believe that God is in everything,—indeed, that everything is God. I find Him everywhere; and, in all that is beautiful and good, my heart goes out after Him."

"But you do not imagine that this is worshipping the true and living God?"

"To be sure I do. Whatever a man's heart goes out after in reverence, sympathy, and love, that is his god."

"Well, then, you must believe that the poor ignorant heathen, who worships a stone, or a tree, or an animal, is just as well off as you; or, as a Christian, who adores and worships the Creator of heaven and earth."

"Yes, if he is sincere, and can feel himself drawn to such objects, he is a true worshipper."

"My dear sir, this religion sheds no light upon the most perplexing questions that disturb our minds, and can afford no comfort in the most trying hours. What, if one of your children were to die, would your religion impart hope, or what would be your refuge? You will, perhaps, view this matter very differently, when you come to die. The belief in a future state, you know, is almost universal, and we have instinctive longings after another life. But you have nothing on which to build your hopes."

"Oh, I am pretty sure that, if I do well, I shall go to heaven!"

"To heaven?" Your religion knows nothing about heaven. Besides, on a former visit, you told me that our souls were nothing more than our breath, and that you did not believe in the distinct existence of

spirits. Now, you want to steal from *our* religion. Your pantheism knows nothing of such things."

"Well, I do not know about that."

"Now, sir, I think I could show that your religion, so far as it is a religion at all, is a mere delusive sentimentalism, and utterly worthless. I could also prove the existence of God, as an intelligent, personal Being, who is above, and presides over, nature, and of whose moral government we are all subjects. It would afford me great pleasure to canvass this subject, and to consider Christianity as adapted to the moral and religious necessities of our nature."

"You may think as you choose. Since I admit your religion, if sincere, to be as good as mine, and I do not wish, at present, to make any change, there is no reason why we should dispute about it. But, pray, let me ask you, what do you think of Mormonism?"

"What do you mean, in regard to it,—as a religion, or as a social system? For, as a religion, I consider it the grossest imposture; and, socially, it levels man with the beast."

"I had reference to their community of property, and their plan to make the condition of all comfortable. Society seems to be out of joint. The poor are oppressed, and the rich grow richer. The ingenious mechanic plies his skill and energy only to enrich his favored employer. There are, certainly, great evils in society that ought to be removed. I would like to see all more nearly on an equality; and don't you think something like an equal distribution of property, or a community of goods, would help to accomplish this?"

"The evils of which you speak are certainly very great, but, I am afraid, your remedy would be much worse. It is quite an old idea, but it has proved very impracticable. So long as human nature continues what it is, I fear we shall see these evils in a greater or less degree. There is, no doubt, much that is wrong among both rich and poor, but, I am very far from believing that any adjustment, such as you suggest, would result in permanent good. The cause lies deep—and the cause must be re-

moved, if you would get rid of the evil. But tell me, how do you account for the existence of these evils in society? You believe that everything is divine, and that the whole is God. Man must be the divinest thing on earth. How do you account for so much disorder and evil in what is divine? To me, this is inexplicable on your theory."

"Oh, I suppose it has always been so!"

"Perhaps not. But, if this were true, you should not complain; for these evils are as divine as anything else in the whole system. We, who receive the Bible as a divine revelation, feel this evil just as sensibly as you do. But, there is this difference. We have an explanation of the origin, and we have also a remedy to offer."

"Well, let me hear what you have to say about it?"

"Man, we believe, has fallen. He is a rebel against God, and strangely blind to his own happiness. Sin has entered into the world, and marred the works of God. Hence all the evils of which you complain. God made man upright and holy, but he sinned, and now is reaping the fruits."

"It would seem as if there was something wrong, but what is your remedy?"

"You have it in one word—*Christianity*. Christ has come into the world to redeem us from the curse of sin; and, just in proportion as this religion prevails, are these evils abated: and, when it becomes completely triumphant, our race will be redeemed."

"But these evils still continue, in the midst of churches and Christians. They do not seem any better than others."

"Christians, as individuals, are frail and imperfect; and the masses are not under the influence of the Gospel. You profess to have carefully studied history, and you cannot, with impartiality, deny the beneficent working of Christianity. You will not dare affirm, that we are no better off now than the millions who are without the Gospel. You would not hesitate, for one moment, between a residence with your family in this Christian land, and the most favored spot in heathendom."

"It may be so; but it will be a long time before society is relieved from the evils from which it suffers."

“So long as men refuse to believe and obey the Gospel, so long must they suffer the curse it comes to remove. But, believe me, there is no other remedy. If you will study the scheme of redemption made known in the Gospel, it must commend itself to your understanding and heart as divine. And, moreover, let me assure you, that, if you heartily embrace it, with humble, child-like faith, it will give quiet to your soul amidst all the trials of this present life, and then light your path through the gloom of death to a better world on high.”

“This may be best for some; but I do not know what to say. It seems as if nothing could be known.”

“Well, I will leave you to think about this matter, until I see you again. But let me, as a friend, advise you to examine Christianity, and see if it does not contain the true solution to all your difficulties, and if it is not that one great need of the human soul.”

A NIGHT WITH THE MONKS ON THE ALPS.

BY REV. J. G. MORRIS.

IT rained hard,—it was an Alpine rain. It did not come down in vulgar drops, but it poured in a shower. We were so near the clouds that the rain had not fallen far enough to form drops, and it descended in a regular Niagarian cataract. The clouds just seemed to burst right open and empty themselves out. Umbrellas, if we had had them, would have been of as much use as a sheet of blotting paper in an ordinary gust. We were on foot, too, no place of refuge near—no tree to shelter us—no cave to creep in. For three long, weary hours we trudged over stones and mud, mountain torrents and rocks, crevices and declivities, snow and ice. We had climbed precipices and descended abysses—crept along narrow paths and crossed fearful chasms. We were all drenched to the skin, as the Irishman expresses it—we were soaked to the bones, as the Englishman says—we were *wat* through and through, as the Scotchman has it—but with the more intensive American, I would say, we were almost literally floated out of our boots! Mrs. W., our lady com-

panion, looked like those feminine bathers emerging from the surf at Cape May, and her husband was too much exhausted to afford her any relief; but the rest of us were in the highest glee. We laughed and screamed, though in the effort, our mouths were often filled with the pouring rain. We were in a sad plight.

At length the spire of the convent, our destination for the night, burst into view amid the pelting storm, and we entered its portals swimming rather than walking, and the lady more dead than alive. It was a day to be remembered in a thousand.

Our knapsacks were unbuckled, but lo! what a spectacle did the contents present! literally not a dry stitch! shirts, as if they had lain in a river; drawers out of which a quart of water was squeezed; paper, macerated to pulp; shaving soap, running in suds; biscuits, returned to dough; and all together in a state of incongruous fusion. We were in a predicament. We would not run the risk of taking cold by keeping on our wet clothes, and we had nothing dry. What were we to do? Nothing but to strip and lie in bed until our outer rigging was dried at the fire. The German artist, a Swiss lawyer and I occupied one room, but I will not say how many beds. The one was a wit, and the other was a mimic, and such inexhaustible fun is seldom enjoyed. The lawyer assumed the posture of all the antique statuary he remembered, even to the Dying Gladiator, and the artist cut such antics as were wondrous to behold.

After an hour's involuntary confinement to bed, during which the old hospice resounded with shouts of uproarious laughter at our own ugly predicament, and the irresistibly comic drolleries of my travelling companions, we were able to put on dry clothes, but they were not ironed or starched, and we descended to the reception-room, where we were greeted by the monks. They were habited in the coarse flowing robe of their order, the cowl hanging down the back, and the waist encircled with a common hempen rope. They were unshaven, and I apprehend, unwashed and uncombed. A few were venerable old men, and one rather young, who passed for the nephew of the

superior. They were at supper. It was Friday, and I observed meat on the table. This surprised me, for it was not orthodox, and I was mischievous enough to suspect that up here in the mountains, they did not feel bound to observe the rules of the Church so strictly. I thought they acted on the same principle, perhaps, as the man who had joined the *District Temperance Society*, and who allowed himself the use of the ardent whenever he got out of the geographical limits of his district. But I did them wrong. On a closer inspection of the dish, I discovered it was a stew of frogs, which is not considered meat-flesh by the Church of Rome, and, therefore, allowable on fast days.

A mutual good feeling was soon engendered between us and the monks; and after all the rest of the company had retired, the oldest one and I sat up to a late hour in earnest conversation. He was interested in me as an American, for he had never seen but one before, and he paid me the compliment of observing that the other American was a much darker man, and had much more negro blood in him than I had!—he presumed that I was probably a quadroon,—a fourth remove from the native stock, and he imputed my comparatively fair complexion to my presumed long residence in Europe, where I had undergone a bleaching process by the influence of cooked food and other refinements of civilized life. He had about as clear a conception of our country as a child has of Kamschatka. He thought it was an island far away somewhere, inhabited by negroes and infested with rattle snakes. I did not undeceive him, for he would not have believed me had I told him the truth. I soon gave him to understand, that I was not of his religious faith, but this did not surprise him, for how could heathen Americans have any religion at all? He did not attempt to convert me, for he discovered that I was not ignorant of the history and the theology of his Church.

In the course of conversation, I had occasion to refer to a passage of Scripture, and I took out a pocket edition of a Greek Testament. Of this, he knew about as much as I did of Sanscrit, and he denounced the

book as heretical and mischievous. He quoted a passage from the Vulgate; and, when I challenged him to show it to me, he fumbled about at the end of the book for the Gospel of Matthew.

I changed the subject to politics, after having sounded him on a variety of others, but he knew little or nothing of what was transpiring in the world below. He never saw a newspaper, except an occasional one left by an Alpine tourist; and, for eight months in the year, he saw no human being, except his brother monks and a few mountain parishioners. And yet this old man was a simple, inoffensive, and religious man, as far as his corrupt faith would allow him to be. I believe he was sincere, and trust he was of the elect. On parting for the night, he asked the privilege of giving me his blessing. "The blessing of an old man will not hurt you," said he. "No, father," I replied; "the prayers of a good old man are good for the soul." I did not kneel, as he expected I would; but I stood, and he reverently laid his hands on my head, and uttered the benediction, in Latin, in a very impressive manner.

Before retiring, I went out of the house, to take a midnight view of the Alps around me. I was 9000 feet above the level of the sea,—no tree,—no shrub,—no grass grew there. Eternal ice and snow were piled up in heaven-high masses,—the roar of the avalanche shook the house to its base,—in the intervals, the loud reports, occasioned by the bursting open of fissures in the neighboring glaciers, boomed over the valley;—but I shall not know where to stop, if I begin again about the Alps.

In the morning, I attended the Mass of the monks; and, in an hour afterwards, we were on our way to the higher regions of the everlasting hills; but not till my old monastic friend had most cordially kissed my cheeks, and bade me God's blessing on my mountain adventures.

It has been truly remarked, that we have a record in the Sacred Scriptures of the *Acts* of the Apostles, but read nothing of their resolves. They were not men of words, but of works.

FOUND DEAD.

THERE is a certain indescribable pathos in the following lines, which will remind the reader of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," though there is nothing in common between the two poems, save a touching sadness and a breathing of the "human." "Found Dead," is from the pen of Mr. Alfred Laighton, whose poems we noticed at some length last summer.

Found dead—dead and alone;
 There was nobody near, nobody near
 When the outcast died on his pillow of stone—
 No mother, no brother, no sister dear;
 Not a friendly voice to soothe or cheer,
 Not a watching eye, or a pitying tear.
 Found dead—dead and alone
 In the roofless street, on a pillow of stone.

Many a weary day went by,
 While wretched and worn he begged for bread,
 Tired of life, and longing to lie
 Peacefully down with the silent dead.
 Hunger and cold, and scorn and pain,
 Had wasted his form and seared his brain,
 Till at last on a bed of frozen ground,
 With a pillow of stone, was the outcast found.

Found dead—dead and alone,
 On a pillow of stone in the roofless street—
 Nobody heard his last faint moan,
 Or knew when his sad heart ceased to beat.
 No mourner lingered with tears or sighs,
 But the stars looked down with pitying eyes,
 And the chill winds passed with a wailing sound
 O'er the lonely spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet *not* alone;
 There was somebody near, somebody near,
 To claim the wanderer as his own,
 And find a home for the homeless here.
 One, when every human door
 Is closed to his children, scorned and poor,
 Who opens the Heavenly portal wide;—
 Ah! God was near when the outcast died.

"NO ONE LIVETH TO HIMSELF."

THERE is nothing in the universe that stands alone—nothing solitary. No atom of matter, no drop of water, no vesicle of air, or ray of light, exists in a state of isolation. Everything belongs to some system of society, of which it is a component and necessary part. Just so it is in the moral world. No man stands alone, nor high angel, nor child. All the beings "lessening down from Infinite Perfection to the brink of dreary nothing;" belong to a system of mutual dependencies. All and each constitute and enjoy a part of the world's sum of happiness. No one liveth to himself. The destiny of the moral universe is affected by his existence and influence. The most obscure individual exerts an influence which must be felt in the great brotherhood of mankind. Should the hand say to the foot,

"I have no need of thee," the world would stand still.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of non-existence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere his presence or absence will be felt. Everywhere he will have companions, who will be better or worse for his influence.

It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that we are here forming characters for eternity. Forming characters!—whose? our own? or others? Both; and in that momentous fact lie the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought?—thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly, and till years shall end, enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their *primary formations*, and in all their successive strata of thought and life. And they too will form other characters for eternity, until the influence of my existence shall be diffused through all the future generations of this world, and through all that shall be future to a certain point in the world to come. As the little silvery, circular ripple, set in motion by the falling pebble, expands from its inch of radius to the whole compass of the pool; so there is not a child, not an infant Moses placed, however softly, in his bulrush ark upon the sea of time, whose existence does not stir a ripple, gyrating outward and on, until it shall have moved across and spanned the whole ocean of God's eternity, stirring even the river of life and the fountains at which his tall angels drink.

"*To be, or not to be?*" is that the question? No! we *are*; and whether we live or die, we are the Lord's; we belong to his eternity, and henceforth his moral universe will be filled with our existence.

Biblical Miscellany.

"This is Hope's charter, this gives Fancy power,
And this arms Conscience with authority.
This partly lifts the veil, which else had hung
Before our eyes, concealing from our view
The Spirit Land"—WYTHES.

"The Bible is a window in this prison of hope,
through which we look into eternity."—DWIGHT.

THE object of this department is, to interest the family in the study of the Bible. This we shall seek to accomplish, by illustrations of difficult passages, drawn from Biblical antiquities—the personal observations of oriental places and customs, by modern Christian travellers. Without assuming any formal discussion of infidel objections, it will constitute a part of our plan, to obviate such objections by such means as are at hand, in the diversified religious literature of our day. Nor shall we hesitate to resort occasionally to philological explanations of a passage, where such exposition may be necessary to give a clear and distinct apprehension of the divine word. In short, we shall feel free to employ every suitable expedient, to interest the family circle in the study of the Bible, and facilitate the efforts of the young, in their study of that divine creed, which, shedding light over this world, gathers its concentrated glory, like a sunset, over the next.

In consequence of the unexpected transfer of the Journal, there has been necessarily a good deal of haste in the preparation of this first number; and therefore, it can scarcely be regarded as a fair specimen of what may be expected. We hope the succeeding numbers will more fully realize our own ideas, as well as the reader's expectations.

S.

THE GRASS OF THE OVEN.

IN crossing the mountains of Lebanon, we stopped one day for refreshment near a rivulet flowing towards the east. As I was sitting there, I observed a peasant of the country digging up, with a sort of pick-axe,

the clumps of shrubs and coarse grass which grow in the thin soil spread over the rocks. He was collecting them to carry home, in order to burn them as fuel. I had seen heaps of the same material piled up near the limekilns, in the vicinity of Ustas; and I frequently saw troops of donkeys returning from the fields, loaded with bundles of such fuel. The scarcity of wood in Palestine is very great, especially in the southern part; so that the people are obliged to resort to the use of almost everything that is capable of being burnt, in order to procure the means of warming their houses in winter, and of preparing their daily food. They not only cut down for this purpose the shrubs and larger kinds of grass, but gather the common withered grass itself, and the wild flowers of which the fields display so rich a profusion.

It is from this source that the Saviour derives the beautiful illustration, which he employs for the purpose of repressing an undue solicitude, on the part of his followers, respecting the wants of the present life: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" (Matthew, 6 : 28-30.)—HACKETT.

THE INFANT COMFORTER.

AFTER Emily, the widow of the late Rev. Dr. Judson, had left Calcutta, on her voyage to America, a sense of bereavement and desolation came over her affectionate heart, which it was impossible wholly to repel. Seated in the cabin, amid the tumult of the dark rolling waves, she yielded to a full overflow of tears, which she supposed none witnessed but God.

All at once, she heard in soft tones:

"Though I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.' Is that true, mamma?"

It was the little son of her departed husband, six years old, who thus pointed her spirit to the source of all consolation: that spirit, which, since these lines were first written, has arisen where it *shall sorrow no more*.—SIGOURNEY.

SPORTS OF CHILDREN.

"WHEN I was a child," said the Apostle Paul, "I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child" (1 Corinthians, 13 : 11). Some one has remarked, that customs are handed down from age to age, with less change than through any other medium. The transmission of the same sports among them, not only in the same countries, but in different countries and nations, afford, perhaps, some confirmation of this remark. At an hour's distance from Nazareth, on the way to the Sea of Tiberias, we came to Erreineh, a small village inhabited by Greek Christians and Mussulmans. It was quite an unexpected sight to me here, to look up and see a paper kite floating gracefully in the air. A boy was amusing himself with it. The frame, shape, and pendant, gave to it exactly the appearance of one of our Yankee kites. I recognized, elsewhere, some of the diversions familiar to childhood. At Zebedany, a village on Anti-Lebanon, I saw a group of boys playing leap-frog; at Kerak, near the eastern foot of Lebanon, I saw them playing ball; and at another place, the name of which I have not noted, I saw them playing hop-scotch.—HACKET.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF THE RESURRECTION.

A VERY young child was taken to the funeral obsequies of a neighboring child. He had never seen the work of death, and looked long and earnestly at the beautiful infant, lying like polished marble, in its dark coffin. At his return, his mo-

ther placed him by the window, that he might see the procession pass. He regarded it with fixed attention. At length he turned to his mother, his face beaming with animation, and said :

"Oh! how beautiful it will be when the Saviour says, 'Baby, come forth.'"

It is probable, that in those readings of Scripture that accompanied the devotions of a pious household, he had listened to the recital of the Redeemer calling Lazarus from the grave, and had thus made a happy application of the sublime doctrine of the resurrection. Who can say how early the minds of our little ones may gather the dew-drops of divine truth, and be made wise unto salvation?—SIGOURNEY.

How admirable is the *simplicity* of the Evangelists! They never speak injuriously of the Saviour's enemies, of his executioners, nor of his judges. They report the facts, without adding a single comment. They remark neither their Master's mildness, when he was smitten, nor the wrath of the smiters, but they compress both within the simple words: "*And they crucified JESUS.*"

THE Bible can never be put down, for the reason that it is not a *creative*, but only a *declarative* Book. It does not *make* heaven for the righteous, nor hell for the wicked, but simply *reveals* them. Make a bonfire of all the Bibles in the earth, that not a single copy can ever again be gathered from the ashes, and of the truths they utter, not a single one would be lost. The promises would still all be fulfilled, the threatenings all executed, and the prophecies, every one come to pass. How utterly vain and impotent, then, the crusade of infidelity against the Bible!

WHEN the Israelites were dying in the wilderness, they did not care to try what brass the serpent was made of; they looked at it and were healed. When their children were fed by manna in the desert, they did not set their wits to work chemically to analyze it; they ate it and lived.—*Dr. Cumming.*



Home Circle.

THE object of this department of the Journal is, to contribute something to make the homes of the Church Christian in spirit and life. To infuse the divine element of religion into these deepest springs of social life.

All life flows from the centre, outwards. And whether we seek to diffuse order and purity in a community, or advance the general objects of philanthropy, or the higher aims of Christian culture, in the grander mission of the Church, we must look with peculiar solicitude to this institution, and learn first, "to show piety at home."

The matter of this department, whether original or selected, will aim at making home a place of religious culture and social enjoyment; something to direct and encourage parents, in their household cares and responsibilities. Something to make *home* a place not merely to eat and sleep in, but to live. To make it a place of social joy and attraction, and thus counteract the fashionable tendency in our day, to abandon the home, and seek pleasures abroad. It ought to be a place, not only of sober culture and stern discipline, but of recreative pleasure, and sparkling joy, and jubilant songs.

"Why should we fear youth's draught of joy,
If pure would sparkle less?
Why should the cup the sooner cloy,
Which God hath deigned to bless?"

"Who but a Christian through all life
That blessing may prolong?
Who through the world's sad day of strife,
Still chant his morning song?" S.

A GOOD HUSBAND.

THE *good husband* is one, wedded not by interest but by choice; is constant as well from inclination as from principle; he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderness as a friend; he attributes her follies to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency; he passes them over therefore with good nature, and pardons them with indulgence; all his care and industry are employed for her welfare; all his strength and power are exerted for her support and her protection; he is more anxious to preserve his own character and reputation, because hers is blended with it; lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of Christianity by his own example; that, as they join to promote each other's happiness in this world, they may unite to insure eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

A GOOD WIFE.

THE *good wife* is one, who, ever mindful of the solemn contract which she has

entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, constant, and faithful to her husband; chaste, pure, and unblemished in every thought, word, and deed; she is humble and modest from reason and conviction, submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination; what she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion; she makes it her business to serve, and her pleasure to oblige her husband; as conscious, that everything which promotes his happiness, must in the end contribute to her own; her tenderness relieves his cares, her affection softens his distress; her good humor and complacency lessen and subdue his afflictions, "she openeth her mouth," as Solomon says, "with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness; she looketh well to the ways of her husband, and eateth not the bread of idleness; her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Lastly, as a good and pious Christian, she looks up with an eye of gratitude to the Great Dispenser and Disposer of all things, to the Husband of the widow, and the Father to the fatherless, entreating his divine favor and assistance in this and every other moral and religious duty; well satisfied, that if she duly and punctually discharges her several offices and relations in this life, she shall be blessed and rewarded for it in another.

A GOOD FATHER.

THE *good father* is ever humane, tender and affectionate to his children; he treats them, therefore, with lenity and kindness; corrects with prudence, rebukes with temper, and chastises with reluctance; he never suffers his indulgence to degenerate into weakness, or his affection to be biassed by partiality; as he rejoices in their joy, and participates in their afflictions, he never suffers them to want a blessing which he can bestow, or to lament an evil which he can prevent; while he continues with them, he administers to their present happiness, and provides for their future felicity when he shall be removed from them; he is

doubly cautious in preserving his own character, because theirs depends upon it; he is prudent, therefore, that they may be happy, industrious that they may be rich, good and virtuous that they may be respected, he instructs by his life and teaches by his example; as he is thoroughly satisfied, that piety is the source and foundation of every virtue, he takes care to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" that they may be *good men*, he endeavors to make them *good Christians*; and after having done everything in his power to make them easy and happy here, points out to them the only infallible means of securing eternal bliss and tranquillity hereafter.

A GOOD SON.

THE *good and dutiful son* is one who honors his parents, by paying them the utmost deference and respect; by a reverential awe and veneration for them; a filial affection for their persons, and a tender regard for their safety and preservation; a constant and cheerful attendance to their advice, and ready and implicit obedience to their commands. As he becomes every day more sensible of his obligations to them, he grows every day more willing and more solicitous to repay them. He employs his youth to support their age; his abundance to relieve their wants; his knowledge and strength to supply their infirmities and decay. He is more careful of his character and reputation in the world, because theirs depends upon it. Ever anxious for their welfare, and attentive to their happiness, he endeavors, by every method in his power, to prolong their days, that his *own* may be *long in the land*. He rests assured, that God will not only bless obedient children here, but will reward them with the blessings of heaven, where it shall be *well with him* forever; where we shall all join, son and father, daughter and mother, wife and husband, servant and master; all the relations and connections of this life, to honor one great Parent, Protector, Lord, and Master of all.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.

A GOOD daughter! There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than she, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's love for one or another child. There is but little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupations and pleasure carry him abroad, and he resides more among temptations, which hardly permit affection, that is following him perhaps over half the globe, to be unmingled with anxiety, until the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own, while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house.

Her ideal is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight, and evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex, have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm, as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending, but expressive proofs of love. And, then, what a cheerful sharer she is, and what an ever present delight and triumph to a mother's affection.

Ah! how little do these daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not, every time a parent's eye rests upon them, bring rapture to a parent's heart. A true love will almost certainly always greet their approaching footsteps that they cannot alienate. But their ambition should be, not to have it a love merely which feelings implanted by nature excite, but

one made intense and overflowing by approbation or worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes most, in whom the perpetual appeals of paternal disinterestedness do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.

HOME.

"Around each pure domestic shrine,
Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine;
Our hearths are altars all."

THERE is no word in our language so musical to the ear, so redolent of sweet memories to the heart, as the word home. It lingers in the soul like some sweet song of our childhood, and its pictured scenes and mother memories, soft and dim with years, mellowed and graced, like other pictures, by the slow and tasteful hand of time, ever rise to the heart—

"Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

It is the morning star of life's early dawn, and the evening star of life's setting sun. Whatever may be the psychological explanation, it is a fact, that our early home never seems so fresh and beautiful as in old age—and every true life repeats in some way the prophet's words—"He shall return to the days of his youth." Some one in adverting to this peculiarity in our earliest impressions of home, attributes it not merely to the susceptibility of childhood, but to constant retrospection, which is perpetually deepening the image and transcript of those early years. Whatever may be the explanation, the fact is unquestionable that if blessed with a genial and happy home in childhood, it becomes a living memory, influential upon all our after years. Even Goethe, with all his artistic coolness, in the inscription to Faust, reverts to his early days in sentiments the most beautiful and touching:

"Once more, sweet visions, are ye floating hither—
Forms, who of old oft gladdened my dim sight?"

* * * * *
How with the joy of youth my bosom springs,
Breathing the magic air shook from your dewy
wings!

* * * * *
What I possess now seems no longer real,
But in the past I live, in my soul's first ideal."

It is as true of the humblest peasant, as of this "majestic demigod of the German Parnassus. With us all, life as it travels on, recurs ever to its beginning, for it has received its appointed orbit from the same hand that formed and guides the spheres."

If we carry with us through life the memory and influence of our first home—how important the moral tone and character of this ever living memory. How important that the home of childhood should be one of moral beauty and gentle affections—that it may be the fountain light of all succeeding days—and in the hallowed retrospection breathe a perpetual benediction.

We are conscious that much that is written so rhapsodically about home and the love of home, is mere cant, and a commonplace flourish of words, or mere poetical pictures of sentiment and fancy. Such representations are often as false to the true ideal of a Christian home as a cottage seen in the distance through green foliage and flowers, may be deceptive to the eye, revealing an exterior beautiful and attractive, whilst all within is discord and selfishness, as infelicitous as it is repulsive.

That there exists a great disparity between the ideal and the real home, no one can question, and it is a consciousness of this fact that prompts the present effort to assist in actualizing to a greater extent the true ideal of the Christian home. S.

SUNBEAMS AT HOME.

TWO neighboring little girls conversed as they played with their dolls:

"I don't have a good time when we have company. Everybody's so busy, and the maids are so cross. It's all the time 'get out of my way, and can't you take care o' them children? They're forever a runnin' against me, and I shall break the glass dishes.' That's their song."

"Don't you have nice things when you have company?"

"Oh yes. But they are not for children. They'd make children sick. They're for the grown-up people."

"Don't you love to see the house and

everything clean and handsome, and your mother dressed up beautiful?"

"Why I can't see my mother more than a minute. That's another trouble. She can't stay with us children, because she must talk to the company. If we're sick and cry, nobody knows it but the nurse, and she scolds us when there's nobody by. I hate the company, because we have such an awful time. Don't you?"

"No; I like it. Because my mamma always looks pleasant then."

So I took the voices of these dear little ones into my heart, as in their innocence they told each other their troubles. And being a mother myself, I said, why should we make our hospitalities dark and dreary to our children? When the rooms are adorned with fresh flowers, and the best robes put on, why should they be in exile and banishment, tasting none of the balm-drops of joy that we pour into the hearts of our friends? When our smile cheers the welcome guest, let us not shut its sunbeam from the tender plants we are training for immortality. A mother's smile! I doubt whether we realize how precious it is to the unfolding heart, how widely it casts its radiance onward into future life, how it is remembered amid heavy hours. Oh! feed your infant with the smile, and the sweet tones of that love which is so deep in your own heart, that if you die, he may remember together, the mother who nurtured him and the smile of an angel.

A LITTLE CHILD'S SOLILOQUY.

WISH my mamma would please keep me warm; my little bare legs are very cold with these lace ruffles; they are not half so nice as black Jim's woollen stockings. Wish I had a little pair of warm rubbers. Wish I had a long-sleeved apron, for my bare arms and neck. Wish I might push my curls out of my eyes, or have them cut off. Wish my dress would stay upon my shoulders, and that it was not too nice for me to get on the floor and play nine-pins. Wish my mamma would go to walk with me sometimes instead of Betty. Wish she

would not promise me something "very nice," and then forget all about it. Wish she would answer my questions, and not always say "Don't bore me, Freddy." Wish, when we go to the country, she wouldn't make me wear my gloves, lest I should "tan my hands." Wish she would not tell me that all the pretty flowers "will poison me." Wish I could tumble on the hay, and go into the barn, and see how Dobbin eats his supper. Wish I could make pretty dirt pies. Wish there was not a bit of lace, or satin, or silk in the world. Wish I knew what makes mother look so smiling at Aunt Emma's children (who come here in their papa's carriage), and so very cross at my poor little cousins, whose mother works so hard, and cries so much.

Wish I knew what makes the clouds stay up in the sky, and where the stars go in the daytime. Wish I could get over that high hill where the sun is going down, and just touch it with my finger. Wish I did not keep thinking of things that puzzle me, when nobody will stop to tell me the reason for anything. If I ask Betty, she says, "Don't be a fool, Master Freddy." I wonder why mamma don't love her own little boy. I wonder, when I am grown a man, if I shall have to look so nice all the time, and be so tired of doing nothing.

AN INFANT'S VOICE, AND A MOTHER'S EYE.

THERE'S a glorious light at the gates of the west,
When the summer sun passeth through to his rest,—

'T is bright on the lake where the moonbeam slept,
And the tear is pure which the dews have wept;
But there shines no light beneath the sky,
Like that which beams from a mother's eye.

The harp is sweet at its dying close,
And the hum of the bee from the breast of the rose,
And the song of the bird when she rises high
From her chirping nest, through the vernal sky;
But earth hath no sound so sweet to hear,
As the voice of a babe, to its mother's ear.

"WE have the most *religious hens*," said a little girl, "that ever you saw. They never drink the least bit of water, without looking up to the sky, between every swallow, I sup-

pose to thank God. I am sure such hens are an example to us all."

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

"THE rights of women,"—what are they?

The right to labor and to pray,
The right to watch while others sleep,
The right o'er others' woes to weep,
The right to succor in distress,
The right while others curse to bless;
The right to love whom others scorn;
The right to comfort all who mourn;
The right to shed new joy on earth,
The right to feel the soul's high worth,
The right to lead the soul to God
Along the path the Saviour trod—
The path of meekness and of love,
The path of faith that leads above;
The path of patience under wrong,
The path in which the weak grow strong;
Such woman's right, and God will bless
And crown their champions with success.

THE MOTHER'S BLESSING.

WHAT bringeth a joy o'er thy pallid mien,
More deep than the prime of thy youth had seen?
What kindleth a beam in thy thoughtful eye,
Like the vestal flame from a purer sky?
Sweet were her tones, as the wind-harp free,
"The smile of the babe that is born to me."

What maketh thy home, with its noiseless shade,
More dear than the haunts where thy beauty strayed?
Than the dance, where thy form was the zephyr's wing?
Than the crowded hall, or the charmed ring?
Than the flatterer's wife, with its siren strain?
"The voice of the babe, that with care I train."

What lendeth the landscape a brighter hue?
A clearer spark to the diamond dew?
What giveth the song of the bird its zest,
As straw by straw it doth build its nest?
What sweeteneth the flowers on their budding stalks?
"The kiss of the child by my side that walks."

What quickeneth thy prayer when it seeks the throne,
With a fervor it never before had known?
What girdeth thy life in its daily scope,
For the labor of love, and the patience of hope?
The freedom from self, and the high intent;
"The soul of the child, that my God hath lent."

TRIALS.—Christ was deserted a little before the glorious morning of light and joy dawned upon Him. It was a little, a very little while, after His sad cry, before He triumphed gloriously; and so it may be with you; heaviness may endure for a night, but joy and gladness may come in the morning. Let God steer for you in the storm. He loves to be trusted.

Church Intelligence.

REV. F. W. CONRAD, late Professor in Wittenberg College, has been unanimously chosen pastor of the Lutheran Church at Dayton (Ohio), vacated by the removal of Rev. RIZER. We are happy to learn, that the health of Brother Conrad is so far restored, as to enable him to accept the call.

Rev. B. SADTLER, present pastor at Middletown (Pa.), has been elected to St. John's Lutheran Church, at Easton (Pa.), which is soon to be vacated by the removal of Dr. C. F. SCHAEFFER, the professor-elect of German literature and theology in the Church institutions at Gettysburg.

The two oldest resident pastors of churches in Philadelphia, are Rev. Dr. M'DOWELL, of the Presbyterian Church, and Rev. P. F. MAYER, D. D., of St. John's Lutheran Church, Race Street, seniors in years, and seniors in the ministry.

The Lutheran Church at Hummelstown, Dauphin County (Pa.), having been remodelled during the past summer, and made *new*, was re-dedicated on Sunday, November 25, 1855. Discourses, appropriate to the occasion, were delivered by Revs. Krotel, Hay, Sadtler, Menges, and the pastor, Brother Haines. This is one of the oldest Lutheran congregations in Pennsylvania. It was served, over a quarter of a century ago, by Rev. Dr. Demme, when he first came to this country.

A new Lutheran Church is being erected for the use of the German congregation at Allentown, Lehigh County (Pa.), Rev. J. VOGELBACH, pastor. The edifice is to be very beautiful, and will cost some twelve or fourteen thousand dollars. Taking into account, that a new church was but recently erected by the English Lutheran congregation of that town, it bespeaks a very high degree of liberality.

A new Lutheran Church, erected at Loysville, Perry County (Pa.), was consecrated on the 2d of December, 1855. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Evans, Alleman,

and Lane. The charge is, at present, without a pastor.

Efforts are being made, by Brother WILLARD's flock, in Danville (Pa.), for the erection of a new and more commodious church. Success attend them.

The English Lutheran Synod of Ohio, held its twentieth annual meeting in Shanesville, Tuscarora County (Ohio), from the 18th to the 23d of October, 1855. There were in attendance twenty-two ministerial, and seventeen lay brethren, and three commissioners from vacant congregations. Revs. A. R. Smith, J. W. Swick, and J. Lindamood were ordained as ministers, and a license granted to Rev. C. Caskey.

The Lutherans living in and near Tyrone City, Huntingdon County (Pa.), are making efforts to erect a church in that place, and form a new pastoral charge.

Rev. GEORGE S. COLLINS, late pastor of the Lutheran Church at Emmitsburg (Md.), departed this life, much regretted, on the 19th November last, of consumption.

G. A. REICHERT, of Philadelphia, son of Rev. Mr. Reichert, has been chosen a member of the Executive Committee of the Church Extension Society, in place of C. D. Hinks, of Baltimore, resigned.

The amount in the hands of Mr. HEYL, Treasurer of the Church Extension Society, at the latest accounts, was \$5068. There are between 700 and 800 dollars, besides, in the hands of Philip Smyser, of York, Pa.

LUTHERAN LITURGY.—The "Observer" announces the publication of a new edition of the General Synod's English Liturgy, in an amended form, printed in superior style, on excellent paper, and well bound. The form and size, too, are described as a great improvement on the old. Published and for sale by T. N. Kurtz, Baltimore.

In consequence of his acceptance of the pastoral charge at Dayton (Ohio), Professor F. W. CONRAD has declined the post of Super-

intendent of Home Missions, to which he was elected at the last meeting of General Synod.

The Synod of Northern Illinois met at Waverley Station, on the 4th of October, 1855. Professor F. W. Harkey was chosen President. Five years ago, this Synod organized with eight ministers, representing twenty small congregations, and six hundred and fifty-three communicant members. It now numbers twenty-eight ministers, fifty congregations, and four thousand communicants,—a gratifying increase, truly!

The Lutherans of Springfield (Ill.), are making efforts for the erection of a church. They have chosen Rev. FRANCIS SPRINGER, late President of Illinois University, their pastor. God prosper the enterprise!

Rev. CHARLES A. BAER has been chosen Pastor of the Trinity Lutheran Church, Passyunk (Philadelphia), made vacant by the removal of Rev. G. A. Neff. Brother Baer has, for some months past, been filling the post with much acceptance. He is one of the sons of John Baer, Esq., of Lancaster, for many years the influential and esteemed editor of the "*Volksfreund*."

Rev. J. MARTIN, formerly of Johnstown (Pa.), has been chosen the successor of the Rev. J. Ulrich, in the church at York Sulphur Springs, Adams County (Pa.). He has accepted the call.

Rev. M. VALENTINE has taken charge of the Emmaus Institute, in Middletown, Dauphin County (Pa.), and designs, under the direction of the Trustees, shortly to open at that place an Orphans' Home, according to the original design of the Fry legacy.

The Lutheran Church at Lower Merion, Montgomery County (Pa.), about six miles from Philadelphia, of which Rev. W. D. Roedel was last pastor, we regret to state, is still vacant. There are few churches which, to an active and faithful minister, afford a wider field of usefulness.

REVIVAL.—We rejoice to learn that there is now an interesting work of grace in progress, in the Muncy Church, under the care of Brother Parson. Upwards of forty have already sought the Saviour. A number of these are heads of families. Many will be

added to the Church. May the Lord continue to revive his work still more abundantly among us, and throughout the whole church.

"PROGRESS OF EVANGELICAL RELIGION IN GERMANY.—We have recently had an interview with a gentleman of learning, sincere piety, and great general intelligence, who has been spending some months in Germany. He speaks in the most favorable terms of the decided progress which evangelical truth is making and has already made in that land. The younger ministry, to a very cheering extent, are imbued with evangelical sentiments. Out of eighteen universities but two remain under rationalistic influence. Indeed, rationalism there may be considered as rapidly hastening to its death. Alluding to this insidious and pretentious form of error, our friend remarked, that England and New England, in accepting and propagating it, were actually but 'putting on the old shoes which Germany had cast off.' Evangelical Christians of every name have reason to be cheered by this dawn of a better day over the cradle of Pantheism, rationalism, and the false philosophies which have been the most formidable enemies of the truth with which the present generation has had to contend. German talent and scholarship, once thoroughly imbued with the love and spirit of the Gospel, what, under God, might it not accomplish!"—*Presbyterian*.

CHURCH DEDICATION.—We learn by letter from Rev. C. J. EHREHART, that the new Evangelical Lutheran Zion's Church, erected by the congregation of Rev. P. Born, at Sunbury, was solemnly dedicated to the service of God on Christmas day. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Rev. B. KURTZ, of Baltimore, and the usual services were read by Rev. G. Parson, of Muncy. The church edifice is 70 feet by 42, with basement, and has been erected at an expense of about \$7000. Though the day set apart for the dedication proved very inclement, there was, nevertheless, a large concourse of people in attendance; and we are gratified to learn, too, that upwards of \$1000 was raised for the church, leaving a debt of but several hundred dollars. H.

Editorial Miscellany.



ITH the present number, the "Evangelical Magazine" assumes a new name, and comes to its patrons in a new dress. The proprietorship of the work, as was announced on the cover of the previous number, is also changed. We ventured to promise in that announcement, that the Magazine under the new management would fully sustain the character it has acquired, and we refer to the present number as proof that this pledge will, in all probability, be redeemed. The former editor would embrace this opportunity to thank his many friends for the interest they have expressed in the success of the enterprise whilst in his hands, and for the substantial evidence of that interest afforded in the circulation of the work, and in furnishing contributions for its pages. It passes over into the hands of the Lutheran Board of Publication with a subscription list larger than it has had at any former period, numbering over eighteen hundred names. That number should be increased at once to at least five thousand. When we say this we speak advisedly—not without consideration. If every minister in the Lutheran Church, who is supposed to be favorable to such an enterprise, were to do what a few have done, the Lutheran Home Journal would have a circulation of five thousand before the end of January. Some congregations receive more than forty copies each. We think we put the number very low when we say there are at least one hundred and fifty congregations of equal strength, each of which could do likewise. This would furnish a list of six thousand names. Then again, there are but few if any families in the Church who could not afford to add this, at the low price of one dollar a year, to their other periodicals. Issued now under the auspices of the Board of Publication, it is emphatically the Journal of the Church, and has claims upon its patronage stronger than could be urged by any private enterprise. It is our hope that these claims will be acknowledged, and that thousands of families will welcome the monthly visits of the "Lutheran Home Journal," as the representative, in a measure, of a society which every Lutheran ought to encourage and sustain, and as a pleasant, instructive home companion, whose visits cannot fail to bring blessings to every household in which it is read.

To our personal friends, we give the assurance that our interest in this periodical will continue unabated. We shall contribute to its

pages, as time and opportunity may allow; and we bespeak for it the influence and efforts of those who, in extending their patronage hitherto, may have been governed in any measure by considerations of personal friendship; believing as we do, that the intrinsic merits of the work, improved as they will be, by an enlarged number of stated and able contributors, will entitle it more to their regard and support than ever.

C. A. S.

WINTER.—As the rude blasts of Boreas are whistling around our dwellings, the rigors of Winter are beginning to be felt. Soon the lanes and by-roads will most likely be filled up with drifted snow, and an effectual embargo will be laid upon the intercourse between city and country. Then will resound from the dwellings of the poor the appalling cry of a scarcity of fuel; and tender mothers and helpless children will crowd together in groups, shivering with cold, and without any protection from the inclemency of the weather. That suffering of this kind abounds in all thickly populated towns and cities is attested by sad experience; and we may expect, that notwithstanding the God of the harvest, during the past season, has blessed us with unusual plenty, instances of extreme poverty and privation will, nevertheless, be discovered in every section of our widely extended city.

Now, then, there is another opportunity afforded to the HOWARDS of the Church for the practical display of their benevolence! Now the great heart of humanity has another season presented to it, when it may expand to deeds of noble generosity, by ministering to the necessities of those upon whom rests the heavy hand of poverty and want. The retrenchment of one superfluous fire in a drawing-room for a few weeks, the curtailment of a tithes of the tribute ordinarily paid to fashion, will enable the philanthropic to afford very considerable assistance to entire families of dependent sufferers, who may be destitute of the commonest necessities of existence. Be it remembered, those who are pining in penury and woe are children of the same Creative Goodness—brethren of a common humanity; and that it accords with the Divine philosophy of things to believe, that one reason why they are thus afflicted is, that those in more favored circumstances may not be without objects on which to expend the better and holier affections of their nature.

These Christ-like dispositions, however, most happily, are not wanting in the city of Brotherly Love, where the genuine philanthropy of the Church of the Redeemer is ever vigilant and ever active. The good work of soliciting contributions for the purchase of fuel and necessaries for the destitute, is actively prosecuted by the different churches and associations. The various Dorcas societies are energetically at work. Committees are proceeding from dwelling to dwelling in order that the poor may be ferreted out, and that among the rich the duty of their support may be measurably equalized. This, by the way, is the best kind of Agrarianism that can be devised. Well and truly hath a poet of the olden time written :

—“Humanity! delightful tale!
 Whilst we feel the winter gale,
 May the cit in ermined coat
 Incline the ear to sorrow's note;
 And where, with misery's weight oppress,
 A fellow sits—a shivering guest—
 Full ample let our bounty flow,
 To soothe the bosom chilled by woe.
 In town or vale,
 Where'er the tale
 Of real grief unfolded is,
 Oh may we give
 The means to live,
 To those who know how cold it is!”

January 1, 1856.

H.

THE LUTHERAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.—We feel that we do not exaggerate, when we affirm that this organization is now fairly “launched on the full tide of successful experiment.” The meetings have been of the most pleasant and profitable character. They have been numerously attended, by Lutheran Ministers from the city and country; and subjects of grave interest have been prayerfully discussed. The bonds of Christian fellowship have been strengthened. The brethren have learned to know each other better, and love each other more. Should the Society be arrested at this point, the good results already attained would amply compensate for the expense and trouble incurred.

If any have supposed, that the opening of this room has served only to furnish an agreeable resort to the Lutheran Clergy of the city, we are happy to correct the misapprehension. At first, it is true, the affairs of the Board seemed to move tardily. But the German proverb tells us: “*Aller Anfang ist schwer.*” (All beginnings are difficult.) The Board was without funds. It had not even a desk, a chair, pen, ink, or paper. It started without a cent of capital, and almost without a patron. But the prospect is brightening. The Society has already done good, and is resolved to do more. It has already issued two works, “*The Blind Girl of Wittenberg,*” and “*Luther's Christmas Tree,*” both of which are finding ready sale. It has purchased the Evangelical Magazine, and converted it into the Luthe-

ran Home Journal. It has another work in progress. Rev. W. J. Mann, of the German Lutheran Church of this city, a gentleman well qualified for the task, is preparing a treatise on the alleged doctrinal errors of the Augsburg Confession, which will appear shortly. Whilst, of course, the Society will not endorse all the doctrinal views of the writer, they feel, that this treatise, issued at this time, will prove highly acceptable, and conduce vastly to the proper elucidation of the grave subjects in controversy. Other works will follow.

We bespeak for the Lutheran Board of Publication, then, the confidence, the prayers, and the substantial aid of the Lutheran Church. Let Clergy and Laity combine to increase its efficiency and means of usefulness. H.

THE MISSIONARY.—We learn that *The Missionary*, edited and published by Rev. W. A. Passavant, of Pittsburg, is no longer to appear only once a month, but is hereafter to be issued weekly. It is to be enlarged, and the price is to be increased to \$1 50, payable in advance. To ministers and students it is to be sent for \$1. It will also be furnished at the same rate to widows; and the widows of clergymen, who report their name and address, will be supplied gratuitously. H.

☞ WE owe many thanks to the members of the Susquehanna Conference, for the kind interest which they, as a body, have already manifested in the success of “*The Lutheran Home Journal.*” At their recent meeting, in Sunbury, it was unanimously resolved to spare no efforts to increase its circulation, and in every way promote its success and efficiency. Rev. C. J. Ehrehart, of Shamokin, was chosen an Assistant Editor, whose pen and influence will be exerted in behalf of the Journal, and doubtless prove a valuable auxiliary. H.

☞ A NUMBER of articles, designed for the present number of the Journal, have been unavoidably postponed. Among the number, is an interesting article from Brother Ehrehart, on “*Family Religion;*” another from a friend at Gettysburg, on “*Character,*” besides a variety of interesting miscellaneous contributions. They will all be forthcoming in season.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE usual revision of new works is crowded out of this number. Attention will be given to this in our future numbers.

The “*Blind Girl of Wittenberg,*” and “*Luther's Christmas Tree,*” are obtaining an extensive circulation. The two editions of “*Luther's Christmas Tree,*” of 6000 copies, are nearly exhausted—only a few copies are left.

THE
Lutheran Home Journal.

FEBRUARY, 1856.

HANS EGEDE AND HIS WIFE.

A LIFE-PICTURE FROM MISSIONARY HISTORY.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF WILDENHARN.)

TRANSLATED BY REV. G. A. WENZEL.

CHAPTER I.

IN the northern part of Norway is situated the small town of Vogen, or Wogen, where lived, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, a minister of the pure evangelical faith, Hans Egedè by name, a Dane by birth, and put in charge of this pastorate in the year 1707, at the age of twenty-one. He was a truly pious man, a faithful shepherd to the souls confided to his care, and had, besides, a true and amiable wife, who, about this time, presented him with her fourth child, a son. The appearance of the little stranger was an occasion of great joy in the family, and all hearts united in rendering grateful praise to Him who had done great things for mother and child; and when the father baptized him, he named him PAUL, saying, "My son, your name shall be Paul, in honor of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. May it please the Head of the Church to make you, some day, instrumental in bearing the light of the Gospel to the benighted heathen, who are yet destitute of the knowledge of God, and know not that their Redeemer liveth!" And as he said this, his eyes shone with unusual brightness, and his countenance was overcast with a shade of such deep melancholy, that Elizabeth be-

came somewhat alarmed, and said, "My dear husband, why are you so cast down in the midst of our rejoicings?"

"As yet I do not clearly understand what the Lord purposes doing with me," responded he; "but give yourself no uneasiness, my beloved Elizabeth. As soon as it shall have pleased the Lord to reveal his purpose to me, you shall be the first to whom I will impart it. Till then, be silent and content: for, I assure you, that though I seem sad and troubled, I do, nevertheless, experience the most heartfelt joy within. Join your prayers with mine, that it may please the Lord to make known his will to me."

This quieted Elizabeth's apprehensions, and she said no more; for she felt assured that, whatever the particular subject which was then agitating her husband's mind might be, it could relate only to what was acceptable in the sight of God.

Meanwhile his dejection and melancholy increased, and became so apparent, that even his people began to notice it in his preaching, and would often say among themselves, "Surely, some great affliction must have befallen our minister."

This state of things continued for many weeks; and Elizabeth, perceiving no change, became greatly alarmed, and determined, on the first opportunity, to insist on his communicating his secret to her. When, therefore, on the following Sunday, he had returned from Divine service, and, as was his custom, entered the family-room, for the

purpose of spending an hour in the society of his wife and children, Elizabeth said, "My dear husband, do not be angry with me if I seem inquisitive; but I can no longer quietly endure your sadness. You put me off once before by telling me that you awaited a revelation of God's will to you; tell me, has it not yet appeared?"

"Elizabeth," answered her husband, "you are right; my soul is burdened with a very heavy weight of sorrow; but it is neither on my own account, nor yours, nor the children's, nor on account of my dear people. The Lord has done great things for me. He has blessed me, both in my official and domestic relations, far above my worthiness and deservings, and I might be the happiest man in the kingdom, but for a most tender concern which I feel for the poor heathen, who walk in darkness, and know not that there is but one true joy on earth,—the joy imparted by the grace of God. This is the cause of my dejection; and day after day, yes day and night, do I seem to hear a voice saying to my soul, 'Will not you, who are so rich, share part of your abundance with your destitute brethren?'"

"What destitute brethren do you mean?" asked his wife.

"Listen," Egedè continued. "If we set out from this point, and sail about five hundred Norwegian miles due west, we will fall in with an island called Iceland, and if, from there, we continue our voyage another five hundred miles in the same direction, we will arrive at a large extent of land called Greenland, which, according to the accounts of navigators, though embosomed in the Arctic ocean, is nevertheless in the interior covered with verdure. This vast region of country is inhabited by many thousand heathen, who are destitute of the knowledge of the true and living God: to these I long to preach the Gospel."

"God help us!" exclaimed Elizabeth, frightened, "one thousand miles! And pray how did it happen that you just came to think of that country?"

"This is the Lord's doing," answered Hans Egedè. "My mind has been occupied with this subject already for three years, and I find it impossible to banish it from my

thoughts. About that time an ancient record fell into my hands, from which I learned that Greenland had been discovered in the year of our Lord 982 by some of our countrymen, who immediately after introduced Christianity into that country, by which means they succeeded in gathering many souls unto the Lord. They also planted a colony there with a view to commerce, thus establishing and keeping up a constant communication, by means of ships, between the two countries. This intercourse continued for upwards of four hundred years. About the middle of the fifteenth century, however, Greenland becoming inaccessible in consequence of the increased accumulation of ice upon the coast, and that dreadful pestilence, called 'black death,' breaking out just then over the greater part of Europe, all communication ceased, and no intelligence has, since that time, during a period of about three hundred years, been received. And now you must know, my dear Elizabeth, that, in view of all this, I cannot but be continually asking myself, What is the condition of the poor Greenlanders? Are there yet any Christians among them? or is not even now the last spark of Christianity expiring, so that it is high time an effort was being made to dispel the heathen darkness which broods over that unhappy country?"

"And do you intend to do this?" asked Elizabeth hurriedly.

"Well, yes," answered Egedè. "Suppose I was the only Christian into whose mind such a thought had ever entered, and suppose, too, the Lord had chosen me, even *me*, to preach the Gospel of Christ to these poor Greenlanders, would I not, in refusing to go, greatly sin against Him?"

"One thousand miles!" exclaimed the wife with increased anxiety. "And that, too, in a country in the midst of the frozen sea, and which is inaccessible in consequence of the mountains of ice that surround it! And will you give up your congregation, who carry you on their hands? Will you even forget *us*, your wife and children? How could we accompany you with our baby, little Paul?"

"If the Lord has so ordained it," replied the husband, "all this will not hinder me

from going. In that case, my congregation will submit to His will, and so will you, who, with the children, will readily and even cheerfully accompany me."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Elizabeth, almost weeping. "I can neither venture with my poor children upon a voyage of a thousand miles across the broad and boisterous ocean, where disasters are of almost daily occurrence, nor can I endure to think of the gloomy prospect of living in a country bound in by mountains of perpetual ice. Ah, my dear husband, would not that be tempting the Lord? Who or what compels us to leave this place? Can you be differently and more usefully employed there than you are here? Are not the souls of your people bound upon your soul? Have you not daily opportunities of administering consolation and reproof, of admonishing, warning, and teaching the word of God where you are? Has not the same Lord, whom you want to serve in Greenland, appointed you to this field of labor? And how, my dear husband, dare you abandon a post which the Lord has assigned you?"

"Very true," he quietly rejoined; "but if it should please the Lord to call me to labor in some *other* field, it becomes me to do what befits a servant."

"Oh, you can never allay my apprehensions in this way," cried out the wife. "One thing is certain, you are the pastor of this congregation, and to their wants your efforts must be directed; and you know, my dear husband, that I never complained when, in your devotedness to them, you were obliged to withdraw your attention from us; for I well know that the souls of your people claim your first and greatest care, and that your wife and children can only then claim your attention after these have been properly attended to. But does not your family also constitute part of your congregation? Do your wife and children not need your guidance and protection? Have you no duties to perform as husband and father, or does the concern you manifest for the salvation of others justify indifference to our temporal and spiritual condition? Are not your children a gift from the Lord? O, my dear husband, were you alone in the world, with-

out having any one especially intrusted to your care, you might then be more free to do whatever your heart desires. But you are husband and father with God's will and permission, and it behooves you, therefore, to place the duties devolving upon you as such also in the balance. Therefore, I pray you, my dearest husband, think no more about leaving us."

Egedè shook his head, smiling sadly, and as if speaking to himself, said: "Christ says, 'Whosoever loveth father or mother, wife or children, more than me, is not worthy of me.'"

"And we are not the only ones who would be likely to suffer by such a step," continued the wife. "You have brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces in this place and country, who are dependent upon your charity. They have no one in this world, besides yourself, who compassionates and assists them. If you move a thousand miles from here, will not their support be removed from them a like distance? You have taken your poor, sick sister into your house; if you go to Greenland, Dorothea will be obliged to go to the poor-house. You want to save heathen, and plunge Christians into misery; think you that this is acceptable to God?"

Egedè continued silent for a long time, and then replied by saying, "You break my heart, Elizabeth! I cannot withstand your importunity; and yet this does not give me peace. Believe me, God purposes doing something with me: of this I am certain."

"Very well!" exclaimed Elizabeth, in a more lively manner; "let me, for once, advise you! You say, that the Lord has some design to accomplish through you; but you do not yet know what that is. What assurance have you, that you are not misinterpreting the will of God, in thinking of Greenland? How do you know so clearly and definitely that this is the precise spot where you are to preach Christianity? Might it not, after all, be some other country? Therefore my advice would be, wait patiently for the Lord. If it is, indeed, his will that you shall go to Greenland, he will not only give you clear and unmistakable indications to that effect, but remove every obstacle now in your way.

Say, my dear husband, will you bide the Lord's time?"

"The Lord has himself prompted you to suggest this alternative, beloved Elizabeth," answered Egedè. "Your words are so soothing and comforting to me, that I feel convinced you did not speak them of yourself. Yea, I will wait patiently for the Lord."

And then, as his eyes happened to light upon little Paul, who was quietly sleeping in his cradle, he spread out his hands over his head, as in blessing, and said: "Who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been his counsellor? Perhaps it is you, my son, whom the Lord wants; perhaps both of us! God bless you, dear child!"

CHAPTER II.

Though husband and wife had entered into a mutual agreement to abide by this resolution, each one had, nevertheless, deceived the other. Elizabeth, on her part, had impressed her husband with the belief that she was not altogether averse to accompany him to Greenland, provided she could be clearly convinced that it was in accordance with the will of the Lord; when, at the same time, she shrunk from the very idea of emigrating, with her delicate children, to such an inhospitable and ice-bound country. And though she dared not pray God to divert her husband's heart and mind from Greenland, she yet could not refrain from wishing that his going there might be postponed to a very remote period.

Hans Egedè, on his part, had also not altogether been without dissimulation, when he promised to wait patiently for the Lord. In fact, it was impossible with him to exercise patience, and remain inactive, in a matter in which his heart was so deeply interested. Greenland was the all-absorbing subject of his thoughts; he dreamed of it in his sleep, and often imagined himself already there, travelling from tribe to tribe, proclaiming the name of Jesus Christ. He was continually contriving ways and means by which to accomplish his favorite object; he conversed and wrote about it, agitated the subject on all occasions, and even applied to

a number of his countrymen, so that instead of waiting patiently for the Lord, as he had promised, he was in reality all impatience. In this way four years passed away.

During all this time, the subject had scarcely been mentioned between them, when one day Hans Egedè entered his wife's room, and said: "Dear Elizabeth, will we not again settle our household accounts in the kingdom of God, and examine the signs which the Lord has done?"

"Has he given any?" asked Elizabeth, in affright.

"Many, and great ones," answered the husband, cheerfully, placing at the same time three letters upon the table. "The first sign," he continued, "comes from Drontheim, through the Rev. Bishop Krog; here in this letter, which that dear man addressed to me, an humble servant of Christ, it is said that I ought to go to Greenland. The Bishop is greatly delighted, and very sanguine in regard to a mission to that country; he promises all possible aid, represents the enterprise not only as being highly acceptable to God, but actually commanded by him, and binds it upon my conscience! Now, my dear wife, what say you to this sign?"

The housewife was silent, her melancholy look contrasting like a dark shadow with the bright light of her husband's gladness. At length she said, "Well, and what is the second sign?"

"That comes," Egedè continued, in a lively manner, "from the Rev. Bishop Randolph, of Bergen. This learned and pious man has also honored me with a most friendly and fraternal communication, and—what appears truly wonderful—all he says touching this mission, is said almost in the same words employed by the Bishop of Drontheim. He, too, urges me to go, says that the indications of Providence point in that direction, that the Greenlanders have doubtlessly besought the Lord earnestly to send them an apostle, and that he will aid in sustaining the work to the utmost extent of his ability. Is this not wonderful, Elizabeth!"

Instead of answering, Elizabeth, with seeming calmness, whilst her heart was well-

nigh bursting with grief, asked, "Well, and what is the third sign?"

"This is it," exclaimed Egedè, with increased cheerfulness; "the greatest among them all. It comes both from my fatherland, Denmark, and from my adopted country, Norway. Admire with me, Elizabeth, the ways of the Lord. A number of the most influential and wealthy merchants of both countries, have resolved upon entering into commercial relations with Greenland. Several vessels are to be equipped for this purpose forthwith, and no expenses spared to reopen a passage which, for four centuries, has been closed. Is this not wonderful? These dear, pious merchants offer, moreover, to transport myself and family, free of all charge, establish a colony there, with a view to trade, and render me besides every possible assistance. Is this not wonderful? Why should a commercial relation, interrupted as it has been for several centuries, be re-established just at this time, if it was not the will of the Lord that, together with the temporal advantages being about to result to them, in consequence of this new relation, they might be favored with the infinitely more desirable blessings of the Gospel? Say, Elizabeth, does not the wonderful manner in which God makes human means and agencies subserve his purposes, fill your mind with astonishment and admiration?"

But Elizabeth continued silent; and had Hans Egedè not been so entirely carried away by his own joyful emotions, that he was incapable of seeing or hearing anything save what was passing in his own mind, he might have noticed by that deep shade of sorrow which darkened every feature of her countenance, that he had excited little or no sympathy in her breast. At length, after Elizabeth had taken little Paul, who had for some time been endeavoring to attract attention, upon her lap, she said: "My dearest husband, you know that I live but for you in all sincerity and truth, and that I have ever rendered you that obedience which a Christian wife owes a Christian husband. My happiness consists in not only walking humbly in the service of my God, but also in that of my husband, according to God's

appointment. I can truly and sincerely say to you with Ruth, 'Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.' But, my dearest husband, you must pardon me for telling you that I cannot recognize, in all this, any indications of Providence. Let me ask you, how comes it that the Rev. Bishop of Drontheim speaks in such laudatory terms of your pious intentions? How did he happen to become acquainted with the fact that you design going to Greenland?"

Egedè hesitated for some time; then said with some confusion: "I wrote to him in reference to the matter, and asked his advice!"

"And," continued the wife calmly, "how has it happened that the Rev. Bishop of Bergen has given you so much encouragement?"

"I wrote to him also on the subject," replied the husband with downcast eyes.

"And," proceeded Elizabeth, in the same calm manner, "how came it to pass that the Danish and Norwegian merchants have all of a sudden come to think of establishing business relations with Greenland?"

"Well," answered Egedè, "I will not deny it: I have written many letters to these merchants, in which I endeavored to interest them in this enterprise."

"Ah, indeed," exclaimed Elizabeth, smiling affably, "and do you, my dearest husband, call what you have been doing, waiting patiently for the Lord? Is it then so very wonderful that both these bishops should laud your pious intention and promise assistance, after you yourself had requested them to do so? Would they not be neglectful of the responsibilities of their sacred office, if they would throw obstacles in the way and refuse their co-operation where efforts are being made to convert the poor heathen to Christ? And then, I will not impugn the motives of these merchants, but it certainly belongs to the merchant's calling to extend his business. If you offer him an opportunity to increase his wealth, will he be likely

to throw that opportunity away? Certainly not, especially if he can do so in an honest way, and, at the same time, become instrumental in promoting the glory of God, and in advancing the eternal interests of his fellows!"

"And what do you mean to say with all this?" asked the husband.

"That I cannot, in all you have told me, recognize the wonderful hand of Providence!" answered Elizabeth; "for you have taught me with your own lips, that we are to regard things as wonderful, when they happen contrary to our calculations, hopes, and expectations, and when we are unable to discover and explain the ways and means by which they were brought about; when they are unusual, strange, great, extraordinary, and inexplicable. But, in this instance, my dear husband, everything is of your own contriving. You have talked to these bishops about this mission to Greenland so long, and pointed to these merchants the pecuniary advantages to be derived by entering into a commercial relation with that country in such glaring colors, that you have finally succeeded in interesting them in this matter. But, sir, in all this, they are only complying with your request, only agreeing to your proposal, and being fully aware that but few are to be found willing to wander among the icebergs of that country for the purpose of preaching the Gospel, and knowing, moreover, that their commerce in temporal goods can only gain by being coupled with religion, and that a resident missionary might render important services as arbiter and interpreter between the natives and themselves, they, of course, entered readily into your plan. Now where is there anything wonderful in all this?"

Egedè had, during all this discourse of his wife, regarded her with a look of sadness. "Elizabeth," said he at length, "I am grieved to see you so zealous in your endeavors to mar my joy in God, and my sincere sympathy for the poor heathen; is it then not wonderful, that in spite of all my efforts to the contrary, I should find it still impossible to divert my thoughts from Greenland? If it is not the will of God that I shall go to that country, why does he call my attention to a

subject, which, for a period of 400 years, has not entered into the mind of any? That both these bishops approve of my proposal, and promise to aid me in its accomplishment, I regard as a sufficient proof that it also meets with the Divine approbation. They have, equally with myself, commended the cause to God in prayer; for, to establish a mission in Greenland, is by no means an easy task, and one which cannot be undertaken without the utmost precaution and serious reflection. And then, again, Greenland abounds neither in gold or silver, nor precious stones, and it is, therefore, hardly just to accuse men of greediness for filthy lucre, who, with such poor and uncertain prospects before them, go to such an enormous expense in fitting out ships. On the contrary, I feel fully persuaded, that these honest merchants are influenced by a sincere love for these poor Greenlanders, and that they are designed in the providence of God to become instrumental in their conversion. My dear Elizabeth," he added with great earnestness, "whoever has no disposition to discern the wonders of God, will never recognize them; but whoever opens his eyes, will behold them everywhere, and bow in deep humility before the Almighty, whose ways are all wonderful!"

Elizabeth was greatly confounded at these words. She cast down her eyes and remained for a long time in silence, when the door opened, and in stepped neighbor Lorentzen accompanied by several other men. Lorentzen said, "Reverend and beloved pastor, we feel great anxiety and disquietude about you, and on that account have called to see you. The whole congregation is cast down with sorrow and sadness in consequence of your intention of leaving us. The news has already gone from house to house that you are determined to go to Greenland. What have we done to you? Are we less worthy of the consolations of the Gospel than these Greenlanders? Or have our hearts become so utterly hardened against the word of God, that you must needs go in search of a more promising field, and one where the heavenly seed will fall into better ground? Dear sir, do not leave us, for the sake of the salvation of our poor souls, do not leave us!"

"You, too!" asked Egedè in amazement. "Do you then also unite with my wife in opposing me, or rather the Lord of heaven?"

"God forbid that we should ever do such a thing," exclaimed the neighbor. "Anxious concern for our own souls and for the temporal and spiritual well-being of our whole congregation is our only motive in paying you this visit. And you surely will not censure us for manifesting a desire to retain one in our midst who has hitherto supplied us so abundantly with all manner of spiritual meat and drink, that we have not wanted any good thing?"

"Dear friend," replied Egedè, "if I should leave you, it will not be difficult to supply you with another pastor; but if I remain, no one will be found willing to go to Greenland. Of this I am certain, not because I over-estimate my qualifications, but because I feel perfectly certain that such would be the case. The mission in Greenland is emphatically my vocation, my task; if I decline undertaking it, I refuse obedience to the will of my Lord and Master."

"We are," said Lorentzen, "a simple and unlettered people; and whatever we know concerning the wisdom and will of God we have learned from you, our beloved pastor. And you have repeatedly shown us, from the word of God and from the history of his kingdom, that many of his demands on his people are only made with the design of trying them, as was the case with Abraham, who was to be tried, whether he would, in obedience to the Divine command, render the greatest sacrifice in his power, namely, his son Isaac, the child of promise; and yet he was, in the end, prevented from its literal execution. God was satisfied with his sincere willingness to obey. Might it not be even so in your case?"

"It might be," replied the pastor; "but you know very well, my dear friends, that God had also appointed the final issue of Abraham's trial, and provided him with a victim for sacrifice in the place of his son. Were God to favor me with a similar revelation of his will, I would submit in all humility. But he has not set me at liberty, and I am therefore bound, soul and body, to his will."

"Honored and dear sir," said Lorentzen, "can it be that we have become so odious in the sight of God, that he is about withdrawing from us his favor? Will he disregard the prayers of our poor, to whom you have been a father, benefactor, and friend? And shall the tears that have been shed in anticipation of your intended departure not move him?"

"And we," here interrupted Elizabeth, "even we, dearest husband, your poor children, your poor wife, who with her sickly body will never be able to accompany you to the icebergs of Greenland, the delicate health of your little Paul, who could not survive the dangers and hardships of such a boisterous and wearisome sea voyage, your poor relations, who in you would lose their only protector and support,—are these not counter-considerations equally worthy of your attention, and has God enjoined no duties upon you in regard to them? Has not the Lord"—she continued, whilst her eyes were filled with tears—"has not the Lord given you to me? Has He not given us our children? Has He not intrusted your relatives to your keeping? Have you not received this whole congregation from his hand, with the command to watch over them with a faithful shepherd's care, to feed and not forsake them? What compels you to leave us? Neither want, nor trouble, nor distress, nor sickness, nor sorrow, nor ingratitude, nor persecution, nor strife; all are most devotedly and sincerely attached to you. Is not the bond that unites us joined by God?"

Egedè was deeply moved and much affected. He averted his face, and said, in the words of Paul, "What mean ye to weep, and to break mine heart? What shall I do? Help me, O Lord, out of my deep distress."

"Remain, my dear husband!" entreated Elizabeth.

"Remain," repeated the men; "we are fully aware that if it is indeed the will of God that you shall leave us, all our opposition can avail nothing in the end. God will, in that case, not grant our prayers, and we shall be obliged to say with heavy hearts, yea and amen to your departure."

But things have not yet arrived at such a pass. *Wait patiently for the Lord.*"

"Is it not wonderful!" Egedè exclaimed. "With this same word of holy writ with which I have been vanquished once already, you again compel me to surrender. Well, be it so! I will retract once more. I feel justified in saying, that I have done what I could to fulfil the will of the Lord. I will accept your entreaties as a counter-indication from God. But this you shall know, that if God calls me a third time, I will go."

"God's will be done!" exclaimed the men and wife together. And thus was the subject for a second time put to rest.

[The remaining chapters will appear in the next Number of the *Home Journal*.]

VALUE OF CHARACTER.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

"The purest treasure mortal time affords,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay."

NOTHING in this life is so valuable to man as character. Although he may be deprived of everything else, he still possesses a priceless treasure. A spotless reputation will ultimately place him beyond the reach of envy and malice, and secure for him general and unlimited confidence. Character is our broad panoply, which the clouds of adversity can never darken, the venom of detraction never injure. If, then, character exerts such an influence upon our happiness, as well as our usefulness, how important that we should give to its culture our most serious thoughts, our most earnest efforts. No part of our conduct should be regarded as undeserving of our attention. Carefully should we guard against everything that would affect our character unfavorably, most assiduously watch its citadel, and protect it from every approach of danger, avoiding the first false step, and keeping ourselves "unspotted from the world." The least departure from the path of rectitude, the least violation of conscience, may prove a crisis in our character, the turning point in our life, influencing our whole subsequent course,

and deciding our destiny for eternity. It may be the germ of some wicked habit, the commencement of a progressive series of sinful actions, which may extend far beyond the limits of time. It may prove, as it were, the vestibule to the great temple of vice, leading us onward in our career, until we shall have explored all its scenes of pollution and iniquity, and sacrificed our immortal interests on the altars of confirmed profligacy and guilt.

The basis of character is usually laid in early life. Youth is the most critical period we can occupy.

"Our most important are our earlier years."

Then it is that our nature is most susceptible to external influences, catching impressions and reflecting images from everything which surrounds us. Like the plaster prepared by the moulder, we take the form and figure of the objects with which we are brought in contact, and ever after in life we retain their traces. They become strong and fixed. The impressions cannot be shaken off. They are chiselled into the enduring character, as with the point of a diamond upon the rock, forever.

"The child is father of the man."

Our course in the future depends very much upon the character we form in childhood, upon the principles we establish and the habits we contract whilst we are young. We are likely to find our grave in peace or sorrow, in accordance with the influences exercised upon us, or the impulse we received in the days of our youth.

How important in the formation of character is the influence of habit. Says Lord Bacon: "Men's thoughts are much according to their inclinations, their discourses and speeches according to their learning, but their deeds are according as they have been accustomed. Æsop's damsel, transformed from a cat into a woman, sat very demurely at the board end, till a mouse ran before her." We have all felt the force of habit. "Man," remarks a quaint writer, "is a bundle of habits." The correctness of the proverb, "Habit is second nature," none will question. Repetition is the principle of all culture. It enables us to do that which

was at first difficult and, perhaps, painful, with facility and pleasure. We need not be afraid to attempt the acquisition of any desirable habit, no matter how irksome it may appear; only let the effort be repeated from day to day, and it cannot fail of success; let the duty return periodically, and its performance will become a positive enjoyment. Habits, whether they be good or bad, are readily formed, and that which to-day seems a small affair, by to-morrow will have attained a strong hold upon us. The sapling of a year's growth you can bend with comparative ease, but the sturdy oak, which has struck its fibres deep into the ground, and whose branches have become indurated by time, you cannot displace. What you have once done, you can the next time more easily perform. The muscles of the man who exercises his limbs swell out with vigor, whilst those of his neighbor, who is a gentleman of leisure, are scarcely visible, although originally he may have possessed much greater strength. The arm tied up in a sling gradually loses its power, and for the want of exercise becomes averse to motion. If one individual be stronger than another, it is because he uses his strength more than the other. It was by commencing, when a boy, to carry a heifer, that the shoulders of the Crotonian became strong enough to bear an ox. All our faculties, physical, mental, and moral, are strengthened by exercise, and weakened by the want of it. It is difficult to change the character of those who have become the subjects of established habits. They accompany us and cling to us in mature life. Even in old age they prevail. How often are we brought into communication with those who tell us that thousands of dollars would be no object with them, could they purchase such habits as they ought to have formed in their youth!

It is indispensable to our happiness and success, that good habits be carefully acquired and steadily maintained. If we would rise to eminence, intellectual or moral, we must be trained to patient exertion and habits of self-reliance; we must be habituated to the performance of every duty in the right time and in the right way, though it may require painful effort and onerous toil.

Then may we expect to fulfil the great object of life, and become useful to our fellow-men, the ornaments of our race, and blessings to the world! Kind friends will then have no reason to mourn with unaffected sorrow, as over those who have fallen by the way and disappointed good hopes—who have turned to nought the counsel and care given them, and inflicted pain and misery upon those who labored for their highest good. They will rejoice as they follow with affectionate tenderness the objects of their regard, and will observe with unfeigned satisfaction the influence for good which they exert upon the community. All, under God, will be ascribed to the foundation of an excellent character laid in youth, and the formation of proper habits, formed in early life.

RELIGION.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

LIKE snow that falls where waters glide,
 Earth's pleasures fade away;
 They melt in Time's destroying tide,
 And cold are while they stay!
 But joys that from Religion flow,
 Like stars that gild the night,
 Amidst the darkest gloom of woe,
 Smile forth with sweetest light.
 Religion's ray no clouds obscure,
 But o'er the Christian's soul
 It sends its radiance calm and pure,
 Though tempests round it roll;
 His heart may break with sorrow's stroke,
 But to its latest thrill,
 Like diamonds shining when they're broke,
 Religion lights it still.

A MITE FOR THE POOR.

THINK of the wretched room,
 Of the embers burning low—
 Think of the scanty garb
 Of the child of want and woe.

Ye whose bright cup of life
 With wealth is running o'er,
 Think of your brother man,—
 Relieve him from your store.

If the widow's humble mite
 Received the Saviour's praise,
 Shall not your gifts be blest
 In these our latter days?

Aye! every deed of love
 Is a bright and sparkling gem,
 To be wreathed by angel hands
 In our heavenly diadem.

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

BY REV. C. J. EHREHART.

AMONG our early recollections, the most cherished, the best, are those connected with the FAMILY ALTAR. With feelings of sacred pleasure we call to mind the days of innocent childhood, when we were accustomed to cluster around the cheerful fire-side, and devoutly join in the hymn of praise. We still seem to hear those solemn words of inspiration, as they were wont to fall from a father's lips, and were embalmed in a mother's smile. We are moved to holier purposes—to a better life—when we remember the devout looks, the suppliant voice, the earnest petition, that oft-times ascended from beneath the parental roof, in behalf of unguarded childhood. If there are scenes we would live over again, they are those connected with *the family altar*.

Parents neglecting family worship, who do not, morning and evening, collect their little households together for the purposes of devotion, cannot realize the greatness of the injury they are inflicting upon their children, and the magnitude of the loss they are sustaining in consequence of their neglect. Not only do they not seek for them, in this social manner, those visitations of Divine grace, which are promised in answer to fervent and sincere prayer, but they send them forth into a world full of temptations unattended by one of the best safeguards; they send them forth, never to experience those holy enjoyments and sunny memories, which constitute one of the strongest restraining influences in a pathway crowded with dangers.

The home where no altar is consecrated to daily prayer, is destined almost invariably to become a desolate abode, scarcely deserving the name of home. It will seldom secure the lasting affection of its members, and still less frequently unite them in bonds of unchanging love. It wants the most potent link in the chain of affection, to bind the hearts of all in delightful fellowship and friendly unison. The regular collection of the family for worship tends to unite its members in offices of mutual kindness and

love. It tends to cement the family tie, and to make home

“A spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.”

Family worship should include *reading the Scriptures, prayer, and praise*. “To listen as a household to the counsels of inspired wisdom, to sing in unison their hymns of praise, and bow down together before the Throne of Grace, and follow the hallowed accents of a father's voice, while he, as the revered priest of his household, presents their common confessions, supplications, thanksgivings, and intercessions,” this is an exercise which cannot fail to be of benefit. It will bring a lasting blessing to all connected with that household. If engaged in truly and sincerely, it will secure the favor of Heaven, and the communications of Divine Grace for every needed hour.

To be of the greatest profit, this sacred exercise must be *regular*, should include the *whole* family, and at the same time be *simple* and *short*. If not *regular*, there is great danger that it will be constantly deferred, and at last altogether neglected. If any member of the household is permitted to be absent, without good reason, the importance of the exercise will soon be questioned, and its advantages unappreciated. If not short and simple, its tendency will be to weary the younger members of the family, and prejudice them against it.

The first care of every family should be, to rear an altar to God. *Want of time* and *want of ability* are no excuse for its continued neglect. The prophet Jeremiah was divinely inspired to call down the indignation of the Lord upon prayerless families. “Pour out thy fury,” he says, “upon the families that call not on thy name.” The teachings of religion, the voice of reason, the pleadings of human affection, all unite in enforcing the duty, and showing the propriety and the necessity of erecting the family altar in every house. To neglect it, is to evince a deeper concern in reference to the temporal welfare of the family, than to the spiritual. To neglect it, is to estimate the body as more valuable than the soul. To neglect it, is to regard earth as

more desirable than heaven. Household religion, of which the family altar is the great exponent, very frequently becomes the spiritual life, and the family altar the spiritual birthplace, of a rising family. It likewise infuses the hope of meeting again, as an unbroken family, in the heavenly home.

“Then, kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope springs triumphant on exulting wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in unmerited rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal
sphere.”

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

I PRAYED for BEAUTY—for the magic spell
That binds the wisest with its potent thrall,
That I within fond human hearts might dwell,
And shine the fairest in the festive hall.
I would have seen the lordliest bend the knee,
The loveliest bow, o'er-dazzled by his charms;
While he I long had vainly loved—ah he,
Subdued, should clasp me fondly in his arms!

But Beauty o'er my spirit waved her wing,
Yet shed no brightness on my form or face;
And passing years but darker shadows fling
Upon the cheek, where care hath left its trace.
My prayer, if heard in heaven, hath been denied;
No heart bows humbly 'neath my beauty's sway;
And he I loved now seeks a fairer bride,
With brighter blushes and a smile more gay.

I prayed for RICHES. Oh! for lavish wealth,
To pour in golden showers on those I loved;
I would have gladly spent my youth and health,
Could I, by gifts like these, my love have proved.
I prayed for riches, that before God's shrine
I might with gifts and costly tributes kneel;
And thought the treasures of Golconda's mine
Too poor to show the fervor of my zeal.

Alas! wealth came not,—and the liberal deeds
My heart devised, my hand must fail to do;
And though o'er prostrate truth my spirit bleeds,
In vain the aid of magic gold I woo.
The poor may plead to me for daily food,
And those I love in daily want may pine;
I will pour out for them my heart's warm blood,
But other gifts than this can ne'er be mine.

I prayed for GENIUS—for the power to move
Hard hearts, and reckless minds, and stubborn
wills;
To execute the deeds of holy love,
And light Truth's fire upon a thousand hills.
I prayed for ELOQUENCE,—to plead the cause
Of human rights and God's eternal grace;

To cry aloud o'er Mercy's outraged laws,
And speed the great redemption of my race.

But all in vain. My feeble tongue can breathe
No portion of the fire that burns within;
In vain my fancy vivid thoughts may wreath
In scorching flames to vanquish human sin.
Powerless my words upon the air float by,
And wrong and crime disdain the weak crusade;
While vice gleams on me its exultant eye,
And bids me show the conquests I have made.

I prayed for PEACE—for greater strength to bear
The keen privations of my humble fate;
For patient faith to struggle with despair,
And shed a brightness o'er my low estate.
I prayed to be content with humble deeds,
With “widow's mites” and humble charities;
To follow meekly where my duty leads,
Though through the lowliest vale of life it lies.

This prayer was answered;—for a peace divine
Spread through the inmost depths of all my heart;
I felt that that same blessed lot was mine
Which fell on her who chose the better part.
What though the world abroad ne'er hears my name?
What though no chains upon weak hearts I bind?
It is a happier lot than wealth or fame
To do my duty with a willing mind!

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

OUR current periodical literature teems with thought and feeling—with passion and imagination. There was Gifford, and there are Jeffrey, and Southey, and Campbell, and Moore, and Bowles, and Sir Walter, and Lockhart, and Lamb, and Wilson, and De Quincey, and the four Coleridges, S. T. C., John, Hartley, and Derwent, and Croly, and Maginn, and Mackintosh, and Cunningham, and Kennedy, and Stebbings, and St. Leger, and Knight, and Praed, and Lord Dudley, and Ward, and Lord L. Gower, and Charles Grant, and Hobhouse, and Blunt, and Milman, and Carlyle, and Macaulay, and the two Moirs, and Jerdan, and Talfourd, and Bowring, and North, and Hogg, and Tickler, and twenty—forty—fifty other contributors to the Reviews, Magazines, and Gazettes, who have said more tender, and true, and fine, and deep things in the way of criticism, than ever was said before since the reign of Cadmus, ten thousand times over—not in long, dull, heavy, formal, prosy theories, but flung off-hand, out of the glowing mint—a coinage of the purest ore—and stamped with the ineffaceable impress of genius. Who so elevated in intellectual rank as to be entitled to despise such a periodical literature?—*Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THE Wonder of the Nineteenth Century, unquestionably, is the MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH. What imagination can contemplate that mysterious agency of man's invention, without being awed into reverence before Him who made man so wonderfully and so fearfully, in endowing him with a capacity to work out such wonderful and fearful things? As much as any one we have familiarized our imagination with the prospective possibility of the human mind. As sanguine as any one we have believed in great things to be achieved away ahead in the geometrical series of human nature. But the Magnetic Telegraph rises like an extra mundane column, to testify and terminate the farthest reach of infinite mind. Our imagination does not look beyond this monument of human genius for new conquests; we cannot, in our imagination, even reach this, without a feeling of awe, as if treading within the fearful jurisdiction of Omnipotence. Still we cannot believe it profane in man to suborn this agency into his service. Was it not left in his way by Him who created it, and man too, who is little lower than the angels? It is awful to think of, and we think of it most reverently: in speaking of angels in these terms of comparison, there is suggested almost an advantage on the part of man in connection with this wonderful medium for the transmission of thought. In the night visions of the mind, this apparition has crossed the disk of our imagination. It might be sinful—we fear it was; but we must make a clean bosom of it.

We conceived that man had webbed the earth by a network of magnetic wires: so that in the twinkling of an eye, he could thrill its entire surface, and all that dwell thereon, with an unwhispered thought of his heart. And we fancied that while he was standing at the grand junction battery of all these lightning-lines, the Archangel, who had taken down the trumpet to proclaim through the world that time should be no more, before he put it to his lips approached

man, and touching his diadem, as to an emperor, thus addressed him: "Human brother, the Great Father of Spirits hath made thee but a little lower than the angels. In one respect he has given thee eminence over Gabriel himself, and in that respect the angel of the trumpet bows to thee. I am sent to announce the end of time to all that dwell on earth. With this trumpet I can blow a blast that shall fill the circumference of eternity with the voice of the summons. But I may not alter the laws which the Planter of the ear and the Creator of the air hath prescribed to sound. Days would elapse before the trumpet's voice would make the circuit of the globe. Our Omnipotent Father hath endowed thee with a quicker speech than the 'KOL ELOHIM,' or the slow travelling thunder. Charge thy battery and thy netted wires with my awful message to mankind, that the eyes of the living may read its summons in the same instant of time. Do this, for God has made thee a fellow-servant with me to do his will."

Has our imagination ventured too far in this conception? We fear it. Perhaps we mistook the angel that stood by man at the grand junction battery of those lightning-lines. Yes, we were wrong; it was not Gabriel; it was the angel of the other trumpet—the one John saw flying through the midst of heaven with the everlasting gospel of Peace! Peace on earth and good will to men! Yes, it was the angel of the rainbow diadem, descending amid the choral allelujahs to proclaim that God hath made of one blood and for one brotherhood all nations of men. That was the angel and this the message which shall thrill simultaneously the network of these magnetic wires, in which copper-eyed Mammon is pursuing the earth to fill its greasy purse with lucre of the guinea's stamp. They are stretching these lightning-lines over continents already. They are trailing them over the coral-beds of the seas; down among the black skeletons of Phœnician argosies, shipwrecked on a Columbus voyage to Britain, and all others that for three thousand years have gone down unrecorded in the English Channel and the Straits of Dover. Paris and London will soon be brought within the same whispering

gallery, and the "NATURAL ENMITY" between the two nations, be lost forever in the unbroken current of friendly conference in the local identity, which these message wires shall work out for them. On, on, they are stretching the lightning train of thought onward to the extremest Inde, over seas and deserts, that have swallowed navies and armies; knitting the ends of the earth together in consentaneous sympathies; bringing the distant and unexplored continents of humanity, with all their tribes, and tongues, and colors, and conditions, within the converse of an hour.

Think of that moment! Compressing the solid earth, or twenty-four thousand miles in circumference, in a social circle of a dozen furlongs in girth. If Christianity keeps pace with commerce, will there not be a glorious brotherhood, a nice family circle of mankind, by the time these literary lightnings shall be mounted and running to and fro over the whole earth?

But who are doing all this? Why, who else but that wonderful Anglo-Saxon race that is diffusing itself over the world? that wonderful race, that thrives better abroad than at home; conforms to any climate or condition; whose language is fast absorbing and displacing all the spiritless tongues and dialects in the heathen world; in which millions of young heathens in the far-off ocean isles "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," and thence to the Yellow Sea, North and South American Indians, Polynesians, Australians, Hottentots, Caffres, Egyptians, Hindoos, Seikhs, and Japanese, are now learning their first lesson in civilization and Christianity. If British and American Christians do their duty, the boy who is at school will see half the human family speaking the English language, and half the habitable surface of the globe covered with the Anglo-Saxon race and blessed with civilization. The railway engines that shall thunder through the heart of Asia, Africa, and the American continent, will speak and teach the English language, and so will the mounted lightning on all the highways and wire bridges of thought that shall be erected for the converse of the world's extreme.

ASTONISHING ACCURACY OF THE BIBLE.

(From the German of Gaussen.)

AN astonishing feature of the word of God is, notwithstanding the time at which its compositions were written, and the multitude of the topics to which it alludes, there is not one physical error—not one assertion or allusion disproved by the progress of modern science. None of those mistakes which the science of each succeeding age discovered in the books preceding; above all, none of those absurdities which modern astronomy indicates in such great numbers in the writings of the ancients—in their sacred codes—in their philosophy, and even in the finest pages of the fathers of the Church—not one of these errors is to be found in any of our sacred books. Nothing there will ever contradict that which, after so many ages, the investigations of the learned world have been able to reveal to us on the state of our globe, or on that of the heavens. Peruse with care our Scriptures from one end to the other, to find there such spots, and, whilst you apply yourselves to this examination, remember that it is a book which speaks of everything, which describes nature, which recites its creation, which tells us of the water, of the atmosphere, of the mountains, of the animals, and of the plants. It is a book which teaches us the first revolutions of the world; and which also foretells its last. It recounts them in the circumstantial language of history, it extols them in the sublimest strains of poetry, and it chants them in the charms of glowing song. It is a book which is full of oriental rapture, elevation, variety, and boldness. It is a book which speaks of the heavenly and invisible world, whilst it also speaks of the earth and things visible. It is a book which nearly fifty writers, of every degree of cultivation, of every state, of every condition, and living through the course of fifteen hundred years, have concurred to make. It is a book which was written in the centre of Asia, in the sands of Arabia, in the deserts of Judea, in the court of the Temple of the Jews, in the music schools of

the prophets of Bethel and Jericho, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, and on the idolatrous banks of Chebar; and finally, in the centre of Western civilization, in the midst of the Jews and of their ignorance, in the midst of polytheism and its sad philosophy. It is a book whose first writer had been forty years a pupil of the magicians of Egypt, in whose opinion the sun, the stars, and elements were endowed with intelligence, reacted on the elements, and governed the world by a perpetual illuvium. It is a book whose first writer preceded, by more than nine hundred years, the most ancient philosophers of ancient Greece and Asia—the Thalesa, and the Pythagorases, the Zalucuses, the Xenophons, and the Confucuses. It is a book which carries its narrations even to the hierarchies of angels—even to the most distant epochs of the future, and the glorious scenes of the last day. Well: search among its 50 authors, search among its 66 books, its 1189 chapters, and its 31,713 verses, search for only one of those thousand errors which the ancient and moderns committed when they speak of the heavens or of the earth—of their revolutions, of their elements; search—but you will find none.

WORDS FOR CHILDREN.

You were made to be kind, generous, and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club-foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags while he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him and ask the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.—*Horace Mann.*

LIFE-PICTURES.

TRANSFERRED FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF
A VILLAGE PASTOR.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAN OF STRAW.

AS already intimated, the dark clouds of disaffection that loomed up in the far distance on the very first Sabbath of my ministry among the people, whom, in the providence of God, I was destined to serve for several years, did not by any means settle away, but spread gradually, and sent out their deep, significant thunder-tones, which grew louder and louder, and became more and more indicative of a coming storm. Like the swelling current, which first wears a small opening through the bank of earth that has been raised to obstruct it, and gathers impetuosity until the last vestige of the resisting force is swept away, so the spirit of discontent began to act almost imperceptibly upon the slight temporary defences that had been erected by mutual concession and compromise, and became by degrees more violent and outspoken, until, at length, every consideration of policy and propriety was disregarded, and it swept on with all the violence of fierce and avowed opposition. But another and stronger defence had been erected whilst these waters of strife were gathering volume and force,—that of a sound, healthy, Christian sentiment, which held them effectually back. The arguments were not all on one side. Whilst those who were offended at the truth were urging their objections, and endeavoring to strengthen their influence, the friends of truth were not idle, and labored with equal fidelity to give preponderance to the right. Nor did they labor in vain. Doctrines, and measures, and the moral enterprises of the day, were freely discussed, and the result was, that many, who were at first disposed to be querulous, became convinced of their error, and identified themselves with those who were friendly to the existing state of things. These victories, gained by the truth and for it, did not, of course, serve to mollify the tempers and change the purposes of the opposing party; on the contrary, they were strengthened in

their determination to resist as long as resistance promised any advantage, and became, in the end, irreconcilably alienated from the individual whom they had chosen to break to them the Bread of Life.

Various were the occasions on which this alienation betrayed itself, and various were the modes chosen to express it. All the ordinary civilities of social intercourse were, in some instances, broken up. The nod of friendly recognition on the part of the pastor was, by some, disregarded. All, however,—in justice and with heartfelt pleasure we say it,—did not go to this length. Still there seemed to be a determination on the part of all to dissolve, if possible, the pastoral relation; to have a change of men, if not of measures. It was hardly expected any longer, even by those who wished it otherwise, that a new minister would preach to their liking. Several had been invited by me, at different times, to occupy the pulpit, but the impression appeared to be general, that all advocated the same doctrines, and had essentially the same method of presenting and enforcing them. But still it would be a triumph, if the obnoxious pastor could be displaced; and, to this end, every energy was now pledged.

It was the custom in this community to engage the services of the minister for a limited instead of an indefinite period. He was employed for a year, or two or three years, as might be thought best; and, at the expiration of each specified term, the engagement expired by its own limitation; and, if it went on, had to be renewed. This mode of proceeding was called, "*Hiring* a minister." The views of ministerial responsibility were, in the minds of many, very much in accordance with this hireling phraseology. Men were hired to dig ditches, to build fences, and plough, and sow, and reap; and, as their employers had a perfect right to say how the work should be done, why were not the labors of ministers to be regulated in the same way? And, if one paid a dollar or a half-dollar a year for preaching, why should he not be allowed to dictate as to the mode and matter of preaching? Was it not as glaringly presumptuous and wrong for a minister to preach

what his employers did not like to hear, as it would have been for a man to make the fence of rails, when ordered to make it of stone; or, to sow wheat, when ordered to sow rye? Such were the views of the pastoral relation entertained, I have reason to believe, by some at least in that community. One individual of influence, who became fully identified with the opposing party, told me one day, whilst partaking of the hospitalities of his house, that all ministers preached for money,—it was a trade like any other trade, and ought to be followed with a leading regard to pecuniary advantage. And all this was said, not in tones of insult, and with a view of injuring my feelings, as some might suppose; it appeared to be the honest conviction of the man, and the argument was employed for the purpose of exciting in me a becoming attention to my own interests. I recollect well the time when this conversation took place. Quite a large company had assembled to partake of a sumptuous dinner. It was one of those bright spring days which have all the enchantment of summer and spring combined; the gladsome birds were carolling their notes of joy; the fruit trees were showering down their white and pink blossoms; the green grass was springing up in all the freshness and beauty and luxuriance of its first awakening from the sleep of winter; the glorious sun poured down his noon-day light upon the meadows and the flowers, and laved the hills and tipped the leaves with beauty; and it seemed strange, indeed, that whilst Nature was so prolific in her spontaneous gifts, and whilst the Infinite Hand was guiding the sun in his course, and spreading the earth all over with verdure and fruitfulness, and filling the air with the music of birds and streams, and Æolian notes of whispering winds, any one should be able to bathe in this light, and music, and beauty, and still find it impossible to conceive of human actions prompted by disinterested motives. But so it was. Amid all these wide-spread and limitless ministrations of gratuitous love, out in that old orchard, and under those trees which were writing God's benevolence on the bright grass in falling blossoms, it was gravely

asserted that there could be nothing like an unselfish purpose among men; that money was the great moving force of all human activity; and that even God's messengers to a guilty race, were swayed only by sordid impulses. It never occurred to these men, that even if it were right, it would be quite impossible, for any minister, if there were anything decided or positive in his preaching, so to preach as to suit the many and conflicting fancies of his hearers. They, however, probably demanded that negative sort of preaching, from which the hearer may extract truth or error. At any rate, such as we have described, were the views of some touching the ministerial office. They could not conceive it any more reasonable to pay a minister who would not consult the taste of his hearers in the utterance of his message, than to pay a man for building a fence of stone, when he had been ordered by his employer to make it of wood. Sometimes the minister was charged with having violated his part of the contract. One old lady carried her complaint to the village store, and as a proof that their minister was not any more honest than he ought to be, mentioned that, although they had hired him to preach and pray, he had actually told them the Sunday before, that each one must pray for himself. Let it not be supposed, however, that all were thus minded. By far the greater portion of that community had right conceptions of ministerial responsibility, and felt that every minister of Christ is bound to please God rather than man, and that only by thus doing can he promote human interests. But it was quite natural that those who entertained opposite views; who thought that a fair business contract had been violated, and that they were not getting the article of preaching for which they had promised to pay, should want to get rid of the obnoxious incumbent, and hire some one else.

The expiration of the third year's engagement afforded the pretext and the opportunity to make the attempt. The result could not be reached in a legal manner, because those who desired it were the minority. It was to be accomplished, therefore, by some other mode. But how? *that* was the question. "Where there is a will, there is a

way;" and as there was a will in this case, a way was easily contrived. The friends of truth were to be frightened out of their propriety. There were dark rumors floating around, without any definite shape. A demonstration was to be made on the coming Sabbath, which was the first of the new engagement, for the minister had already been hired "for another term." It was not fairly understood what this demonstration was to be, but its very indistinctness and mystery roused and agitated the public mind in an extraordinary measure.

The Sabbath came. It was as bright and beautiful as God's sun could make it. The roads were fine, the air balmy and full of music, and from every quarter, at a distance of from six to ten miles in every direction from the church edifice, the multitudes gathered; many drawn to the scene by the rumors that had reached them. Never, on any former occasion, perhaps, had a larger assemblage crowded within those walls. As we passed along, for we had some distance to ride, a line of carriages was to be seen, stretching for a mile or more, on their way to church. All these multitudes were the friends of existing arrangements, or came as mere spectators, drawn by idle curiosity. Intimations of the spirit that had caused this commotion were seen here and there: they were written on the rocks, and were placarded under the trees that grew by the roadside. Beyond these, there were no expressions of discontent;—the birds were singing, and the streams were rippling their hymns of praise; all else was still and peaceful, as became the holy hours of the day of rest.

On, on went the crowd, every eye open, every ear intent. At last we ascended the elevation on which the sacred edifice stood, and suddenly there burst upon our view a scene of more than ordinary life and animation. The large space on either end of the building were crowded with horses and carriages, and they stood thick and close wherever tying-places could be found along the fences, while around the church hundreds were gathered, many in earnest conversation, others looking earnestly at some object that seemed to have more than usual attraction.

What was it that fixed the gaze of so many eyes? Quickly we looked in the direction to which a hundred eyes pointed, and there, in an adjoining field, under a lofty, noble tree, one of the old heroes of the forest, the growth of a century or more, stood A MAN OF STRAW, grotesque and harmless, dressed in black, and chained, yes, actually chained to that glorious old tree. That man of straw was a powerful preacher that day. Many were persuaded who had been halting between two opinions; and all seemed to feel that such preachers were the only ones who ought to be bound; and that the living men who were sent to preach a living Gospel, ought to break manfully through all the restraints that prejudice and unbelief would impose, and speak boldly for God and his truth.

I selected for my text on that occasion, those words of Paul: "*For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.*" Never have I seen an audience so easily moved and swayed. Never have I seen the electric chain of sympathy so completely uniting all hearts together as one heart. The tearful eye, the heaving breast revealed the strong emotions that were struggling within. There seemed to be no anger mingled with these emotions—none of that indignation naturally arising from the sense of a great wrong; but a profound conviction of the value of the truth, and the necessity of its being uttered without fear, and without reservation.

The line of argument and appeal was drawn naturally from the text.

1. The matter of Paul's preaching. He determined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified. This is the great central light, without which the Christian system would not exist. Christ in his person, Christ in his offices, was therefore the constant theme of the Apostle, as it should be of every minister of Christ. Not that Paul confined his preaching to a single topic: this he could not do while preaching Christ. He recognized the other leading evangelical doctrines that are related to this; such as man's alienation, the holiness of the divine nature, and the purity of the divine government, the necessity of faith, and repentance, and a godly

life to salvation; the work of the Holy Spirit in the renewal of the sinner's heart; the retributions and the rewards of eternity: all these, as having a necessary relation to the great central truth of the Gospel, he faithfully proclaimed; but in proclaiming these, he ever held up Christ. From these doctrines he could not deviate. He was a mere messenger, sent to announce the will and purposes of another. This ought to be the work of every minister of the Gospel, to declare the testimony, the *whole* testimony of God. He should keep nothing back.

2. Paul's manner. In *meekness*,—he felt his own insufficiency. In *fear*,—a godly jealousy oversouls. In *much trembling*,—lest he should mismanage his trust, and they should not be benefited by his ministrations. *With authority*,—he laid down the doctrine as the Spirit delivered it, and left it to the operations of the Spirit "to demonstrate its truth, and procure its reception."

3. The end for which he preached: that their faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God; that it should not be a mere intellectual faith, but a principle working in the heart.

4. The confidence with which he preached. He had felt the power of truth, and knew that others would feel it. He had seen the bitterest enemies of Christianity bow to its influence, and he knew that it would prevail over prejudice and indifference, and all the mighty antagonisms that are at war with its heaven-born principles. The experience of Paul is that of every minister of Christ. The truth has to work its way through many and thick intervening obstacles, before it reaches the heart. But it will prevail; not in every individual case, yet generally.

Thus we have endeavored to preach. Thus we are still determined to preach. We may offend in the truths presented; and yet we have no desire to offend. We would rather persuade, subdue, and lead men to the saving knowledge of Christ. And how would you have us preach? Would you have us hold back any portion of the truth, and thus incur that fearful curse; "if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book

of life?" You do not ask us to misrepresent the plain doctrines of the word of God, to "say peace, peace, when there is no peace." Nor will any one who understands in any measure the responsibilities of every minister of Christ, be surprised that Paul preferred imprisonment and stripes to the abandonment of duty.

The whole was then applied by asking: What has been the effect of our efforts on your hearts? How will these efforts be received hereafter, and what will be their influence? And finally they were told: We need your prayers, your active co-operation.

Such is a brief outline of the discourse on that occasion. The filling up it would be impossible to reproduce; as it was strictly extemporaneous, and was uttered under the impulse of circumstances and corresponding emotions that stand out alone and unmatched in our experience. But the impression was profound and abiding. This was not due so much to the sermon as to the frame of mind in which every one listened. The simplest words will fall powerfully into hearts prepared for their reception. And seldom, we believe, is preparation more thorough than it was then. The very extremity, to which those who were unfriendly to the truth, had gone, predisposed all to listen to its faithful and earnest utterance. Thus it is that God often turns human devices from their aim, and so directs them as to advance his own cause. Thus do purposes of evil often rebound, and strike their projectors.

As the multitudes poured out of the sanctuary, and the vehicles drove off, THE MAN OF STRAW stood there, quite unconscious of his power. Power he had, but altogether different from what was intended. He awakened stern resolves that day, which afterwards showed themselves in the more firm adherence of the friends of truth to their principles, and in the bolder advocacy of those principles.

The next morning, very early, I rode past the church, on my way to a distant part of the parish, but THE MAN OF STRAW was gone. He had had his day. Not a memento was left; not a single straw pointed out the spot where the silent, yet speaking effigy had stood.

THE INFIDEL MOTHER.

BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

HOW is it possible to conceive that a woman can be an atheist? What shall prop up this reed if religion does not sustain her? The feeblest being in nature, even on the eve of death, or loss of her charms, who shall support her if her hopes be not extended beyond an ephemeral existence? For the sake of her beauty alone, she should be pious.

Gentleness, submission, suavity, tenderness, constitute part of the charms which the Creator bestowed on our first mother, and to charms of this kind infidelity is a mortal foe.

Shall woman, who takes delight in concealment—who never discloses more than half of her graces and of her thoughts, whom heaven formed for virtue and the most mysterious of sentiments, modesty and love, shall woman, renouncing the engaging instinct of her sex, presume with rash and feeble hands to attempt to withdraw the thick veil which conceals the Divinity? Whom doth she think to please by an effort alike absurd and sacrilegious? Does she hope by adding her petty and her frivolous metaphysics to the imprecations of a Spinoza, and the sophistry of a Bayle, to give us a higher opinion of her genius?

The infidel wife has seldom any idea of her duties; she spends her days either in reasoning on virtue without practising its precepts, or in the enjoyment of the tumultuous pleasures of the world.

But the day of vengeance approaches. Time arrives; leading age by the hand. The spectre with icy hair and silver hands, plants himself on the threshold of the female Atheist; she perceives him and shrieks aloud. Who shall hear her voice? Her husband? She has none; long, very long, has he withdrawn from the theatre of dishonor. Her children? Ruined by an impious education, and by maternal example, they concern themselves not about their mother. If she surveys the past, she beholds a pathless waste;—her virtues have left no traces behind them. For the first time she begins to

be sensible how much more consolatory it would have been to have a religion. Un-availing regret! When the Atheist, at the term of his career, discovers the illusion of a false philosophy; when annihilation, like an appalling meteor, begins to appear above the horizon of death, he would fain return to God, but it is too late; the mind by incredulity rejects all conviction.

How different is the lot of the religious woman! Her days are replete with joy; she is respected, beloved by her husband, her children, and her household; all place unbounded confidence in her, because they are firmly convinced of the fidelity of one who is faithful to her God. The faith of this Christian is strengthened by her happiness, by her faith; she believes in God because she is happy, and she is happy because she believes in God.

SKETCHES OF YOUNG MEN.

WILLIAM PITT, the first Earl of Chatham, was but 27 years of age, when, as a member of Parliament, he waged the war of a giant against the corruptions of Sir Robert Walpole.

The younger Pitt was scarcely 20 years of age, when, with masterly power, he grappled with the veterans of Parliament in favor of America. At the age of 22, he was called to the high and responsible trust of Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was at that age that he came forth in his might on the affairs of the East Indies. At 29, during the first insanity of George III, he rallied around the Prince of Wales.

EDMUND BURKE, at the age of 19, planned a refutation of the metaphysical theories of Berkeley and Hume. At 23, he was in the Temple, the admiration of its inmates, for the brilliancy of his genius and the variety of his acquirements. At 26, he published his celebrated satire, entitled "*A Vindication of Natural Society*." The same year he published his "*Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*"—so much admired for its spirit of philosophical investigation and the elegance of its language. At 35, he was Secretary to the First Lord of the Treasury.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was only 27 years of age when he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat, and the same year was appointed Commander-in-chief of all of the Virginia forces.

Gen. **JOSEPH WARREN** was only 29 years of age, when, in defiance of the British soldiers stationed at the door of the church, he pronounced the celebrated oration which aroused the spirit of liberty and patriotism, that terminated in the achievement of Independence. At 34 he fell, gallantly fighting in the cause of freedom, on Bunker Hill.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army of the American Revolution, and aide-de-camp to Washington at the age of 20. At the age of 25, he was a member of Congress from New York; at 30 he was one of the ablest members of the Convention that framed the Constitution of the United States. At 31, he was a member of the New York Convention, and joint author of a work entitled "*The Federalist*." At 32, he was Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and arranged the financial branch of the government upon so perfect a plan, that no great improvement has been made upon it by his successors.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

THERE is something touchingly beautiful in words when rightly put together. They leave an impression that can never be effaced. We have read again and again, till it is as familiar to us as the face of a friend, the following splendid thought, and yet every time we see it, 'tis fresh and beautiful as ever. The author we know not, but he deserves to be immortalized for this morceau alone:

"How beautifully falls
From human lips that blessed word **FORGIVE**;
Forgiveness—'tis the attribute of God—
The sound which openeth heaven: renews again
On earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings
Hope's halcyon halo o'er the waste of life.
Thrice happy he whose heart has been so schooled
In the meek lessons of humanity,
That he can give it utterance; it imparts
Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
And maketh man an angel."



LUTHER TRANSLATING THE BIBLE.

LUTHER TRANSLATING THE BIBLE.

BY T. STORK.

IN the illustration on the opposite page, we see Luther in the quiet and cheerful progress of his translation of the Bible. Melancthon, his genial friend, and the distinguished professor of Greek in the University, is his companion and colaborer in this gigantic achievement. Often would they pause in their laborious researches, to give expression to some thought of admiration or feeling of enthusiasm. Their attitude in the picture, and the quiet thoughtfulness of their aspects, indicate rather a consultation about some grave difficulty, or some profound mystery into which they were endeavoring to look.

In one of these pauses, Luther said one day, "Reason thinks! Oh! if I could once hear God speak! I would run from one end of the world to the other to hear him. . . . Listen, then, my brother man! God, the creator of the heavens and the earth, speaks to thee."

Of this translation of the Bible, Mathesius says, "This is one of the greatest miracles which our Lord has caused to be performed by Dr. Martin Luther, before the end of the world, that he giveth us Germans a very beautiful version of the Bible, and explaineth to us his eternal divine nature, and his merciful will, in good, intelligible German words."

We can form some idea of the great effort and prayerful earnestness of Luther to secure the highest perfection possible in this translation, by adverting to the processes connected with its final revision. Gelzer says: "When the whole German Bible had been published, Dr. Luther began anew to revise it, with great zeal, industry, and prayer; and as the Son of God had promised that, 'when two or three were gathered together in his name, he would be in the midst of them,' he caused a sanhedrim, as it were, of the best people then about him, to assemble weekly, for a few hours before supper, at his house, namely, Dr. Bugenhagen, Dr. Justus Jonas, Dr. Kreuziger, Melancthon, Matthews, Aurogallus, and also George Räser, the cor-

rector. These were frequently joined by strange doctors and other learned men, Dr. Bernhard Ziegler, Dr. Forstenius, and others.

"After our Doctor had looked through the published Bible, and consulted Jews and foreign philologists, and had also inquired among old German persons for fitting German words, he joined the above assembly with his Latin and new German Bible; he had also the Hebrew text always with him. Melancthon brought the Greek text; Dr. Kreuziger both the Hebrew and the Chaldee Bibles. The Professors had several tables beside them; and Dr. Pomacer had also a Latin text before him. Every one had previously prepared himself by studying the text. Then Luther, as president, proposed a passage, and collected the votes, and heard what each one had to say on it, according to the peculiarity of the language, and the interpretation of the old doctors."

No wonder this translation of the Bible is justly regarded as the most accurate, reliable, and expressive ever given to the world. And it is worth all the labor connected with the study of the German language, to be able to read this translation of the Bible, by Dr. Luther.

"Let grateful reverence long that work admire,
On which a seraph's wings might shake with joy,
By Luther, with colossal power, achieved.
Here was the Word ALMIGHTY, from the grave
Of buried language, into breathing life
Summoned, in sainted glory, to arise,
And speak to souls what souls could understand.
Oh, to have seen him, in that toil august,
Lifting to heaven his meditative eyes,
Radiant with wonder, as the words of truth
Eternal gave their hoary secrets up,
While God's own language into Luther's passed
With prompt transition; till, behold, the voice
Of Jesus out of classic fetters came,
And, like its AUTHOR, to the poor man preached.
Noble, beyond nobility to match,
Hero of mind! was thine achievement here:
To free the BIBLE, was to throne thy GOD
Firm on the conscience of adoring man;
And so, by this supremacy divine
To limit tyrants, should they dare profane
That seat of awe, where none but Godhead reigns."

A BEAUTIFUL IMAGE.—A deaf and dumb person being asked to give his idea of forgiveness, took a pencil and wrote—"It is the sweetness which flowers yield when trampled upon!"

BE DETERMINED.

BY REV. W. M. BAUM.

LIFE is full of difficulties. To master the alphabet, to memorize the multiplication table, to go through the single rule of three, to decline Latin nouns, to conjugate Greek verbs, to trace out Hebrew roots, to understand Butler's Analogy, and recite Blair's Rhetoric, with all the other mysteries and miseries of college education, have brought frequent sighs and misgivings to the aspiring student. They almost drive one to despair. But fear not. Others have overcome all these, and as many more, twice told, and so may you. Rally your spirits, and *be determined*. Ambition burns within your breast. You long to be distinguished and honored. But the attainment is difficult. You are opposed at every step. The envious sneer, and the insolent ridicule. Heed them not. Press onward. You must succeed. *Be determined*.

The luxuries of life, perhaps, awaken the desire for their possession. A loving wife hangs upon your heart; and dear children fill your ears with their innocent prattle. You desire to make them happy, to give them every proper source of enjoyment, and to make them respected by your friends and associates. You need wealth, you long for abundant means. But how hard the achievement. Every difficulty comes in your way; every obstacle retards your progress. Must you, therefore, surrender every hope and abandon every effort? No! never! Let your *determination* be in proportion to the difficulties to be overcome. And you may be cheered with success.

Perhaps you may have no relish for worldly possessions. Like Solomon of old, you may have tried all, and found but "*vanity and vexation of spirit*." You now desire a better portion, more enduring riches; you long for a spirit attuned by Divine grace to the praises of the Eternal. You would have a hope of everlasting life. Are you dismayed at the triple-leagued opposition that frowns upon you? Is your spirit terrified at the uncompromising demands of the Holy One? Do temptation

and infirmity fill you with shuddering? How inspiring the promise: "*To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life*." "*Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world*." Be strong in faith and determined in spirit, and with the aid of Him who strengthens us, you will succeed.

There is no attainment, however unimportant, no work, however small, that does not require a determined spirit. Nothing truly great has ever been accomplished without it. As an element of a great and noble character, it holds a prominent place. It is seen in the superhuman achievements of the Apostles, and in the astounding labors of the Reformers. The world stands in amazement at the recital of Hannibal's crossing the Alps. How powerfully that one great work speaks to each one: *Be determined*. A noble determination of character is more than mere obstinacy. It implies something praiseworthy in the end sought, with a wise adaptation of justifiable means in its attainment. To devise great things, and to conceive wonderful exploits, merely for the sake of the renown which a determination to accomplish them may secure, is to foster pride and vanity; but to resolve with firm purpose to carry to a successful termination whatever Providence may present to us as the great work of life, is the feeling with which we should all seek to be animated.

Ignorance is incompatible with a high state of determination. We must first *know*, then *do*. Columbus formed not his purpose to cross the dangerous deep, until by careful study he became convinced of the existence of land to the west. Luther went not to the Diet at Worms, until he *knew* the papacy was in error. Study well the plans and projects you may form. Make an intelligent choice of objects of pursuit, but when once engaged, give not over, be not dismayed by difficulty; listen to no whisper of probable failure. Be firm in resolution. **BE DETERMINED.**

POST-MORTEM CHARITY.—Defer not thy charity till death; for certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that does so is rather liberal of another man's goods than his own.



Home Circle.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

Ave Maria! Mother blest!
 To whom, caressing and caressed,
 Clings the eternal child:
 Favored beyond archangel's dream,
 When first on thee, with tenderest gleam,
 Thy newborn Saviour smiled.—KEBLE.

“The earthly loves which Christ came to consecrate bear the germs of immortal uses, and are like Mary's own emblem, the rose, which, though born in the earth, lifts its bloom and wafts its fragrance to the heavens.”

IN our purpose to develope and illustrate the varied phases of home-life, the conjugal, the filial, and fraternal relations, it is natural to begin by reverting to the “*Holy Family.*” Around no family group of sacred history has the human heart lingered with such unmingled pleasure.

We read in our childhood the simple story of Luke, concerning the shepherds, who, after they received the message that a Saviour was born, and listened to his birth hymn, chanted by the angels, went to Bethlehem—“*and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger,*” and it lives in us a picture of beauty forever. From immemorial antiquity, that humble home-scene has been mirrored to the soul, invested with unearthly sanctity and a halo of spiritual beauty, touching our hearts with the deepest religious emotions, and associating itself with our purest thoughts of heaven.

And we ask, what is it that thus isolates that little group from all other family scenes, and invests that humble birthplace with such immortal glory? The answer is suggested by the question. It was the immaculate child Jesus that threw around that little household such holy and undying memories. It was the birth-home of the “*holy child Jesus.*” The only home on earth that was ever blessed with a sinless child—a child possessing all the elements of humanity without a taint of evil to mar its purity, or a shadow of sin to dim its celestial beauty. It was this that gave to that little group such undying interest, and immortalized it in Christian thought and memory as the “*Holy Family.*”

There is another feature in this household, peculiar and distinctive. In every other home-picture, the parents are the central figures. “*Their offspring, however they may afterwards eclipse them, are, in the beginning of their history, wrapped within those from whom, in their fortunes and in their character, they are developed.*” But in this family group, the child is the central commanding figure, and so attracts to himself the eye, and so fills the whole vision of the soul, that the parents are forgotten and overshadowed by the glory of the child.

But our object in adverting to this Holy Family is simply to call attention to that

most sacred and touching relation of the household—the maternal. T. S.

THE MOTHER AND THE CHILD.

"And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child, with *Mary his Mother.*"

We take this sacred picture, and view Mary as the true ideal of the Christian mother. Mother! the sweetest name to memory—symbol of the Divine tenderness; inspiring us with a love that we never blush to confess, and a veneration deep and permanent as life. How the nameless tokens of that earliest love weave themselves through all the brightness, through all the darkness, of our after life. Is there anything earthly so potential in its moulding and formative power upon the unfolding child, as a sanctified mother's love? Thousands who have been strong in trials and temptations, and pure amidst the seductions of sin, can trace back the sacred virtue of that hour, to some sweet memory of childhood, some calm moment, when they knelt beside a mother, and from gentle looks of love and simple words of prayer, they first learned piety at home. Thousands who can repeat, from their very hearts and hopes, these touching words of the poet,—

"And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Saviour dear,
Have led the wanderer there!"

T. S.

THE CHILD.

Mother! learn rightly to estimate the priceless value of a little child. For in that estimate, will be awakened a consciousness of responsibility.

There is on the brow of infancy the seal of immortality, which should inspire us with something higher than respect, something holier than parental admiration. An artist once said, he could never paint the face of a child, for it reminded him so much of heaven.

A celebrated queen once invited her royal guests to witness her jewels, and conducting them to a vast gathering of children, she remarked: "*These* are my jewels, these are the gems of my kingdom, and hope of my realm."

A German schoolmaster once said, "Whenever I enter my school-room, I remove my hat, and bow with reverence, for there I meet the future dignitaries of my country."

AUGUSTINE said, "Adam, though one, was all men." In him, says one commenting upon this sentiment of Augustine, was seminally contained the history of the world. So, in the little child, seminally exist the elements of the adult man; it is the folio of a man in a single letter. And children are the budding of the world's harvest, the fountain of her issues, the stepping-stone of her edifice.

Do not look upon your children merely as flowers, blossoms, dewdrops. "Flowers! they are the flowers of the invisible world, indestructible, self-perpetuating flowers. *Blossoms!* they are the blossoms of another world, whose fruitage is angels and arch-angels. Or dewdrops! they are dewdrops that have their source, not on earth, to be exhaled by a flash of sunshine, but among the everlasting fountains of mercy and love."

When this world rolled from the creative hand of the Almighty, the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy. But what, in comparative importance, was the creation of the world, to the beginning of an immortal soul in its course of endless destiny—"its axis, intelligence; its orbit, eternity; its attractive centre, the throne of God; its atmosphere, Divine love; and its destiny, the boundlessness of immortality!"

The *mother* is to unfold that priceless gem, and guide that infant immortal in the way to Jesus and to heaven. How solemn and responsible the trust! How fraught with everlasting issues! Seek for wisdom from above. Pray

"God! who gavest
Into my guiding hand this wanderer,
To lead her through a world whose darkling paths
I tread with steps so faltering, leave not me
To bring her to the gates of Heaven alone."

T. S.

If you have entered into the spirit of what has just been written, you will read with peculiar sympathy the following effusion of our American poet:

A THOUGHT OVER A CRADLE.

I SADDEN when thou smilest to my smile,
 Child of my love! I tremble to believe
 That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue
 The shadow of my heart will always pass;
 A heart that, from its struggle with the world,
 Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,
 And, careless of the staining dust it brings,
 Asks for its idol! Strange that flowers of earth
 Are visited by every air that stirs,
 And drink in sweetness only, while the child
 That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven,
 May take a blemish from the breath of love,
 And bear the blight forever.

I have wept

With gladness at the gift of this fair child!
 My life is bound up in her. But, oh God!
 Thou know'st how heavily my heart at times
 Bears its sweet burthen; and if thou hast given
 To nurture such as mine this spotless flower,
 To bring it unpolluted unto thee,
 Take thou its love, I pray thee! Give it light,
 Though, following the sun, it turn from me!
 But, by the chord thus wrung, and by the light
 Shining about her, draw me to my child!
 And link us close, oh God, when near to heaven!

CHATEAUBRIAND AND HIS
MOTHER.

THE conversion of this great French author is a striking illustration of the maternal power and mission. We give the account of his recall to duty, from a wild and reckless career of folly, in his own graceful and touching language:

"My mother, after having been thrown, at seventy-two years of age, into a dungeon where she was an eye-witness of the destruction of some of her children, expired at last upon a pallet, to which her misfortunes had reduced her. The remembrance of my errors diffused great bitterness over her last days. In her dying moments, she charged one of my sisters to call me back to that religion in which I had been brought up. My sister, faithful to the solemn trust, communicated to me the last request of my mother. When her letter reached me, beyond the seas, far distant from my native country, my sister was no more—she had died in consequence of the rigors of her imprisonment. These two voices issuing from the tomb—this death, which seemed as the interpreter of death, struck me with irresistible force, and I became a Christian. I

did not, I allow, yield to great supernatural illuminations, but my conviction of the truth of Christianity sprung from the heart. I wept and I believed."

The long years of his exile and misfortunes, with peculiar domestic afflictions, gave a tinge of melancholy to his thoughts, and there is perceptible in his productions a strain of pensive and solemn sentiment.

His style is characteristic of the age of Louis XIV., the Augustan era of French literature. Sometimes he writes with the simplicity of Fenelon, and sometimes he rises to the majesty of Bossuet, but always with a peculiar grace and beauty. We cannot fail to discover in his portraits and landscapes a genius kindred to that which inspired a Raphael, a Claude, and a Salvator Rosa, the same beau ideal which kindled the conceptions of those immortal artists.

We give, below, a translation from his "*Poesie dans ses rapports avec les Hommes,*" or poetical characters in the second book of his "*Genie du Christianisme.*"

It is the portrait of a Pagan mother by a modern author. As you read it, you will see the propriety of introducing it here, in illustration of the influence of Christianity upon the maternal relation. We have the promise from the translator, of similar poetical characters from Chateaubriand, to adorn the future pages of the Home Department.

T. S.

ANDROMACHE.

There is a voice heard in Rama, says Jeremiah (the prophet), weeping and lamentation, "Rachel weeping for her children, and will not be comforted, because they are not." This voice prolongs her echo over the mountains of time, with tears and many groans. "Rachel is still mourning her sons, and will not be consoled, because *they are not.*" How beautifully mournful is this, "because *they are not!*" A religion which has so delicately consecrated a single word, has penetrated the depths of the maternal heart. The veneration of the Virgin-mother, and the love of our Lord Jesus Christ for children, is a sufficient proof that the spirit of Christianity has a tender sympathy with the genius of mothers. For the critic, we herein design to open a new idea, which we

shall discover in the description of a *heathen mother*, as given by a modern author, viz., that this author, unconsciously to himself, has drawn his picture with the *Christian features*. In order to prove the moral or religious influence which an institution exercises over the heart of man, it is not needful that the related example should be drawn from the foundation of this institution; it suffices that the description should be permeated by its spirit or genius; thus it happens, that the elysium of Telemachus is really a Christian's paradise. In like manner, in the *Andromache* of Racine, its principal sentiments, and the most impressive, are the emanations of a *Christian* poet. In the *Andromache* of the *Iliad*, it is rather the *wife* than the *mother*; that of Euripides portrays a character at once violent and ambitious, which detracts from the maternal character; that of Virgil is tender and sad, but it is still less the mother than the wife; the widow of Hector says not, "Where is Astyanax?" but "Where is Hector?"

The *Andromache* of Racine is more sensitive, more interesting, than the ancient *Andromache*. This verse, so artless and so lovely: "To-day I have not yet embraced him," is the language of a Christian woman. This custom found no sympathy with the Greeks, and the Romans had still less of this outgushing heartiness. Homer's *Andromache* laments over the anticipated misfortunes of Astyanax, while, for the present, she concerns herself very little about him. The mother in our religion, without having less prescience, is more gentle and loving, and oftentimes, while pressing her child to her heart, obliterates her own griefs. The ancients, it must be acknowledged, gave but a cursory glance over *childhood*; the cradle language appeared weak and trifling to them, and had no charms for their ears. It was the God of the Bible who *alone* stood up fearless and undaunted on the side of "little children," and who placed them before men as their examples. Matt. 18 : 3. Mark 9 : 35, 36. "And taking a little child, Jesus sat him in the midst of them, he said, Whosoever shall receive in my name a little child, receiveth me. Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye

shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." Now, these precepts are entirely contrary to the pride of human nature; we herein see human nature elevated, refined—human nature evangelized. This humility which Christianity has shed over these natural sentiments, has changed for us the relations of the passions, and she has, so to speak, thereby, with her piercing wand, shivered to atoms the false standard of the modern *Andromache*. When, in the *Iliad*, the widow of Hector describes the destiny which awaits her son, the picture which she draws of the future misfortunes of Astyanax, has in it something mean and base. The humility of our religion is far from employing similar language; her expressions are as noble as they are touching. The Christian subjects himself voluntarily to the severest conditions of this present existence; but we are conscious that he is governed by the highest moral principles; that he humbles himself, but only to his God, and not to men; and while even passing through the fire, he loses not his dignity. Faithful to his Master, without cowardice, he despises the chains which he bears but for a moment, and from which he will soon be relieved by death. He regards the fleeting shadows of this life but as a dream, a passing night-vision, endures its changes without complaint or murmur, because liberty and oppression, prosperity and misfortune, the crown and the slave-cap, are all alike to his spiritual vision. He looks not alone on the things seen, but at the unseen; for "the things which are seen are but for a moment, but the things which are unseen are eternal." E. B. S.

THE MOTHER BLESSED BY HER LITTLE CHILD.

A LADY who had the charge of young persons not of kindred blood, became, on one occasion, perplexed with regard to her duty. She retired to her own room to meditate, and being grieved in spirit, laid her head upon a table, and wept bitterly. She scarcely perceived her little daughter, seated quietly in the corner. Unable longer to bear the sight of her mother's distress, she

stole softly to her side, and taking her hand in both of her own said,

"Mamma, once you taught me a pretty hymn :

"If e'er you meet with trials,
Or troubles on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray."

The counsel of the little monitor was taken, and relief came. The mother was repaid for rightly training her child by having her become her own blessed teacher.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God hath ordained praise."

An affectionate little girl, after kissing her mother many times, said,

"One more kiss. That last is for Jesus. Give it to him, because he has given me such a dear, good mother."

"O God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest;
The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine;
This life that I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with thine."

Mrs. C. JUDSON.

Biblical Miscellany.

"Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."—Ps. 119:18.

THIS prayer of the Psalmist expresses the true attitude of the soul, in relation to the Bible. If you look at this verse in your Bible, you will find in the margin the word "reveal" substituted for the word "open," as a more literal rendering of the original. The idea would then be the removal of a veil which intercepts the spiritual vision; and there is a striking resemblance between the prayer of the Psalmist and the words which St. Paul used in reference to the Jews, "even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart." The Septuagint version in the translation of this passage, uses a word corresponding to the term veil, as used by the Apostle in the quotation just mentioned. And if we adopt the idea intended to be that of the drawing back a veil, there is a peculiar significance in the prayer, as the utterance of a Jew.

But, whatever the expansiveness of the prayer, as that of a Jew, it loses none of its force, as breathed from the lips of a Christian. Paul says: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." So that, practically, there is in all ages, a veil over the divine

communications—and the Bible will be a sealed book, except so far as it is interpreted by the Divine Spirit.

We should never forget this obvious distinction between the Bible and every other book—that the work and the author must be consulted together. It has been said by a distinguished writer, "that God designed the Bible to be his word, rather than his writing; it is as a spoken thing, rather than as a printed thing, that he means it to be efficacious." It is only as interpreted by the Spirit, and brought home to the heart, that all can comprehend its meaning, be touched by its beauty, or animated by its promises. We ought never to approach the Bible and expect to extract its meaning as we would a merely human composition. It is God's word which I read; my aim must be to hear God speak.

Let us urge this *prayer*, as the most suitable preparation for understanding the Bible; a prayer for the Spirit as the only reliable expositor of God's word.

You are not to discard the varied helps, in the study of the Scriptures; you should avail yourself of the labors of the learned, so far as they may assist you, on philological points, or matters critical and historical: but if you wish to enter into the very spirit of the Bible, and feel its power, then enter your closet, shut to the door, and there,

alone with God, breathe out this prayer over every page, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." And then shall you realize those words of Wilson—

"Therein thy dim eyes
Will meet a cheering light; and silent words
Of mercy breathed from Heaven, will be inhaled
From the blest page into thy withered heart."

T. S.

REFLECTIONS OF A CHILD, ON THE "BELOVED DISCIPLE."

A BOY had taken great interest in hearing incidents read from the life of the Apostle John. That he had leaned on the breast of Jesus at supper, and was called the "beloved disciple," were to him themes of pleasant contemplation. To be loved by the Saviour seemed to him an unspeakable privilege, a source of delightful happiness.

Being too young to read, some time elapsed ere he happened to listen to the passage, "Then all the disciples forsook him and fled."

"What! all the disciples?" said the child. "Did he whom Jesus loved, go?" Then, bursting into a passion of tears, he said, "Oh! why did John go? How could John go away!"

Nor was he easily comforted for the fault of the character he had so much admired, not able to understand how the dear Saviour, who had so loved this friend and follower, could ever have been forsaken by him.

TARES.

IN passing through the fertile country of the ancient Philistines, on the south of Palestine, I asked the guide, one day, a native Syrian, if he knew a plant which was apt to make its appearance among the wheat, and which resembled it so much that it could hardly be distinguished from it. He replied that it was very common, and that he would soon show me a specimen of it. Soon after this, he pointed out to me some of this grass, growing near our path; and, afterwards, having once seen it, I found it in almost every field where I searched for it. Except that the stalk was not so high, it appeared otherwise precisely like wheat, just as the ears begin to show themselves, and the kernels are swelling out into shape.

This is the plant to which the Saviour referred in the parable, as the tares which sprang up among the wheat, and which the owner, because it was so much like the genuine wheat, directed his servants to suffer it to remain until the harvest, "lest, while they gathered up the tares, they should root up also the wheat with them," (Matthew 13: 24, seq.) I collected some specimens of this deceitful weed, and have found, on showing them to friends, that they have mistaken them quite invariably for some species of grain, such as wheat or barley.—HACKETT.

GOD'S BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE.

AMONG the books that will be opened, when God shall reckon with the universe, one will be produced filled with costlier records than the common transactions of time. In that precious volume—that "book of remembrance, written before him for those that feared the Lord, and thought on his name," how many little acts of the humblest saint, which the world never knew or noticed, will appear in golden capitals! How many forgotten words and looks of kindness, which dropped a healing anodyne into some broken heart, will there be shown the child of God, who fain will ask, "When did I this?" How brightly, in those leaves of pearl, will glow that pellucid jewel which fell from the eye of him who gave all he had to give, a tear for another's woe. And the poor widow's mite, what a bright record shall be made of that, and of the midnight prayer she made for those pinched with sterner wants than hers! What a page in that heavenly album will be given to him who gave a cup of cold water to a disciple of the Lamb, with a heart big enough to have given the world! There will be shown the *tableaux vivants* of prison scenes, and sick and dying bed scenes, where eyes with a heaven full of love in them, and hearts big with the immortal sympathy of God, ministered to the sick stranger, and him that was ready to perish. In that souvenir of eternity will be presented charities of celestial water, that never found a record of remembrance on earth.

Church Intelligence.

CHURCH EXTENSION.—As there are numerous very urgent applications for aid before the Executive Committee of the Church Extension Society, and frequent inquiries are being made when it will commence to make loans, the following statement in regard to its operations will be found to possess general interest.

Until quite recently, the Board had it not in its power to loan away a single dollar of the fund, for the reason that it was prevented from so doing by a constitutional prohibition. Until \$5000 had been actually paid into the treasury, no money could be loaned, without a clear infraction of the organic law of the Society. As honest and conscientious men, the Executive Committee would not, of course, consent to any violation of the Constitution, for if it could be disregarded in one instance, it could in another, and the Board would have been justly obnoxious to public censure. That the *minimum* amount specified was not earlier received, was in no wise the fault of the Board, but must be attributed to the tardiness of the Church at large. Chief among the hindrances in the way of the success of the Society, without doubt, was the action of certain Churches, Conferences, and Synods, in withholding their collections from the treasury *proper*, and effecting separate organizations—a course of procedure, we regret to state, which is still persistently adhered to, despite all the efforts of the Board to procure a revocation.

Now, however, this one obstacle is happily removed. The \$5000 are in the hands of Mr. HEYL, the Treasurer, and the Executive Committee is authorized to make loans, if it shall deem expedient, although the constitution does not make it imperative. There is, however, still another difficulty in the way. Most, if not all the applications for loans, are for the payment of *debts* due on churches already erected, or in progress of erection at the time of the organization of the Society. Some of these churches, it is true, are in most embarrassed circumstances, owing to the clamorous appeals of creditors, and if not soon relieved, will be sold at Sheriff's sale. The Executive Committee is anxious to extend relief. But they fear they cannot do so, by the express terms and stipulations of the Constitution.

Article I. of the Constitution says, "This Society shall be termed the Church Extension Society of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States, whose object it shall be to establish a fund of at least \$50,000, to assist poor and destitute Lutheran Congregations in obtaining houses of public worship." Article IV. says, "Aid shall be extended only to con-

gregations *destitute* of a suitable house of worship." The 4th article of the By-Laws refers the assistance to be rendered only to churches *to be* built, evidently excluding those already built. Here are weighty difficulties, exceedingly embarrassing to the Executive Committee. Can they consistently appropriate the fund already raised to the payment of *debts* incurred in the erection of churches, prior to the organization of the Society, when every article of its organic law was evidently framed to guard expressly against such latitudinarian interpretation? The Society was obviously not formed to pay the *debts* of churches already erected, but to assist in the erection of *new* churches, by congregations too poor to effect it themselves. And yet, a congregation having a church so encumbered as not to be able to retain it, with the Sheriff's hammer suspended over it, may perhaps, by a fair construction, be said to be "*destitute* of a house of public worship," as the church belongs not to them, but to their creditors.

These are embarrassing questions, and the Executive Committee are endeavoring to decide them fairly and equitably, and yet in accordance with the evident design of the framers of the Constitution. To assist them in coming to a proper decision, they have written to a number of gentlemen who participated in the formation of the Society at Frederick, for a communication of their views and recollections on the subject.

This statement will, no doubt, satisfactorily explain the delay that has caused so many complaints to be heard from the applicants for loans. They and the whole Church will perceive that the tardiness of the movements of the Church Extension Society is in no degree attributable to the Executive Committee, but must be referred to a defective organization, and the subsequent diversion of its funds into extraneous channels, which ought not so to be.

In view of these questions, the Executive Committee held a meeting in the lecture-room of St. Matthew's Church, on the afternoon of Tuesday, January 22, 1856, at which were present Martin Buehler, A. T. Chur, Isaac Sulger, Samuel Schober, G. A. Reichart; the Cor. Secretary, Rev. E. W. Hutter, and the Treasurer, W. M. Heyl. After full discussion, it was unanimously resolved, under no circumstances to appropriate the fund to the liquidation of church debts, but according to the strict and literal sense of the Constitution. The Executive Committee likewise decided to commence immediate operations; but as only \$5,300 are in the treasury, it was resolved, for

the present, to make no loans to any *one* congregation of a sum exceeding \$500. The Society is now, then, in operation. Meanwhile, those churches that have not yet contributed, are again earnestly invoked, without any further delay, to take up their collections, and forward them to the proper Treasurer.

E. W. HUTTER,
Cor. Sec. of Luth. Ch. Ex. Society.

CHURCH DEDICATION.—The new English Lutheran Church, at Williamsport (Pa.) erected through the untiring and laborious efforts of the pastor, Rev. J. WELKER, was dedicated to the worship of God on Tuesday evening, January 22d. The brethren present, and aiding on the occasion, were Rev. Parson, Boyer, Willard, Ehrehart, Yingling, and Sheeder, of the Lutheran Church; Sterling, of the N. S. Presbyterian; Dr. Bowman, of the Williamsport Seminary; Allen and Stine, of the Methodist; More, of the Episcopalian; and Miles, of the Baptist.

The Dedicatory Sermon was preached by the Rev. G. Parson, of Muncy, from 2 Chron. 7: 12. The usual liturgical service was read by the Pastor.

The church edifice is a chaste and beautiful structure, well located, built of brick, 40 by 52 feet, with basement, at a cost of about \$4000. A debt of \$700 resting upon the church was promptly liquidated by the large concourse assembled on the occasion, and in addition \$40 were secured towards furnishing the beautiful steeple surmounting the edifice with a bell.

The sister denominations of Williamsport deserve much commendation for their liberality in so generously aiding the Lutheran congregation in erecting their house of worship, and freeing it from debt; and too much praise cannot be awarded to the pastor, Brother Welker, for his indefatigable and self-denying labors in prosecuting this enterprise, amidst so many and trying discouragements.

MONEY FOR MISSIONS.—It is an encouraging fact, illustrative of the influence of journals especially devoted to Missions, that Rev. C. W. SCHAEFFER, the Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Synod, recently received the handsome sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS from a few persons in Ohio, to be applied to the support of the Lutheran mission schools in India. This is over and above the sum usually collected by Synod. This contribution is the result of an interest awakened in the vicinity whence it came, by the circulation of the *Missions Blätter* of Rev. S. K. Probst, published at Allentown (Pa.)

The Lutheran Sabbath School at Harrisburg (Pa.), by the way, one of the largest and most efficient in the country, has applied to the President of the Pennsylvania Synod for leave to support two native teachers or colporters, in connection with our mission in India. This is truly commendable.

RESIGNATION.—We regret to learn that the Rev. D. SWOPE, who, during the last year, has been serving the Lutheran Congregation at Whitmarsh (Pa.), deems it his duty to withdraw from that field of labor, the resignation to take effect from the 1st of March. Brother S. has labored there amidst many and trying discouragements, with a truly praiseworthy and self-denying zeal. The field is one which ought not long to remain vacant, and we trust some young brother will be led by Providence soon to take charge of it. Brother SWOPE is awaiting a call elsewhere.

Rev. J. F. FAHS, having been compelled, on account of continued ill-health, to relinquish his charge at Hancock (Md.), desires correspondents to address him, for the present, at York, Pa. We sincerely trust Br. Fahs's health will be speedily restored, and that he may be spared many years yet to work in the vineyard of our blessed Lord.

Rev. VOSSELLER, formerly the Pastor of the German Lutheran Church at Harrisburg, has taken charge of the German Lutherans at Wilkesbarre (Pa.), and writes encouragingly as to his success. The flock has more than doubled itself since he has taken charge of it.

Rev. ERNST ROOS has taken charge of the German Church in Cincinnati, recently under the care of Rev. Mr. MENGERT.

Rev. C. KUHL is at present travelling as Agent in behalf of Illinois University.

MINISTER WANTED.—A minister is wanted to take charge of three congregations, in Millersville, Rohrerstown, and Petersburg, all within five miles of the city of Lancaster, Pa. Address D. S. BARE, Millersville, Lancaster County (Pa.)

Rev. WILLIAM F. GREAVER has taken charge of the Lutheran pastorate at Williamsport, Washington Co. (Md.), and wishes his letters addressed accordingly.

Rev. P. BERGSTRESSER has located at Tamaqua, Schuylkill Co. (Pa.), and desires correspondents to address him hereafter accordingly. We wish Br. B. abundant success in his new field of labor.

Rev. LEVI SCHELL's post-office is changed from Churchtown to Claverack, Columbia Co. (New York).

Rev. J. J. SCHERER, late of Columbus (Texas), has removed to San Felipe, Austin County (Texas), and wishes his letters, &c., addressed accordingly.

PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE.—A meeting of the Philadelphia Conference will be held at the room of the Lutheran Board of Publication, Sixth Street above Chestnut, on Tuesday, February 15, 1856, at 9 o'clock, A. M., on business of importance.

L. E. ALBERT,
Secretary.

Editorial Miscellany.



CHARACTER.—We commend to the attention of our readers the excellent article in the present No. of the "Home Journal," on the importance and value of **CHARACTER**. It is not susceptible of denial, certainly, that in our intercourse with the world, nothing surpasses in consequence the possession of an unsullied name. Truly does the Wise Man affirm that, "it is rather to be chosen than great riches," for riches often take to themselves wings and fly away; but an unspotted name is a treasure which conflagrations cannot consume, floods cannot devastate, and no bankruptcies are competent to waste or destroy. It is more enduring than the most approved "Asbestos Safe" that ever was constructed, for it will survive even the fires of the last day.

But, we apprehend, it sometimes happens that a good character is confounded with a good reputation, and yet the two are far from being synonymous. Character is an actual possession. Reputation is the credit the possessor receives for it from the world. "Character," says Crabbe, in his synonyms, "lies in the man; it is the mark of what he is—reputation depends upon others: it is what they think of him." It is possible, then, for a man to have a fair reputation who has not in reality a good character; and the contrary is possible, too, that an individual may possess an excellent character, and yet, because his motives are misunderstood, and his actions calumniated, his reputation may be anything but enviable. A poor man, for example, may be esteemed by the world rich, and a rich man poor, but this does not change the real position of either. So, a good character may suffer from false reports, and a bad one be magnified by undeserved applause, and yet the intrinsic quality of both will not be altered. These are distinctions which we deem it important to have the reader keep in view.

Let the young man, then, who wishes to struggle successfully against the temptations of the world, and win his way to usefulness here, and to glory hereafter, ever strive to maintain a good character. Whatever reputation the world may assign to him, that will be a sure panoply, against which no aggression will prevail. It will break atwain every cobweb barrier that impedes his pathway in this world, and conduct to unending felicity beyond the skies.

H.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The Lutheran Board

of Publication acknowledges, with many thanks, the receipt of \$10 from Rev. B. KURTZ, editor of the *Lutheran Observer*, as a gratuitous contribution to its funds. The Board has, likewise, received \$25 from the Pennsylvania Synod, \$25 from the East Pennsylvania Synod, and a pledge of \$25 from the Susquehanna Conference, for the same purpose. The Board returns many and sincere thanks to these donors, respectively, for their kind remembrance.

May we not be allowed to express the hope, that, stimulated by these praiseworthy examples, other individuals, synods, and conferences, in the apportionment of their means, will likewise remember the wants of the Publication Society. The Executive Committee have constant incidental expenses for rent, &c., which they are obliged to defray. They are all resting under a heavy self-imposed tax, and as they labor without pay, for the benefit of the Church at large, it is no more than just and fair that the burthen should be more equally borne, at least until the profits from the sale of books will render such an appeal unnecessary. The Board is still in need of funds to defray necessary current expenses, and the liberality of the Church cannot flow, we think, in a more efficient or deserving channel.

H.

SEND ON YOUR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.—We repeat the invitation to our brethren of the Lutheran Church, the ministers especially, to lose no time in making the most assiduous efforts to increase the circulation of the "*Lutheran Home Journal*." The Board has ordered an edition of 3000 copies of the January number, and are consequently prepared to supply orders to that extent. Subscribers who wish to preserve the "Journal" for binding, which all should do, will do well, therefore, to commence with the first number. We have now fairly launched our frail bark on the sea of experiment, and whether it is to be wrecked on the shoals of church indifference, or launched into the haven of success, must depend, under God, on the exertions of the Lutheran Church, especially its ministers. We shall spare no pains to render the Home Journal a worthy aspirant to an extended patronage, and trust the expectations of its friends may not be disappointed.

H.

SEND ON YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS!—We do not mean of money merely, but your articles, literary, scientific, historic, moral, and religious,

adapted to the scope and tendency of the *Lutheran Home Journal*. It is not self-flattery, we think, to affirm that there is a vast amount of writing talent in the Lutheran Church of this country, much of which has lain dormant for want of a proper field of practical development. We offer this periodical, as affording a medium of intercommunication long needed by the Church, and trust the brethren will now no longer hide their light under a bushel, nor bury their talent in a napkin. Let our hidden mental and moral resources be developed, and spread a wholesome influence over the whole Church. We shall hail with pleasure, then, a speedy accession of writers to our list of contributors, and trust this appeal will not be made in vain. We have in our mind many Lutheran ministers who are abundantly able to write for the public eye, and yet never do, to whom this notice may serve as a gentle hint not to neglect the gift that is in them any longer. We repeat, therefore, send on your contributions. H.

THE NARRATIVE OF HANS EGEDE AND HIS WIFE, being a record of veritable events, which have happened in the Missionary history of the Lutheran Church in Germany, we cannot too highly recommend to the attentive perusal of our readers. It is translated with much accuracy from the German of WILDENHAHN, by Brother G. A. WENZEL, of this city, who is laying the Lutheran Church under heavy obligations by his excellent and well-chosen contributions to the Home Journal. The remaining chapters will follow in the March No. of the Journal, and we know of no reading matter we could introduce into a Christian family with a surer promise of acceptance. The perseverance of HANS, the hero of the narrative, in the prosecution of what he believed to be the path of duty, providentially defined, is almost worthy of the Apostolic age. We trust that to more than one of our readers, the perusal of this history, so graphically delineated, will be a providential agency for suggesting the thought of self-consecration to the Gospel ministry, either here or in heathen lands. May God so bless this interesting record to the good of souls. H.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.—Not the least among the alarming symptoms of a decaying patriotism among the public men of this country, is the freedom with which many speak of the prospective dissolution of the Union. This is a word which should not be contained in our national vocabulary. We should reject it both from our hearts and our tongues. We should regard the continued confederacy of the States as a moral, a physical, a commercial, and a religious necessity. As well might we attempt to decompose the great element of nature, which holds together the planetary system, as hope to sever the links that bind

together the States which compose the American Union. If we contemplate the historic records of our national career, our ever-extending area, our conquests in war, and our triumphs in peace, we must be blind to the past, as well as to the fulfilling realities of the future, if we do not perceive and gratefully acknowledge, that the all-wise God has selected our great and happy country as a model and ultimate centre of attraction for all the nations of the world. The age in which this Union perishes will be the opposite of that in which it was constructed; and as the one has earned undying fame, the other will be marked by an immortality of obloquy. H.

LUTHERANISM IN IOWA.—REV. D. GARVER recently organized an English Lutheran congregation at Davenport, Iowa. It consists of 18 members, with good prospects of increase. The congregation worships in the courthouse. Brother Garver states that this is the only English Lutheran Church on the entire Mississippi River. He has also organized a new congregation of ten members, in Mercer County (Ill.), in regard to which he says:

"If there be Lutheran families at the East, who design coming West, and desire to settle in a beautiful, rich farming country, where there is a prospect of getting a Lutheran church, I know of no place more desirable than this settlement, five miles south of Millersburg, Mercer County (Ill.). They will not only meet friends, but brethren in the Detweiler and Braucht families, and others." H.

REV. W. J. MANN has been appointed by the Lutheran Board of Publication to furnish hereafter a synopsis of the most important Church Intelligence that may transpire in Europe, especially those items which relate more particularly to the Lutheran Church. As editor of the German *Kirchen-Freund*, Brother MANN has access to the leading Church journals published in foreign countries, and will hence bring to this department of the Home Journal unusual facilities for investing it with interest.

LOVERS OF GOOD POETRY will find a rare gem in the effusion entitled "The Answered Prayer," by Miss EDGARTON. In "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," this admirable production echoes the very inspiration of true and saving Gospel penitence. Oh, that we all might discover the secret of knowing how to pray, and what things to pray for! H.

"THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA," an interesting article from the pen of Brother CHARLES W. SCHAEFFER, of Germantown, was received too late for the present number. It will appear in the March No. of the Journal. H.

THE poetry: "GOLDEN PEACE," by brother B. SADTLER, will appear in the March Number of the Home Journal. H.

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THE MARK OF CAIN.

BY REV. E. W. HUTTER.

"And the Lord set a MARK upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him."—GENESIS 4 : 15.

NO fact in the recorded annals of mankind, to our contemplation, is more painfully demonstrative of the deep depravity of the human heart, and its total alienation from God, than that narrated by Moses, in his inspired account of the primitive history of the world. Cain, the eldest offspring of Adam and Eve, the first-born according to the appointment of nature, was a murderer! What fact looms up on the historic pages of the world with more startling and stupendous significance? The crime of murder, under *any* circumstances, is one of fearful atrocity. By every code of jurisprudence known on the globe is it so regarded. The deed of Cain, however, was one of fearful aggravation. The victim was his own brother. As such he owed him the constant homage of tender and affectionate solicitude. He was his younger brother. This imposed on him the obligation of jealous and generous protection. He was a kind and devoted brother, unceasing in his ministrations of love. This entitled him to the warmest reciprocal endearment. Against all these considerations did the elder brother offend. Nor had his deed the poor apology that it was committed in a paroxysm of anger. It was perpetrated in cold blood, with premeditated, brooding malice. It was consum-

mated whilst engaged in familiar conversation, which marks it by a revolting cowardice. To crown it all, the deed was executed "in the field," amidst the genial and mellowing influences of nature; whilst the flowers were exhaling their fragrance; whilst the rivulets were gliding softly along their channels; whilst the birds were carolling joyously among the foliage; whilst the sun was flinging a flood of golden and mellow light over hill and dale. O, what a deed of wickedness! How contrary to the light and law of nature! How surcharged with the malice of hell! How impiously defiant to God!

Answer me, reader, *who*, or *what*, stimulated Cain to the commission of this foul and unnatural deed? Speculative philosophers, discarding the plain teachings of revelation, have denied that the tendency to crime is inherent, but ascribe it to the influence of vicious and depraved example. But who taught Cain the trade of death? *Who* set him the example of shedding his brother's blood? He had never seen or heard of such a deed. The dictates of a common humanity, besides the convictions of a shuddering conscience, must have loudly and eloquently remonstrated against it. No! no! no! To say that crime is the product of example, is to demonstrate a fact by the fact itself, which is contrary to every rule of sound and truthful logic. Cain had no example of the kind to serve as a plea to *him*. His was evidently *innate* depravity. We trace his god-defying deed to no other source

than to his own wicked and degenerate heart, a sad inheritance of sin and shame, entailed upon him, and upon all men, by the fall. Our first parents proved disloyal to their God; and such is the declivity of sin, that their first child became a murderer. Who can know the deep depravity of the human heart? It is called "a cage of unclean birds." It is said to be "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Men have invented diving-bells, and with them have descended into the slimy caverns of the Great Deep, beholding many and terrible monstrosities of nature. But that diving-bell the skill of man has not yet invented, which enables him to descend into that still filthier, fouler, and more abominable abyss, an unrenowned and unsanctified heart, throbbing with its nameless desperate purposes of violence, licentiousness, murder, and heaven-daring crime. Does any one deny the deep and total depravity of man's nature? Let him consider Cain.

A prominent feature in the details of this deed of diabolism is, the subsequent punishment inflicted upon the murderer. Then no judicial tribunals had yet been erected, for the trial and punishment of crime, and God kindly spared the parents the terrible task of sitting in judgment on their own son. The Lord God Almighty, therefore, himself becomes the executioner of his own wrath. And fearful, almost beyond the descriptive energies of language, is the sentence. It is announced to Cain, "a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth." The very inanimate elements are erected into personified ministers of Divine vengeance. The earth, from Cain, is forever thereafter to withhold her increase. "When thou tillest the ground," is the language of the Almighty, "it shall not henceforth yield unto THEE her strength." Others might plough, and sow, and there would be a forthcoming abundant harvest; but, as for Cain, he might as well scatter seed upon the flinty rock, or fling it to the waves, as drop it into the earth. The rains would not moisten, the sun would not warm it into life. The blood of Abel would commingle with it, and prevent it from germinating. And this was a decree which no industry could repeal, no agencies or imple-

ments, pertaining to agriculture, could revoke. The God of nature had so ordained, and his decrees no power of man could alter or evade. Often have we wondered, that this curse upon Cain is not included among the *miracles* of the Old Testament. That the fruitfulness of the earth be suspended to *one* man, and continued to *others*, was as palpable a contravention of the organic laws of nature, as any recorded in the Sacred Writings. We can conceive of but a single feature, which possibly leaves the event within the domain of the natural, which is, that it was a *direct* exercise of the Supreme power, wrought without man's agency. And yet, to our mind, it is not the less a miracle, since it was an infringement upon the established economy of the earth, alike palpable and wonderful.

In this award, moreover, we perceive a peculiar majesty and energy, correspondent both to the glory of the Judge and the magnitude of the crime. It displays, to our mind, the terror of an incensed Omnipotence with appalling grandeur. To Cain the whole earth was now a curse. There was not a spot of land, from the rising to the setting of the sun, that was not to him an organ of the retributive justice of heaven. He could not walk the streets, nor climb a mountain, nor linger in a valley—he could not dig a cellar, nor open a well, nor fell a tree, nor carry a bucket of sand, that would not remind him, how fearfully he had ruptured the ties of nature, and invaded the province of the Most High. This was a condition, alike dreadful and peculiar. The earth, ordinarily, even to men unreconciled to God, is of all the elements the most constant in her ministrations of beneficence. The other elements *often* become our enemy. The waters deluge, and inundate, and drown, and in consequence ships are stranded and navies wrecked. The fires devastate, and consume, and towns and cities are reduced to ashes. The atmosphere swells into tempests, and tornadoes, and none can stand before their mighty sweep of desolation. The lightnings launch forth their tremendous bolts, and precious lives are destroyed. But the earth—our good old mother earth—*she* is ever a gracious and indulgent benefactress. No

sooner are we born, than she receives us, and bears us up, upon her bosom. Our tables she spreads with dainties. Our walks she adorns with flowers. The treasure we commit to her, she does not selfishly hoard, but returns it, with interest indefinitely compounded, "some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold." Her mountains, too, are full of minerals, and her valleys are running with brooks and salubrious springs. And even when life is ended, her ministrations do not cease. When death has sealed our lips, and closed our sight, even then, when our best friends cast us off, because of our great change, our mother earth comes to our relief. Kindly and gently does she receive our vile bodies, all pestilent and corrupt, into her fraternal embrace, not to keep forever, but in trust, until reclaimed and revived by the trump of God on the resurrection morn.

But, alas, in the history of Cain, this kind and indulgent foster-mother—man's natural and most gracious benefactress—by the irreversible fiat of her Supreme Lord, is transmuted into an implacable and irreconcilable enemy. Cain sees the whole of God's creation arrayed against him. Every shrub, every flower, every blade of grass, every drop of water, every gust of wind, every grain of sand, by the subversive power of God, are turned into bitter and unsparing foes. Oh! was it a wonder, environed by such perpetually recurring executioners of the Divine Wrath, that the unhappy wretch, in the fulness of an overwhelmed and despairing spirit, should exclaim: "*My punishment is greater than I can bear.*"

Reader, seeing that our God is to the wicked a consuming fire—seeing that it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of an angry God—let us stand in awe of God, and sin not!

Another feature in Cain's biography, not less fraught with interest than either of the foregoing, and it is to this (as the caption at the head of this article indicates), we wish to direct especial attention, is, the subsequent dealing of God with the murderer. The historian continues: "And the Lord said unto him, Therefore, whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him, seven-fold: and the Lord set a MARK upon

Cain, lest any finding him should kill him."

In a recent number of a daily journal, we saw it stated, that a portion of the city of Paris was lately thrown into a state of excitement by the discovery of a dead body at the *Morgue*. The mere fact that some unfortunate being had either died neglected, or committed suicide, in the public streets of Paris, would not have produced any excitement, as such scenes are witnessed in that wicked city every day. But in this case the body of the victim was discovered to be tattooed with all kinds of allegorical signs and devices. The arms, hands, neck, &c., contained representations of birds, beasts, fishes, ships, trees, &c., with one or two short elegies, or love ditties, ingeniously imprinted in the skin. It was the corpse of a female. Like most of her sex who forget God, she died in poverty and neglect, and was buried, at the public expense, unrecognized by any human friend, in the *fosse commune*, a place of burial allotted to vagrants and paupers.

This same custom of imprinting marks, or signs, or devices, upon the human body, it is well known, is common among sailors, and is much practised, too, by the savage tribes of our country. May it not have descended on the stream of time from the brand of Cain? It is certainly very ancient. Herodotus, Tertullian, Origen, and Jerome, and Papal writers generally, make mention of it. Bond-servants, or slaves, were not only marked upon the forehead, as a punishment for offences, or for attempts to escape from servitude, but also to distinguish them as the property of their masters. Among the heathen, votaries of the gods marked themselves in the same way, either with the thunderbolt of Jove, the trident of Neptune, the ivy of Bacchus, or other devices. Ezekiel, the prophet (chapter 9, verse 4), mentions a mark, which an angel was commissioned to imprint on the foreheads of all that sighed and cried in Jerusalem, for the abominations thereof. This latter class, unlike Cain, or the poor outcast of Paris, were not marked as objects of detestation, but for honor and deliverance. It was a method adopted in that age, to discriminate between God's

friends and foes. The learned Vitringa argues, that in this latter case no specific mark was employed, aside from moral character. But this affirmation Procopius contradicts, who contends, that the early Christians *did* actually adopt some modification of this custom, by imprinting either the figure of the cross, or the monogram of the Saviour, upon some exposed part of the body. It was done, either by the impress of a hot iron, or by the punctures of needles, rubbed over with a coloring composition, which rendered the marks indelible.

The exact character of the mark set on Cain, has exercised, to no small extent, the ingenuity of commentators. One maintains that he became a paralytic. Another, that a long and bloody horn was made to grow out of his forehead. Another, that one of the letters composing the sacred name was visibly impressed upon him. We prefer literal to latitudinarian interpretations of God's word, except where the letter ignores the spirit, and is contrary to sense and reason. No such conflict exists here. We doubt not, therefore, that God, by his own finger, imprinted upon the brow of Cain a device, so deep and ineffaceable, that no chisel could ever remove it, without cutting his head in pieces. But, whatever the character of the mark, the *purposes* it was designed to subserv are of more importance, and these, we think, admit of no controversy.

These purposes, assisted to some extent by the words of the historian, we would state as follows :

First. The mark set upon Cain was designed to symbolize the watchful oversight and providential agency of the Almighty. It was intended to teach that, though God is exalted in the heavens, his kingdom ruleth over all, and that throughout the whole of his limitless universe his decrees of suffering and performance intervene in every event. Cain was a murderer, the most wicked and debased man *then* on earth, but he was not removed by his wickedness, either before or after the fact, beyond the pale of God's providential jurisdiction. The eye of the Lord, even then, was as intently fixed upon all *his* movements, as upon those of the highest and holiest archangel that wor-

ships before his spotless throne in heaven. And this gives us lofty and ennobling conceptions of the boundlessness of God's empire. It proves to us, what is corroborated on every subsequent page of Holy Writ, that whilst God is ruling among the empires, stilling the raging of the waters, and the tumults of the people, he is at the same time watching the movements of *isolated* individuals, and that among all his created intelligences none is so exalted, and none so debased, as not to be within the notice of his eye, and the reach of his arm.

Secondly. The mark set upon Cain was designed to teach lessons of meekness and forbearance, and of loyalty to the judicatories instituted, by the authority of the King of kings, upon the earth. Cain was a murderer. His hands were reeking with the blood of an unoffending brother. But, under governments of order and of law, even a murderer has his rights, which it is treason against high heaven wrongfully to invade. He may be made a sacrifice to the public justice, but never to private revenge. He may be tried, condemned, sentenced, and executed, but not *lynched*. If his life is to be forfeited, it is to be *by* law, and not without law. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord. How explicitly is this purpose announced by the sacred historian : "And the Lord set a MARK upon Cain, *lest any finding him should kill him.*" Cain was punished, as his crime deserved, yet not unlawfully punished. God, who saw it all, even condescended to bestow on him the solemnities of a trial. "Where is Abel, thy brother?" "What hast thou done?" Cain was allowed, like Paul, to speak for himself. And it was only after trial and conviction, that he was sentenced, and a mark set upon him, to prevent others from unlawfully imbruing their hands in his blood. "Slay this man not," says God, by the mark, "lest a seven-fold vengeance overtake *thee.*" Ye advocates of the code Lynch, men of passion and of blood, who take the law into your own hands, and, without court or jury, amidst jubilant shouts, hang your victim to a tree, or burn him at the stake, think of these things, and tremble! How shall *ye* escape?

Thirdly. The mark set upon Cain was designed, that it might serve to him, as long

as he lived, as a SYMBOL OF PERSONAL SECURITY. That mark was to Cain, what the bow in the clouds was to Noah—the world-wide covenant of the Divine protection. It was to him, as he roamed in his vagabondism over the earth, hated and shunned, pointed at and despised, cast out from family and home, a sure pledge and promise, that no other ruffian should ever ruthlessly extinguish his own lamp of life. It was the Divine bond, signed, sealed, and delivered, that no wicked Cain should ever be allowed to rise up with murderous violence against him. If he was not an Abel in his life, neither should he be in his death. “O, the depth both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!”

By no forced interpretation, we think, do we discover in this latter symbol a beautiful interblending of the Divine clemency and the Divine justice. Here do we perceive the delightful conjunction spoken of by the Psalmist: “Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.” That mark, whatever it was, attested, in the silent majesty of unutterable eloquence the sacredness of God’s law, which nor men, nor angels, may transgress with impunity. To Cain it was an ever-present witness, that “God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity,”—and that, “though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished.”

But that mark was not all indicative of anger. It was a signal of mercy, as well as of wrath. It assured Cain of the prolongation of his life. And for what purpose? Why is God so solicitous about the life of a murderer? Why so concerned, lest an indignant posterity send a man, stained with blood, howling out of the world? It could not be that Cain was *needed* as a minister of good to others. That mark, visible and indelible, precluded this hope. God’s vigilance over Cain’s *body*, we think, then, had an especial, intense, absorbing reference to Cain’s *soul*. He had been condemned at one judgment, but not at that *other* tribunal, whose decrees are irreversible and final. That mark prolonged his life, and the extension of his lease of life was an extension of his space of repentance.

On the Persian side of the White Sea there is a mountain, named Baku, remarkable from the fact, that beneath clouds of pitchy and almost impenetrable smoke and cinders, there glow beautiful fires, which ever and anon rise to view, scarcely discoverable to the eye of the traveller. These are among the natural fire-altars of the Persian worship, before which the Tartar devotee religiously bows down. May there not, beneath the crusted coat of sin and shame of the most degraded man on earth, still be latent fires of rectitude smouldering, which the breath of God may kindle into a flame! This conception is elegantly expressed by the celebrated New England Quaker poet:

“As on the White Sea’s charmed shore,
The Parsee sees his holy hill
With dunest smoke-clouds curtained o’er,
Yet knows beneath them evermore
The low, pale fire is quivering still:
So, underneath its clouds of sin,
The heart of man retaineth yet
Gleams of its glorious origin,
And half-quenched stars that never set;
Dim colors of its faded bow,
And early beauty living there;
And o’er its wasted desert bow
Faint breathings of its morning air.
Oh! never yet upon the scroll
Of the sin-stained, but priceless soul,
Hath Heaven inscribed ‘DESPAIR!’
Cast not the clouded gem away,
Quench not the dim but living ray—
My brother man! BEWARE!
With that deep voice which from the skies
Forbade the Patriarch’s sacrifice,
God’s Angel cries—‘FORBEAR!’”

WHITTIER.

See, then, in this transaction, Sinai and Calvary, both in view! See, on the one hand, the Throne of God’s exalted jurisprudence inflexibly arrayed against evil, so that heaven and earth shall pass away, before a single jot or tittle of its sacredness is accommodated to man’s depravity. But see, on the other hand, the milder ministration of the Gospel, resplendent with the radiance of a Deity, who hates sin with a perfect hatred, and yet delights in nothing so much as in its pardon. JESUS CHRIST, the Saviour of the penitent, had already been promised. Cain could not fail to have heard the promise from his father and mother, and from his pious martyr-brother. And now God, “in the midst of wrath is remembering mercy.” He is “not willing that ANY should perish, but that ALL should come to the knowledge of the truth.” The sin of Cain is red, like scarlet; reeking red,

like crimson. But what of that? The blood of Christ can wash it white, like wool; virgin white, like the newly-fallen snow; for it "cleanseth from ALL sin," murder included.

Whether Cain, in after-life, embraced the opportunity for repentance afforded him—whether, by the light he possessed, not altogether dim and uncertain, he afterwards lived and died relying on the covenanted mercies of God, through the sacrificial atonement of the Saviour,—these are passages in his subsequent history, which it has not pleased the Sacred Writers to unfold. All that we are told respecting the unhappy man is, that he subsequently dwelt in the land of Nod, a country to the east of Eden, where he built a city, which he called Enoch, after the name of his first-born. The Jewish historian, JOSEPHUS, upon traditionary authority, of course, gives him a continued evil reputation. He says: "Cain, in his newly-built city, aimed only to procure what was for his own bodily pleasure. By rapine and violence he augmented his household substance with much wealth. His acquaintance he excited to pleasure and spoils by robbery; and altogether he became a great leader of men into wicked and depraved courses."

But, whatever Cain's final destiny—whether he repented or lived on in sin—whether his soul went to heaven or to hell—certain it is, that mercy and forgiveness, through repentance and faith, were as freely and graciously offered to *him*, as to any one of us. And for the proof of this affirmation, we refer, once for all, to THE MARK: In that mark we see symbolized the Mount, on which Moses afterwards stood, and exceedingly feared and quaked, that burned with fire, and blackness, and darkness, and tempest. In that mark, however, we see, likewise, unmistakable foreshadowings of that other and more resplendent Mount, on which stood JESUS, the anointed one of God, the Mediator of the New Covenant, "whose blood speaketh better things than the blood of Abel." Behold the world-wide separation, and yet the close conjunction, between the Law and the Gospel!

If Cain did not turn from his wickedness and live, it was his own fault. He had it in his power to go to Abel. The mark of God

was respected. He survived many years after the murder. He married a wife, reared a family, and built a city, which it required years to accomplish. How was he affected by the mark? Did the withering proof of God's righteous indignation melt his heart, and drive him, with strong crying and tears, to accept the conditions of God's gracious and compassionate waiting? In this lease of life every means and opportunity for repentance were included, and if he failed to embrace them, he killed, not Abel's body only, but was the murderer, likewise, of his own soul.

May the Lord grant every procrastinating, hardened, impenitent sinner, grace to profit by Cain's sorrowful and bitter experience!

GOLDEN PEACE.

TRANSLATED FROM "KANNE'S CHRISTLICHE LIEDER."

BY REV. B. SADTLER.

GOLDEN peace gives to life its light,
Wicked war its most gloomy night.
What brings peace? Pleasures dear.
What brings war? Sorrow's tear.

Golden peace us well doth nourish,
Wicked war makes nothing flourish.
What brings peace? Wine and bread.
What brings war? Need, instead.

Golden peace teacheth us to sing,
Wicked war but our hands to wring.
What brings peace? Joyfulness.
What brings war? Heart's distress.

With purest blessings peace abounds,
With perdition's wails war resounds.
What brings peace? Heaven's frame.
What brings war? Ruin's flame.

Peace builds up—gives the land its bloom.
War tears down—all things doth consume.
What brings peace? Mirth and good.
What brings war? Fire and blood.

From heaven's realm peace descendeth,
Hell to war its fury lendeth.
What is peace? God's own child.
What is war? Sin defiled.

PATIENCE in investigation brings to light many truths that are concealed in error; but impetuosity in thought gleans the evil with the good.



HANS EGEDE, THE FIRST LUTHERAN MISSIONARY, LANDING IN GREENLAND.

HANS EGEDE AND HIS WIFE.

A LIFE-PICTURE FROM MISSIONARY HISTORY.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF WILDENBAHN.)

TRANSLATED BY REV. G. A. WENZEL.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT a year after the occurrences related in our last chapter, Elizabeth entered, at an unusual hour, the study of her husband, whom she found seated at his writing-desk, so absorbed in thought that he did not notice her entrance. At length, however, as her step approached nearer, he started up from his reverie, like one in surprise, turned towards her, and asked, in a voice betraying some alarm, "What do you bring me, Elizabeth? Perhaps one of the children has been taken suddenly ill?"

"Thank God, no!" replied she. "I have come on my own account, because my mind is agitated with very peculiar thoughts; I have for some time past felt so very restless, without knowing exactly why."

"Are you sick?" quickly inquired Egedè.

"No," replied she, "unless this depression of spirits, which has of late possessed me, may be called a disease."

"And why do you only tell me of this now?" said he in a half reproachful man-

ner. "What misfortune has then befallen you?"

"Oh, a great deal," answered she; "and yet I feel almost ashamed to speak of it, for fear you might chide me for it."

And before Egedè could question her further, she added abruptly and in a tone of forced calmness, "It is a long time since you have mentioned anything concerning your project. What think you of it by this time?"

"I am waiting patiently for the Lord," replied he with apparent anxiety.

"Really patiently?" asked she. "Have you, then, done nothing,—nothing whatever in endeavoring to find out the will of the Lord?"

"Nothing further," answered he, "than making it a subject of frequent and fervent prayer."

"And do you mean by this," she continued, "that you asked the Lord to grant your desire by enabling you to carry out your project?"

"Yes, this is my meaning," said Egedè. "I will not deny it, though you should again accuse me of being impatient. I cannot get over the declaration of our Lord, 'Who-soever loveth father or mother, wife or children, more than me, is not worthy of me.'"

"And has he, then, given you no new signs?" asked Elizabeth.

"No; no visible ones," answered he. "But those already given press upon me like a heavy load, and I fear the Lord will condemn me and say, 'Thou hast neither believed my words, nor the works that I have done.' But," he added suddenly, as if a new thought had just then occurred to him, "what is it you really want, Elizabeth? This is the first time that you, of your own accord, have introduced this subject. Elizabeth," he exclaimed with animation, "might not this very circumstance be a new sign from the Lord? Speak, my good wife, and do not keep me any longer in suspense. Perhaps the Lord has made a revelation of his will to you?"

"Oh no," replied she hesitatingly and somewhat disheartened. "I have already told you, my dear husband, that you will chide me when I shall acquaint you with my grievances. Yet there are a great many very unkind people in this town."

"Has any one harmed you, then?" inquired Egedè sympathizingly.

"Alas, yes," answered she. "It seems as if all had conspired against me to embitter my life, and disturb my peace. There is, for instance, our girl, who was at first so very kind and attentive, she has grown careless and neglectful in her work, insulting and impudent in her behavior and language, and appears to be studious only in how she may vex and annoy me. And there is our neighbor, Mrs. Thomson, whose garden, as you know, is only separated from our own by a low, rickety, half-decayed fence,—she has reported all over town that our children were in the habit of soiling her clean linen whilst hanging up to dry, and of pulling off her flowers. Now, it may be that our children, not thinking it any harm, may have crossed over once or twice; but that they are guilty of what she charges them with is not true, for I am quite certain that the children of our neighbor on the other side did it. Besides, our little Paul, who is such a gentle, amiable, and honest boy, that he is altogether incapable of engaging in any mischievous trick, is particularly accused of having pulled a bunch of flowers only yesterday, though I have not permitted the children to enter the garden for three weeks.

And again, my dear husband, you know that I contribute towards the support of the poor to the utmost of my ability. Well, some time ago, old Mr. Dick asked me for a shirt, and old Mrs. Holm wanted me to give her a boy's coat for her son; both requests I was obliged to refuse, because I could not part with little Paul's only coat, and because I had already given so many of your shirts away that you have only four left. And now these people are going about town abusing me, calling me niggardly and hard-hearted, and saying that their former minister's wife was far more charitable than I am. And you know that I often give more than our limited means justify."

To all this, Egedè only smiled and remained silent, when Elizabeth continued with increased animation: "Did I not tell you before that you would only chide me? But do you suppose that I can remain indifferent whilst all this ingratitude, injustice, and calumny is heaped upon me? Is it not wounding to one's feelings to be obliged to submit, day after day, to all this unkind treatment, especially when you feel conscious of never having intentionally wronged any one? But you do not yet know all. You are aware that a society is in existence among the ladies of this congregation, the object of which is to aid the destitute and infirm. Well, whenever I make a motion, Mrs. Wilmson is sure to oppose it, and because this woman has many adherents, and is, in consequence of her more ample means, able to contribute much more liberally than I am, nearly all the rest agree with her, and I must sit there confounded, and as one guilty of having committed some fault. However, I know full well where all this comes from. It comes from the fact of my having, on one occasion, been instrumental in defeating a very injudicious measure, of her proposing, and since that time she dislikes me, and has, through a variety of means, not at all consistent with true Christian charity, succeeded in gaining the greater number of the ladies over to her side, so that I am made to feel like an outcast. I find no longer any pleasure in meeting with them, and have, on this account, more than once thought of withdrawing; but I fear

they will misrepresent my motives by accusing me of wishing to withhold my contribution in aid of the poor. Do not you pity me, dear husband? Before, I felt so happy and contented in this town and congregation, and now it appears to me as if this had ceased to be my home."

Elizabeth here ceased speaking, and looked anxiously at her husband, as if expecting some words of sympathy from him; but as he still persisted in his silence, and only returned her look with a smile, she exclaimed, in a somewhat irritated manner, "John, have you, then, not one word of consolation for me? Or have I in all this so grossly offended that I am only deserving of reproach?"

"By no means, my dear wife," replied the husband. "I will neither accuse nor exculpate you. I regard, in all you have told me, not so much the cause of your grievances, as the consequences that will be likely to flow from them: in short, Elizabeth, how do you weigh all this in the balance of God's word?"

"I do not understand you, dear husband," said she.

"Well, then," continued he, "open once your whole heart to me, for I feel certain you have not told me all. Tell me, Elizabeth, without reservation or concealment, what would you wish to do?"

Elizabeth blushed and remained silent; at length, however, after having been repeatedly urged by her husband, she said, in some dejection, "My happiness, my peace, yes, I may say even my hopes in Vogen, are all blasted. Surely there must be some other little spot where it would be more desirable to live than here?"

"And where might that little spot be?" asked Egedè with a palpitating heart.

Elizabeth was again silent.

When Egedè resumed: "Beloved Elizabeth, suppose that little spot was called Greenland? You look frightened? Yes, I ask you again, suppose these petty annoyances which have here befallen you, were, after all, only a sign from the Lord? Suppose God has taken this method of loosening the cords that bind you so firmly to this particular clod of earth, and to create within

you, first of all, a desire to seek another home? Elizabeth, the ways of the Lord are wonderful. We are often so childlike and childish that our Father must needs deal with us as with children, in order that he may accomplish his ends through us. Under all other circumstances, if a difference of opinion in reference to my missionary enterprise had not already for several years existed between us, I should now say to you: Dear wife, do not permit these petty annoyances to trouble you. There are no roses without thorns, and all things will work for good to them that love the Lord. But, as things now stand, the case is entirely different. You know, Elizabeth, that we have for years been waiting for signs from the Lord to direct us in our future course. Now, as far as I am concerned, He has spoken sufficiently plain; I feel fully persuaded that it is my duty to go to Greenland. But you still hold back, looking for a clearer indication of the Divine will. Might it not, therefore, under these circumstances, be altogether probable that this very dissatisfaction on your part, with our present condition, was designed by an allwise Providence to incline you to think more favorably of going to Greenland?"

"I do not ask you," added Egedè, when he saw Elizabeth silently communing with her own thoughts, "I do not ask you for an immediate answer. Commend your sorrows to God in prayer, that He may give you wisdom and understanding, and to-morrow morning, or the day after, or in two or three days, you may tell me what God has revealed to you. Will you do this?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth hesitatingly, and silently and thoughtfully left the room.

Already, on the following morning, Elizabeth again entered the study of her husband, not hesitatingly and timid, as on the day previous, but cheerfully, and with a countenance radiant with joy. "The Lord has decided," she called out to him. "Join me in thanking the Lord that he has pitied the foolishness of his handmaiden. I have wrestled half the night in fervent prayer with Him, and He has heard me. Yes, the Lord wills it; His name be praised! His will be done! I will accompany you to

Greenland even this very day, if need be. And only to tell you, I learned this very morning by still another sign that your enterprise is acceptable to God. I asked our little Paul whether we should go to live among the heathen in Greenland? When the boy made answer: "Yes, indeed; and I will tell the poor people a great deal about Christ, and teach them to say the Lord's prayer."

"God be praised!" now exclaimed Egedé, and affectionately embraced his wife. "Behold, Elizabeth," he continued, "six long years have I sighed for this hour. And oh, your opposition has often filled my heart with the deepest sorrow, and caused my eyes to overflow with scalding tears. But now, all is well. All my sorrows are forgotten. The Lord bless you, my dearest Elizabeth!"

"Alas!" said now the wife, "will you pardon all my folly and wilfulness? Oh, how blinded I have been; and how have I, in this weighty and sacred cause, hitherto only consulted with flesh and blood. I am not worthy to assist you in this work of love. I feel condemned for having so long resisted the will of God."

"Compose yourself," said Egedé consolingly. "Do you not remember the parable of our Lord concerning the two sons? The father said to the first, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. He answered and said, I will not; but afterward he repented and went. And he came to the second and said likewise. And he answered and said, I go, sir; and went not. Now, did not the first do the will of his father? And are not you like him? Therefore unite with me in rendering thanks to the Lord that he has imparted to both of us a full and clear knowledge of his holy will. The first expression of gratitude which may, in Greenland, ascend from the first redeemed soul, shall be to us the seal of the wisdom and grace of God, who, in the end, doeth all things well."

This quieted and consoled Elizabeth; and from that time forward her only concern was how they might best gain access to the poor Greenlanders.

CHAPTER IV.

On the same day, Hans Egedé informed the Bishops of Bergen and Drontheim that,

as far as he was concerned, all hindrances had now been removed; that he was prepared, at any time, to set out with his family for Greenland, and earnestly prayed that his request might be granted. He was now all impatience to be gone. Delay was almost insupportable; and yet he had the mortification of having the consummation of his hopes deferred for a period of three years from this date.

Both Bishops found greater difficulties in the way than they had at first anticipated; and the Danish and Norwegian merchants met with similar disappointments in the execution of their project. Amidst all these adverse circumstances, it soon became apparent that Egedé, notwithstanding all his burning zeal for the poor heathen, was, nevertheless, subject to human weakness. On a certain day he said to his wife: "Beloved Elizabeth, I am almost ashamed of what I am now about to communicate to you. You know that I have never manifested any inordinate desire in reference to temporal goods; but, on the contrary, esteemed whatever pertains to the wants of the body too lightly. I never doubted but our daily bread would be given to us in Greenland as well as here. That we shall there be deprived of many of our present conveniences, and be obliged to toil with our hands in order to maintain ourselves, I clearly see. But there are six of us. And do you not think it would be tempting God, if we should emigrate to that inhospitable country without first making some provision for our future subsistence? The merchants seem unwilling to hold themselves in any way responsible for it, and the King, to whom our Bishops have already made application, has not yet consented to grant a small annual salary for our support. Now, if I voluntarily, and without being compelled on account of bodily infirmity, resign my situation here, I shall forfeit all claim to a pension; and to expect my congregation to support two ministers, myself in Greenland, and my successor here, is altogether out of the question, and would, to speak candidly, be a very unreasonable expectation on my part. I entertain no fears in regard to myself; but what is to become of you and

the children? And how could I ever forgive myself, if, through me, you should be brought to poverty and want?"

"Hans!" exclaimed his wife in astonishment, "is this really the language of your heart?"

"I have both expected and deserved your reproof," answered Egedè. "But will you blame me for remembering that I am husband and father? Have you—have our children no claim upon me?"

"Yes," said the housewife, "we have that claim which love gives, and takes, and sanctifies. But, my dear husband, although I have for a long time opposed your wishes in this, I have ever kept in mind that a Christian minister's wife and children are like the dogs of which the Canaanite woman in the Gospel speaks—we live of the crumbs that fall from the table at which you have feasted your congregation. First comes your office, then your house."

"But," Egedè objected, "is not my house also a member of my congregation?"

"Most assuredly," replied Elizabeth. "As far as our souls are concerned, we occupy a seat at the same table where others are supplied with the bread of life. The crumbs to which I allude do not refer to spiritual food, but to your time, your energies, and your care. My dear husband, I know you only wish to try me, whether I was sincere when I gave my consent to accompany you to Greenland; and I now tell you, that, as the Lord liveth, I will go with you and our children wherever it shall please Him to call you. Could you but know what joy fills my heart, and how I long to be among those benighted heathen, you would no longer doubt my sincerity."

When the housewife had said this, Egedè replied, deeply moved: "Elizabeth, your faith has condemned me. Your love to the Lord is stronger than mine; for you must know that it was not my intention to try you, having, from that hour in which you consented to unite with me in the service of the Lord, never once doubted your entire willingness to consecrate your soul and body to this service. It is I who am a poor, weak, sinful man and hireling. I permitted myself to be overcome by cares for the wants of the

body. I stand here reproved by the word of God, which says, 'Whosoever putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven.' I am that foolish man who would save his life, and therefore will lose it; I have sought the kingdom of God in eating and drinking, and not in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; I am the apostate Demas, of whom Paul says, 'He has forsaken me, having loved this present world.'"

When Elizabeth saw her husband so deeply affected, and when she noticed that his voice trembled and tears were coursing down his cheeks, she said, "Not so, dear husband, you must not thus reproach yourself. It was only your love and concern for us which, for the time being, overcame you. Be of good cheer, and fear not. He who provides for the little birds, and clothes the flowers, will also supply us with our daily bread. No matter of what else we may be deprived, if only the kingdom of God remains to us."

"Amen!" responded Egedè, and continued in a more cheerful tone: "That you may see that the correction which the Lord has through you administered to me has led me to sincere repentance, I will immediately write to the Board of Missions and inform them that every difficulty has now been removed; I will also prepare and send in my resignation to the Consistory as pastor of this congregation, without demanding a pension. Oh, what joy and peace again fills my soul! Methinks I hear even now the poor Greenlanders giving thanks to the Lord for his goodness in that he is about answering their prayers by sending them the Gospel."

Egedè did according to what he had said, and had the satisfaction of finally seeing his labors crowned with success. The blessing of God had attended his efforts. Opposition was silenced, obstacles and hindrances were removed, the contemplated enterprise resolved upon, and the spring of 1721 appointed as the time of his departure.

The vessel which was to convey him and his family to Bergen, the capital of Norway, whence he was to set sail for Greenland, was already laying at anchor, ready to receive

him. And as the day of his departure approached, the members of his congregation came one by one to his house to bid him farewell; and whilst doing so, many would ask: "Is it, then, really true that you are going to leave us?" Others, among whom were his blood relations, would approach him with tears in their eyes, and insist: "Do not leave us! Remain with us!" These sincere expressions of regret and sorrow on the part of his friends moved him so deeply that he began to waver and grow irresolute. But his wife stood near him, and said, "John, remember the word of our Lord, 'Whosoever loveth father or mother, wife or children, more than me, is not worthy of me.'" After which Egedè would again recover his courage, and feel at peace. He was, however, destined to falter once more.

Just as they had arrived at the wharf, a boat approached for the purpose of landing a number of men, and Egedè had only stepped on the plank by which he intended to cross to the boat, which had arrived to convey him and his family to the vessel on which they were to embark for Greenland, when one of the men accosted him with, "Reverend sir, what are you doing? Where do you intend to go?"

"To Greenland," answered Egedè.

"For God's sake, remain at home!" exclaimed the man. "If you love your life, and do not wish to expose your wife and children to certain destruction, remain where you are. In Greenland, nothing awaits you but death."

Terror-stricken, Egedè looked round upon his wife and children, and asked, "How do you know this?"

"Sir," continued the sailor, "what I have seen is true. We have just returned from Greenland, a country which is inhabited by cannibals. On a certain occasion, as some of our number went on shore, about fifty Greenlanders fell upon, killed, and ate them. Will you give yourself up, with wife and children, to those savages for food?"

When Egedè heard this he became greatly alarmed, withdrew his foot from the plank, clasped his hands, and exclaimed, "O Lord, help me! Be merciful unto me! I cannot expose my children to certain death!"

His friends, who had accompanied him for the purpose of seeing him safely on board, now cried out to him, "That is right, good sir! Remain with us! Do not disdain the warning voice of God; this is a sign from Heaven! You are not to go to Greenland. Remain with us!"

And with this they pressed around him, took hold of his children by their hands, and prepared to return with them to the city, when Elizabeth quickly stepped upon the plank, and having, by this means, gained a position from which she could overlook the assembled crowd, she cried with a loud voice:

"O ye of little faith! why are ye so fearful? You say, this is a sign from Heaven. Yes, I say so too; not, however, to turn us back, but to test our sincerity. Beware of consulting with flesh and blood! John," she called out to her husband, "take courage! If God be for us, who can be against us? Do you not hear the sighs and groans of the heathen in Greenland? Do not the winds of heaven seem to waft them to our ears? Their misery and destitution is great; yes, greater even than we are able to conceive. In the name of Christ, therefore, in the name of the Holy Trinity, I call on you to follow me."

And having said this, she stepped into the boat, whilst Egedè, overwhelmed with shame and confusion, remained standing, and prayed, "O Lord, remember not my sin against me!" After which he took his children, and with them followed his wife into the boat.

"In the name of God, shove off!" Elizabeth called out to the boatmen. And as the boat receded from the shore, all the people wept, and waved a final farewell after the departing. And Egedè, too, wept, and his children wept also. Elizabeth alone stood erect in the boat calm and collected, supporting herself by leaning upon an oar. Her bodily eyes, too, were dim; but the light of faith lighted up and dispelled all gloom within.

Shortly after they had entered the ship, her sails filled with a favorable wind, and they were soon lost sight of by those on shore.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT remains yet to be related of the life of Egedè and that of his faithful wife, belongs more especially to the missionary history of the Christian Church, a short account of which we here present to the Christian reader.

The vessel which contained Egedè and his family, together with a number of his countrymen, who accompanied him with the intention of establishing a colony in Greenland, reached her place of destination, after a very tedious and stormy passage, in safety. After having landed, their first care was to erect a suitable building, for the double purpose of using it as a shelter from the weather, and also as a sort of fort, in the event the savages should exhibit signs of hostility towards them. Various difficulties, however, soon arose. Most of the colonists having joined the expedition only with a view to traffic, were quite indifferent to the conversion of the heathen; and when they saw no prospect that their highwrought expectations to gain wealth were likely soon, if ever, to be realized, some began to give expression to their disappointed feelings by loud murmurings and complaints, whilst others did not hesitate to avow their determination to return to their native land by the first opportunity that might present itself.

Even Egedè found the annoyances, dangers, and hardships which he had to encounter, far more numerous and formidable than he had anticipated. The native language, which, owing to its stiffness, is exceedingly difficult to acquire, caused him immense labor and application. The fact, too, which soon became apparent, that not even a trace of the good effects of the former missionary labors remained, but that the light of the Gospel was gone out, and all had again relapsed into heathen darkness, added greatly to his discouragement, so that he became at times quite disheartened. It was during these seasons of heaviness that he found in his affectionate wife a true and most faithful comforter. She not only made herself familiar with the native language, but soon became the leading mind

of the entire colony. The colonists would frequently apply to her for advice in matters relating both to their private and commercial affairs; and wherever courage, discretion, caution, prudence, firmness, and decision were required, she was their acknowledged head and leader. Amidst all the various difficulties with which they were continually obliged to contend, she was ever ready to advise and act, and exhibited withal the intrepidity and boldness of a hero.

Thus passed the first year, during which time the prospect of carrying on a successful and profitable trade with the Greenlanders seemed even less promising than that of converting them to Christianity. About this time, too, the colony was destined to undergo a severe trial.

Owing to the frigidity and unproductiveness of the country, they were dependent for the means of subsistence upon Denmark and Norway, whence regular supplies had been promised them, it having previously been stipulated that a shipload of provisions and necessaries should annually be despatched to them from either port. This promise, however, upon a faithful performance of which so much depended, appeared to have been forgotten by their countrymen at home. The expected supplies did not arrive at the appointed time. Days and even weeks passed, but no vessel came; their little store of provisions, which they had for some time dealt out in very small portions, became entirely exhausted, and starvation began to stare them in the face. Thus reduced to a condition all but hopeless, the colonists were seized with despair, and began to importune Egedè to return in the vessel which had brought them out, and which had remained at anchor in the harbor for the purpose of taking home the expected product of their traffic. They denounced the enterprise as a wild and unproductive scheme, reminded him of the fact that all their attempts to establish mercantile connection with the Greenlanders had been abortive, that they had experienced nothing but hardships and disappointments, and that his expectations in reference to the evangelization of these savages could also never be realized. They threatened that, should he persist in his de-

termination to remain, they would take refuge in a Dutch ship, then in port, and return without him.

Egedè at this began to waver. The terrible prospect of remaining alone with his wife and four children among a savage people, and eventually seeing them die of hunger, caused his heart to quake. Having once given way to fear, his despondency continued daily to increase, till he was no longer able to resist the importunities of his companions. They consequently began to make preparations to return, packed up their effects, pulled down their houses, and put themselves in readiness to embark.

But Elizabeth was not in the least shaken in her trust in God. When several of the men showed a disposition to raze the house which she and her family occupied, she courageously reprimanded the people, saying: "O ye of little faith! Shame on you! Has God, then, so utterly forsaken you that there is nothing left you but despair? Has the hand of the Almighty become so short that He can no longer save? Know, then, that succor is near at hand. The vessel which is to bring us supplies sailed at the proper time, but has been delayed by contrary winds: have patience only three days longer, and you will see that the Lord our God preserves those who put their trust in Him."

When they heard this, they laughed, and ridiculed her prediction. But Elizabeth opposed herself to them a second time, and said, "Are you men? Are you Christians? Will you permit yourselves to be put to the blush by a weak woman? Will you yourselves be the messengers to carry back to our homes your ignominy and shame? Here are the few crumbs of bread I have saved for my children. Take them, they will not die of hunger till our supplies arrive. Or if you will not do this, go, and tell our countrymen that you have behaved far more cowardly than a poor, weak woman."

These words produced an almost magical effect on the men. They stood there irresolute, not knowing how to act. When Elizabeth perceived this, she stepped out before them, and said, "Whoever claims to be a man and a Christian, let him hold up his

right hand in token of his willingness to abide the third day. But, whoever is a coward, and would show himself worse than the heathen around us, let him make haste and embark. God will be with those among us who remain."

This revived their drooping courage; one hand after another was raised up, until all declared, "Three days we will wait, but not one hour longer."

"The Lord bless you and us!" said Elizabeth, as her countenance became radiant with hope, shining as the light that lighteth in darkness.

And the Lord was merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth. Already, on the morning of the second day, being the 27th of June, 1722, a sail hove in sight on the eastern horizon, and about noon, on the same day, the long and anxiously-expected vessel entered the harbor. In addition to an abundance of provisions and clothing, it brought the agreeable intelligence that the Danish merchants had resolved that the Greenland trade should, notwithstanding its unfavorable aspect, still be continued, even in case the Norwegian merchants should withdraw from it. Egedè especially was cheered with the news that the King of Denmark most cordially approved of the mission, and had declared his determination of henceforth effectually supporting it.

This, of course, put an end to their present troubles. The men now almost regarded Elizabeth as one endowed with the gift of prophecy, and asked her forgiveness on account of their former unmanly conduct and want of faith in God.

Egedè, too, was stimulated to renewed exertion. He made repeated excursions, often accompanied by his faithful wife, into the country, for the purpose of preaching and instructing the people. In this extremely arduous work, which, it is to be regretted, was attended with but few beneficial results, he was engaged for upwards of ten years. At first, great indifference to the Gospel was manifested by the Greenlanders, and it seemed as if they could never be brought within its influence, yet he succeeded by degrees in gathering a very small congregation

of baptized Christians, to whom, it may truly be said, he acted the part of a father, and his wife that of a mother.

But the many privations to which he had been exposed, and the strenuous exertions he had been making in the performance of the duties of his office, had so impaired his health, that he could not much longer continue in his present situation without endangering his life. About this time, too, after it had become fully evident that the erection and trade of the colony had not met with the expected success, a royal mandate was transmitted that the enterprise should be relinquished, and all the people should return home. And thus the mission in Greenland was again in danger of abandonment.

"Perhaps the Lord, after all, wills it not," said Egedè one day to himself, in deep distress. But the little flock whom he had gathered, being apprehensive that he might return home, besought him with tears not to forsake them; and on Elizabeth joining her persuasions with theirs, Egedè consented to remain with his wife and children, whilst his companions returned to their own country.

But it was the will of the Lord that the missionary labors of a man, who by many had been denounced as a fanatic, should meet with signal success; for but a short time after Egedè had been forsaken by the colonists, his heart was rejoiced not only by the arrival of three Moravian missionaries, who had been providentially directed to the work, but also with the welcome intelligence that his prayers had at last prevailed with the Danish government, and that the mission in Greenland was now to be supported by it with renewed vigor and zeal. And thus the faithfulness and perseverance of a man, who had been approved through so many trials, was about to be rewarded.

True, he could not much longer behold with his own eyes the fruits of his labors. He had become much enfeebled both in body and mind; his strength was no longer adequate to the work, and it therefore became necessary that he should return to his own country. But, just as he was engaged in making preparations to that effect, his

faithful wife fell dangerously sick, and being unwilling to take her across the sea in that condition, he determined to remain another year, in the hope that in that time she would either regain her health altogether, or be at least so far recovered as to be removed with safety. But the Lord had decreed otherwise. Elizabeth died on the 21st of December, 1735.

Egedè could not think of leaving her remains in Greenland. He therefore took them with him to Denmark, and had them interred in St. Nicholas' Churchyard in Copenhagen. His son Paul had succeeded him in Greenland. Egedè now took charge of the missionary institute in Copenhagen, which had been erected with the design of preparing laborers for the field in Greenland. Here he remained to the day of his death, which took place on the 5th of November, 1758.

The Danish and Moravian missions have been continued ever since, and the Lord has been pleased to bless their labors to the conversion of many heathen.

THE PURE IN HEART.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—**MATT. 5: 8.**

THE spring of everlasting life is within. There are clear streams gushing up from the depths of the soul, and flowing out to enliven the sphere of outward existence. But like the waters of Siloah, they "go softly." You must listen to catch the silver tones of the little rill as it glides from its mountain home; you may not witness its silent march through the green vale, but its course will be seen in the fresh verdure and the opening flowers; its presence will be known by the forms of life and beauty that gather around it. It is ever thus with the pure. You may not hear the "still small voice" or heed the silent aspiration; but there is a moral influence and a holy power which you will feel. The wilderness is made to smile, flowers of new life and beauty spring up and flourish, while an invisible presence breathes immortal fragrance through the spiritual atmosphere.

THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

BY REV. C. W. SCHAEFFER.

THE Order of the Knights of Malta may be said to have passed, like a meteor, along the face of the world's history. Though it outlived the vicissitudes of seven centuries, yet, so startling was its origin, so brilliant its progress, and in all its essential features, so completely has it died away. That it occupies so obscure a place as it really does, in the records of the nations, has been owing to the narrow limits of its own localities, and to the wider extent and more commanding influence of the empires by which it was overshadowed and surrounded.

The political waves into which the spirit of the Crusades wildly lashed the kingdoms of Europe and Asia, towards the close of the 11th century, met each other in fierce and long confusion within the narrow limits of the Holy Land. If we attempt at all to study the elements of that fearful storm, we must speak of PETER THE HERMIT, the subtle, sharp, austere monk, whose manner of life, in that superstitious age, "won for him the reverence of the saint, and the fame of the prophet." We must mention the LOUIS of France, the RICHARDS and EDWARDS of England, the CONRADS and FREDERICKS of Germany, whose successive armies, as they pressed onward to the war, were compared by eye-witnesses to the sands of the sea, and the stars of heaven. We must speak of the Moslem hero, SALADIN, whose word, as it passed in the day of battle, swayed the movements of eight hundred thousand men; and of his allies and successors, who, fierce as the lions and numberless as the locusts of the East, withstood, for two whole centuries, the dashing waves of European steel.

It is with such scenes that the history of the Knights of Malta is especially connected; and the attention which their achievements claim, has been for the most part engrossed by the more general and imposing exploits of the Crusaders.

Yet, of the benevolence of their origin, of their lofty devotion to what they esteemed an enlightened principle, and of their melancholy tenacity in fettering and curbing the

Moslem power of the East, long after the Western Princes had retired from the field, history has recorded enough to entitle them to some distinction, even in the midst of the illustrious powers amongst which they moved.

From the times of CONSTANTINE THE GREAT, a mistaken religious fervor had impelled thousands of Greek and of Latin Christians to undertake a weary pilgrimage to Jerusalem, that they might obtain remission of their sins at the Saviour's tomb. In the lapse of successive centuries, this fervor, far from being checked, became only the more violent, in consequence of the hardships which the Mohammedan powers of Judea sought to impose upon it. As the end of the first thousand years approached, the impression prevailed that the end of all things was at hand. Pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre, long contemplated, were at last boldly undertaken. "NOW OR NEVER," was the cry; and the ways to Jerusalem, from the remote regions of the West, were thronged with devout fanatics, who expected a reward for their toil in glory and honor at the appearing of the Lord. The hostility of the Greeks, and the oppression of the Mohammedan authorities, however, were such, that the pilgrims from the west of Europe often failed to procure a shelter in Jerusalem. At length some Italian merchants, obtaining by costly gifts the consent of the Kaliph of Egypt, erected a Latin Church within the walls of the Holy City. With this church they connected two hospitals, for the reception of the pilgrims, and placed one of them under the protection of St. JOHN THE ALMONER. Several devoted pilgrims abandoned the idea of ever returning to their native land, and vowed to spend their days in waiting upon the destitute and sickly wanderers, who were continually arriving from the West. The expenses of the establishment were defrayed by alms collected in Italy; and within its walls Latin Christians, without distinction, were promptly sheltered and relieved.

This hospital, thus reared by charity, was the birth-place of that remarkable Order, which, known by the various names of "Knights Hospitaliers," "Knights of St.

John," "Knights of Rhodes," and, last of all, "Knights of Malta," continued for centuries, illustrious for its benevolence to Christians in distress, and its terribleness to Mohammedans in war.

Tolerated by the Saracen rulers of Jerusalem, the Hospital continued, for the space of seventeen years, to prosecute its benevolent mission. After the expiration of that time, a rapid succession of terrible and exciting events soon brought it forth into a prouder and more responsible position. The TURKOMANS, a powerful, barbarous nation, from the wild regions beyond the Caspian, having passed triumphantly through Persia and Mesopotamia, at length sat down with their irresistible hordes around the walls of Jerusalem. The Saracens were driven from the city, the Hospital of St. John was pillaged, and pilgrims from the West, unable to meet the exorbitant tribute demanded by the conquerors, were refused admission into the Holy Sepulchre. (A. D. 1065.)

The news of this disaster stirred up the heart of Europe. At length PETER THE HERMIT, a Western Monk, ends his pious pilgrimage, and standing, weary and way-worn, at the gates of Jerusalem, he knocks for admission, and craves the privilege of discharging his vow. Treated with the personal indignity which the unbelievers delighted to inflict upon the weary pilgrims, he vows upon the spot, "*I will rouse the martial nations of the West; I will recover the holy place!*" Europe was obedient to his call, and he discharged his vow. "This prince of agitators traversed with speed, and with success, the provinces of Italy and of France. With equal confidence, he entered the palace and the cottage. He harangued the multitudes in the church, in the streets, and upon the highways. His ignorance of art and language was compensated by sighs and tears. His ejaculations inspired the passions he felt." In a word, endorsed by the authority of Pope and bishops, his plans succeeded; and the heroic remnants of the mob that had followed him from Europe prevailed in wresting Jerusalem from the Turks, and in the elevation of a Christian Prince over the City of David. (A. D. 1099.)

After the work of death was over, and the

victors had been shocked with the desolation which their own inhuman fury had made, there was an opportunity for the exercise of that kindness which even warriors may feel when the victory is gained, and the din of battle has died away. The Hospital of St. John was crowded with wounded soldiers; and the humane attentions bestowed upon them were loudly and universally extolled. Nobles and gentlemen at once, in the fervor of their zeal, assumed the habit of the Hospitallers. Some, abandoning the expectation of ever returning to Europe, devoted themselves to the same charitable duties; others endowed the institution with lordships and estates; and, in a short time, the Hospital could boast the revenues of vast and valuable manors in Europe, and the personal service of many and distinguished men.

An institution, in the endowment and support of which noble Crusaders thus rivalled each other, could not fail to feel the power of those principles to which the Crusades themselves owed their origin. The hosts that emptied Europe, and rolled in such mighty torrents towards the East, were warriors indeed, but they were swayed by religious fervor. Were they fanatics? They were also fighting men. Knights and squires, on richly caparisoned horses, completely sheathed in gleaming steel, princes and independent chieftains, with banners and armorial bearings, and rushing cohorts, swelling the awful pageantry of war. Religion and chivalry, then, the maintenance of the Cross by the power of the Sword, were the combined elements that prevailed all through those agitated scenes; and when the Hospitallers of Jerusalem have passed through the mould of these two principles, no longer confined to the painful nursing of the sick and wounded, they are arrayed before us as an imposing order of soldier-monks, or military priests, whose vows and profession required them to be equally at home by the couch of the sick and weary pilgrim, or upon the field of battle, where Cross and Crescent met, as they often did, in all the fury of relentless war.

BE just before you are generous.

THE FORCE OF PERSONAL CHARACTER.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

THE expression has become trite, that no man lives without influence. It is equally true that the nature and degree of that influence are determined by personal character. Personal character is the product of a man's own efforts, either in accordance with, or in opposition to, the will of God. In the ordinary incidents, and in the common walks of life, this influence of personal character is not so clearly or strikingly perceived, because it does not encounter great opposition, or because it is not, from the nature of the case, made prominent. Notwithstanding its obscurity, it is not the less real and efficacious. The little coral insect labors unseen and unknown, except by Omniscience, at the bottom of the ocean, and the world above and around is unconscious of the power which adds grain by grain, and cell by cell, to the structure which at length emerges from the ocean, and becomes a reef of rocks on which the mightiest navies are dashed to pieces, or a fertile island the habitation of a Christian nation. When, however, the nature of circumstances is such as to bring prominently before the world, and for its inspection, the actions of a man, then does it become apparent to all who will consider, what power there is in *personal* character.

A good man impresses his character, not only upon a family or nation, but upon a continent and a world. In the days of SAUL, King of Israel, there was a ruddy youth of the tribe of Judah, but little esteemed by his own brethren, and unknown to the nation, but upon whom the eye of Jehovah rested with complacency, because he feared God. Tending his father's sheep, and remote from the din of battle, and the noise of the world, he contemplated and loved the works of God; the lofty mountain, capped with snow and girdled with cedars; the extended plain, glowing with the verdure of spring and blooming with flowers; the gushing fountain; the purling stream; the rushing torrent; the majestic ocean, and the starry heavens, filled his soul with wonder and delight, and he

looked from these creatures of God up to their great Creator, and loved and adored. He drew nigh to God, and God drew nigh to him. He became a man after God's own heart, and God interposed for his deliverance in many instances, from hostile men and ferocious beasts. He is said to have been perfect before God, save in a single instance, on account of which he exercised general penitence and obtained forgiveness. The influence which he exerted upon the tribes of Israel as a man, a personality, independently of his office as king, was wonderful, for good. He was the name or rule by which all the succeeding kings were estimated. They were pious, or not, just as they conformed to or departed from the standard of character which DAVID had exhibited. How often do we find this record concerning the kings of Judah. "His heart was not perfect before the Lord his God, as the heart of David, his father." The following, also, we find, but not so frequently as the former, "And he did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord, as did David, his father."

But, that we may illustrate the value of personal character more fully and conclusively, read what is recorded in 1 Kings 15:4; 2 Chron. 21:7; 1 Kings 11:13 and 36; 2 Kings 8:19; 2 Kings 19:34, 20:6. In these passages, and in others, which need not be cited, it is distinctly stated by God himself, through his prophets, that he does not inflict upon Judah and Jerusalem the punishment which they deserve, for DAVID his servant's sake. Here the personal character of David had power with God, to arrest the calamities which were coming upon a wicked nation and a rebellious city. The same is true of the Apostle PAUL, to whom in the storm (Acts 27:24) God gave the lives of the ship's crew and passengers, though they all had expected death. Surely with such personal characters there is force in the declaration of the apostle that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Turning away from the illustrations furnished by men in official stations in the church, prophets and apostles in ancient times, and reformers in modern times, consider the force of the truth under considera-

tion, as illustrated in the character of WASHINGTON. He was not distinguished as a statesman, or a man of genius and letters. He could not lay claim to any merit as a general, over many who were his subordinates in office. But he could appropriate to himself a *personal* character superior to them all. In single virtues many were his equals, and some, perhaps, his superiors, but in the combination of all the virtues which form a perfect character, Washington transcended them all. This superiority of character is the key to his superior influence, and enabled him to secure for his country, and for the world, blessings, social, civil, and religious, such as no arithmetic is able to calculate. That character is yet exerting its influence for good. Wherever it comes before the mind, it shines forth as a star to guide the way to the virtuous, and a beacon light to warn the ambitious and lawless of the evils which threaten them. Washington has impressed his character upon this continent, and the light of his virtue has been reflected upon the despotisms of Europe. And, although he may have but few imitators, yet the influence of his character, silent but powerful, like thought and feeling, has already prompted many a noble soul to the performance of virtuous deeds, and restrained men in power from the execution of their ambitious schemes. Reader, you can be righteous as was David, zealous in the Master's service as was Paul, and patriotic and disinterested as was Washington. If not placed in the same exalted sphere of action, in a lowlier sphere you can be holy, happy, and useful. God calls you through His Son to a character of holiness, to a life of usefulness, and to an eternity of happiness.

A CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.

HE envied not the pomp and power
Of kings in their triumphant hour,
The deeds that win a lofty name,
The songs that give to bards their fame.
He sighed not for the gold that shines
In Guinea's brooks, in Ophir's mines;
He stood not at the festivals
Of nobles in their gorgeous halls.
He walked on earth as wood-streams pass,
Unseen beneath the freshened grass:—
His were pure thoughts, and humble faith,
A blameless life, and tranquil death.

MARRIAGE.

BY REV. W. M. BAUM.

A LARGE volume might be written, in tracing the *history* of marriage. Taking its rise in Paradise, it has come down to us, modified, on the one hand, by the crude notions and sensual conceptions of Paganism, and, on the other, by the cunning craftiness and misguided enthusiasm of a perverted Christianity.

In striking contrast, we see the debased polygamist, claiming a score of wives, and the stern ascetic, treating them all with a proud contempt and a haughty scorn.

Upon no subject are the views and teachings of the Bible more accordant with the dictates and principles of nature and philosophy, than upon this. The great Author of our being, fully understanding the wants, and necessities, and requirements, of his dependent creatures, wisely ordained this relation, and solemnized its introduction, by his own presence. In the very infancy of our race, we are told "the Lord God said, it is not good that man should be alone." This forever places marriage in the most exalted position, and beyond all doubt, declares it to be the *normal* state of society.

The blessed Saviour presents this relation in the most sacred and holy light, by using it as the well-known illustration of his own intimate and inseparable union with the Church.

This comparison at once unfolds the true nature of Christian marriage, and most beautifully exhibits the separate spheres and reciprocal duties of those thus related. As there is but *one* Redeemer, and but *one* Church, so there dare be but *one* Husband, and but *one* Wife. All history and science attest, that this condition is most conducive to individual happiness, and most productive of the general good. Polygamy is as injurious to society, as it is contrary to nature. It neither accords with the model, presented by the Lord, at the institution of marriage, nor harmonizes with the illustration given by the Saviour, when its Gospel character was revealed to the world.

The union between Christ and the Church,

his bride, is perpetual. Nothing can possibly occur to occasion a separation. No change of dispensation, nor alteration of circumstances, can sever that bond. Whether persecuted and oppressed, or flattered and caressed, it is still the Lamb's bride. Whether few or many, whether militant on earth or triumphant in heaven, the Church knows but one Lord and Head. Thus should it be with those, whose earthly union is portrayed in this relation of the Saviour to his Church. A true Christian marriage is as lasting as life, as sacred as existence. It neither requires nor dreams of a separation. Completely engaged in the contemplation of the great duties it imposes, it fills up every moment of life in their discharge. Fully accordant with this view, are the positive precepts of the Gospel. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." The granting of divorces, whatever the character of the accompanying circumstances may be, at once betrays the imperfections still existing in human nature, and in human society. Parallel with the ease of their attainment, will be the increase of crime, and the destruction of domestic enjoyment. Upon the *permanency* of the marriage tie, is dependent the full realization of marriage blessedness.

How else can the husband be to the wife what Christ is to the Church? Can suffering and sacrifice in her behalf, can delight and enjoyment in her presence, can provision for her necessities and pleasure, can the exercise of proper authority and control, be at all reconciled with a state of divorce? So, too, for the wife to be unto her husband, what the Church is to Christ, demands an abiding relationship, a perpetual union.

The peculiar duties growing out of this relation, have been minutely specified in the apostolic epistles, although it is to be confessed that they are more frequently read than practised. Much of the infidelity of the present day is engaged in the futile attempt to destroy the sacredness of matrimony. Every emotion of patriotism and piety is aroused by the attack. Although no one is positively commanded to enter upon the responsibilities of this sacred relation, yet, when once assumed, both reason

and revelation require their constant and faithful discharge, bestowing as a reward for fidelity, the enjoyment of the most complete happiness to which human nature can attain whilst on earth.

ADAPTATION OF CHRISTIANITY.

SINCE the introduction of Christianity, human nature has made great progress, and society experienced great changes; and in this advanced condition of the world, Christianity, instead of losing its application and importance, is found to be more and more congenial and adapted to man's nature and wants. Men have outgrown the other institutions of that period when Christianity appeared; its philosophy, its modes of warfare, its policy, its public and private economy; but Christianity has never shrunk as Christianity has opened, but has always kept in advance of men's faculties, and unfolded nobler views, in proportion as they have ascended. The highest powers and affections which our nature has developed, find more than adequate objects in this religion. Christianity is indeed peculiarly fitted to the more improved stages of society, to the more delicate sensibilities of refined minds, and especially to that dissatisfaction with the present state, which always grows with the growth of our moral powers and affections. As men advance in civilization they become susceptible of mental sufferings, to which rude ages are strangers; and these Christianity is fitted to assuage. Imagination and intellect become more restless, and Christianity brings them tranquility by the eternal and magnificent truths, the solemn and unbounded prospects, which it unfolds. This fitness of our religion to more advanced stages of society than that in which it was introduced, to wants of human nature not then developed, seems to me very striking. This religion bears the marks of having come from a Being who perfectly understood the human mind, and had power to provide for its progress. This feature of Christianity is of the nature of prophecy. It was an anticipation of future and distant ages.

HEATHEN PROVERBS.

BY REV. DANIEL GARVER.

"The Gentiles, having not the law, are a law unto themselves."—PAUL TO THE ROMANS, 2: 14.

IN the writings of the heathen philosophers, we often find sentiments, which are indeed "apples of gold set in a network of silver." Some of their proverbs will not suffer, even if compared with those of Solomon. They are worthy of being treasured up in the storehouse of memory. They glitter like pearls, even under the bright rays of the "Sun of righteousness." The Christian need not stoop to admire them. The following are from the *Pancheu Trunta* by VISHNOO THURMA, translated by Sir WILLIAM JONES, from the Hindoo.

1. An excellent person presents to a guest a clean seat, water, and sweet words.

2. Death is inevitable. If so, still it is better to die in the pursuit of good, than of evil.

3. For a dependent, who serves another without reward, let life itself be hazarded.

4. Contract no sudden friendship with a new-comer.

5. Danger should be feared when distant. When present, it should be braved.

6. The sight of the eyes is not sight; but he is blessed with vision, who possesses knowledge; the ignorant are the blind.

7. Of all precious things, knowledge is the most valuable. Either riches may be stolen, or diminished by expenditure. But knowledge is immortal, and the greater the expenditure, the greater the increase. It can be shared by none, and it defies the power of the thief.

8. He who is destitute of courage in commencing an undertaking, and of power and diligence in prosecuting it, always says: "The secret will of fate must be accomplished—there is no reversing it." But the man of business says: "Fate always works by instruments; a carriage can never travel with one wheel; the prey never falls into the mouth of the lion!"

9. He who seeks the company of the wise, shall himself become wise; even glass, inserted in gold, resembles a pearl; an insect,

when concealed in a flower, is placed in the head (rather in the hair) as an ornament.

10. The state of the understanding is seen in the attachments a person forms.

11. Truth, contentment, patience, and mercy, belong to great minds.

12. It is impossible to accomplish an object by unfit instruments. In the power of speech, whatever pains may be taken with it, a crow will never equal a parrot.

13. The covetous and dissatisfied have no home. Covetousness produces sin, and sin, death.

14. The good exercise compassion by making the case of others their own.

15. The house of that man is empty, which contains neither an excellent son, nor an excellent friend.

16. A man of excellent qualities is like a flower, which, whether found among weeds, or worn on the head, still preserves its fragrance.

17. It is better to make a vow of silence than to utter falsehoods. Death is better than the love of slander; mendicity than the enjoyment of property obtained by fraud; and sitting alone in a forest than in the company of unreasonable men.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, January 31, 1856.

LIVE THEM DOWN.

BROTHER, art thou poor and lowly,
Toiling, rolling, day by day;
Journeying, painfully and slowly,
On thy dark and desert way?
Pause not—though the proud ones frown!
Shrink not, fear not,—LIVE THEM DOWN!

Though to Vice thou shalt not pander,
Though to Virtue thou shalt kneel,
Yet thou shalt escape not Slander—
Jibe and lie thy soul must feel—
Jest of witling—curse of clown—
Heed not either!—LIVE THEM DOWN?

Hate may wield her scourges horrid,
Malice may thy woes deride;
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead—
Envy's spear may pierce thy side!
Lo! through Cross shall come the Crown!—
Fear not foeman!—LIVE THEM DOWN!

A DEMAGOGUE is like a bell—you hear a roaring noise, but after all neither has anything but a tongue.

IMMENSITY OF CREATION.

“HE who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose our universe;
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns;
What varied beings people every star,
May tell why God has made us as we are.”

POPE.

SOME astronomers have computed that there are no less than 75,000,000 of suns in this universe. The fixed stars are all suns, having, like our sun, numerous planets revolving round them. The Solar System, or that to which we belong, has about thirty planets, primary and secondary, belonging to it. The circular field of space which it occupies is in diameter *three thousand six hundred millions* of miles, and that which it controls much greater. That sun which is nearest neighbor to ours is called Sirius, distant from our sun about twenty-two billions of miles. Now if all the fixed stars are as distant from each other as Sirius is from our sun; or if our solar system be the average magnitude of all the systems of the seventy-five millions of suns, what imagination can grasp the immensity of creation! Every sun of the seventy-five millions, controls a field of space about 10,000,000,000 of miles in diameter. Who can survey a plantation containing seventy-five millions circular fields, each ten billions of miles in diameter! Such, however, is one of the plantations of Him “who has measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance;” he who, “sitting upon the orbit of the earth, stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in.”

A GOOD editor, a competent newspaper publisher, is, like a general or a poet, born—not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers, all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers of travels, have been tried, and nearly all have failed. We

might say all; for, after a display of brilliancy, brief, but grand, they died out, literally. Their resources were exhausted. “I can,” said the late editor of the Times to Moore, “find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense.” The “Thunderers” in the Times, therefore, have, so far as we know, been men of common sense. Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer, and D’Israeli failed; Barnes, Sterling, and Phillips succeeded, and De Lane and Lowe succeed. A good editor seldom writes for his paper—he reads, judges, selects, dictates, directs, alters, and combines; and, to do all this well, he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper another.—*London Daily Post.*

EARLY SEEK AND EARLY FIND.

“I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.”—PROVERBS 8: 17.

COME, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze—
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy’s poor sunbeams tremble in thy ways;
Come, while sweet thought, like summer buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast,
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come, and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown—
Pleasure will fold her wings—and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone!
Those who now love thee, will have passed forever,
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee—
Thou’lt need a balm to heal thy spirit’s fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be!

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing—
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die—
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing,
Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.
Life is but shadows, save a promise given,
That lights the future with a fadeless ray—
Come—touch the sceptre—win a hope in heaven;
Come, turn thy spirit from this world away.

Then will the shadow of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul—
And shining brightly in the forward distance,
Will, of thy patient race, appear the goal,
Home of the weary—where, in peace reposing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
Though o’er the dust the curtained grave is closing,
Who would not, early, choose a lot like this!



Home Circle.

WOMAN.

... "Ere the tongue
 Can utter, or the eye a woe reveal,
 Thy smile is round us like a guardian spell,
 Which nothing scatters, save the tyrant gloom
 Of death; and then, thy unforsaken glance,
 Till the last hue of being fade, from dawn
 To midnight, keeps angelic watch beside
 The ebbing spirit, lighting it to heaven."

R. MONTGOMERY.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene."—JOHN.

THREE Marys stood by the cross, when all of the disciples save John, had forsaken their suffering Lord. They are there like serene and beautiful stars, shining in this darkest midnight of history. The scene illustrates what is most lovely in woman, and is a beautiful symbol of her true position. Her loveliest position is by the cross, in sympathy with the suffering Saviour. It is the light of the cross that has revealed more and more the true dignity of her office, and the excellency of her nature. From that cross she derives her power, and goes forth on her mission of mercy and ministrations of love, from the cradle dream to the sealing of the sepulchre.

It would be well for some modern reformers, to look at this scene—until they see its meaning and moral beauty. They seem not to see how woman can equal man, without

becoming man; or how she can *differ* from him, without being inferior to him. And hence the cry for equality, which has been of late so *excruciatingly* urged upon us. The intellectual power of woman is a matter of fact, not of opinion. Has she yet equalled Homer, or Shakspeare, or Milton, or Raphael, or Descartes, or Newton? Let facts answer. She differs from man not merely in the delicate texture of bodily organization—but this finer physical texture symbolizes and manifests finer issues of spirit.

Woman was designed to move in a different sphere from man. The delicacy of her physical organization—her peculiar sensibilities, and the intuitions of her nature, indicate that sphere with unmistakable certainty. And every woman, conscious of her true dignity, glories in her sphere, as the moon in her orbit. And every attempt to change that sphere, assails, as has been justly said, a great and beautiful law of nature, and makes a demand, which the general sentiment of her own sex will repudiate—I refer to that principle of duality which runs through the universe, dividing every perfect whole into two parts, assigning to each its own appropriate work. It is the duality of day and night, of the leaf and the flower, of the hand and the heart. Thus woman is the counterpart of man. She is

equal to him, not because she has the same work to accomplish, but a work equally great, a work essential to the complete circle of human duty, to the consummation of human destiny.

There is in woman less separation between the moral and mental faculties. Coleridge says: "A woman's head is usually over ears in her heart. It is true, woman has more heart than man. She was made to love. Her crown is in her *heart*, not on her head." This indicates at once her sphere and her pre-eminent greatness.

"What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect!
The intellect is finite, but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.
Compare me with the great men of earth;
What am I? Why a pigmy among giants!
But if thou lovest—mark me! I say lovest!
The greatest of thy sex, excels thee not!"

T. S.

HOME.

BY REV. M. SHEELEIGH.

HOME lends to life a holy light,
And gives to earth an air of gladness;
Bright scenes it renders still more bright,
And e'en illumines those of sadness:
Home's golden beams are happy themes
For blissful dreams and contemplation;
No place below like home we know
To which we owe such estimation.

Dear is the charm of early sights,
All bright with childish dreams and notions;
In distant years the heart delights
To cherish still its first emotions:
A pleasing spell prompts us to dwell
Where long and well love points its finger;
And though we roam o'er ocean foam,
Far, far from home,—our hearts still linger.

The place which heaven, as home assigns,
Is lovely aye in recollection;
The heart around its scenes entwines
A thousand tendrils of affection.
It is the place where oft we trace
Each happy face that smiled before us;
O yes! and there, in praise and prayer,
The holy air of heaven breathed o'er us.

Friendship a gaudy wreath may twine
Of many-colored fragrant flowers,
And labor that the bonds may shine
That link familiar hearts to ours:
But home has bands whose silken strands
The tender hands of *love* have braided;
And flowers are there more sweet and fair,
Than such as e'er for friendship faded.

When of the busy world's wild din
The senses oft grow dull and weary,
Had we no home to enter in,
Oh, then our lot how lone and dreary!
But while on earth, we know the worth
Of home's glad hearth, our hearts are cheerful;
And when we share of pain and care,
We still may wear bright smiles, though tearful.

The joys of home unto our hearts,
Are freely as the sunshine given;
And, like the sunlight, home imparts
The thought of glory and of heaven;
Here, will we pray, that day by day
May pass away in holy pleasure;
And when we move from those we love,
Be then *above* our home and treasure!

THE MARYS ROUND THE CROSS.

THE naturalness and touching simplicity of this by-scene in the Crucifixion authenticates the whole description of the Evangelist as one caught from actual and passing life. Woman appears here in those traits which will always constitute her distinctive excellence and glory; traits which, while they gladden all the walks of life, unfold with peculiar beauty and power in scenes of trial and sorrow, demonstrating that her dominion is the affections, that it is pre-eminently her office to reveal the secret power there is in love. The loveliest phases of her character come out in the deepening shadows of life. With a delicacy and sensitiveness, which, like the Æolian harp, trembles at every breath of air, or the mimosa leaf, which shrinks from the gentlest touch, she yet rises with heroic devotion and fortitude in scenes of calamity and desolation, and yields the sweetest and richest music in the fierceness of the storm. This is seen at the Cross. The eyes of Jesus, dim with death, turn from those faces of scorn and hatred to the looks of those tearful women, to the face of his mother. There he meets with a devotion more eloquent than words, and a love that cannot die. And Mary, the mother—how does the love that bent over the manger brighten even through the darkness that hung round the Mount of Crucifixion. And there, when man was false and cowardly, did woman linger, to mingle the tears of pity with the blood of suffering. There she stood by the dying Saviour; and

went from the Cross to relume the "lamp of her devotion at the door of his sepulchre."

"Last at his Cross, and earliest at his grave."

With this scene before me, I say that woman's peculiar position is near the Cross—her sphere is with the affections, and in those relations which pertain to the affections. Her most potential influence is in the sphere of home. Here she acts in the relations of the *mother*, the *wife*, the *sister*, the *daughter*. To her belong the beautiful offices of love and mercy—in hours of sickness, in homes of pain and penury, in sleepless vigils beside the aged and the couch of the dying. And here she may shine with a royalty as supreme and glorious as any man in the halls of debate, or on the dazzling heights of ambition.

Let it be her highest aim to occupy well this sphere.

"Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews, with fresh flowers, the narrow way of life—
Around her *here*, domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet."

And though she cannot now literally stand by the Cross of Jesus, and mingle her tears with the suffering Saviour, she can go forth to diffuse His spirit in all her social relations, and fulfil her mission of mercy to the poor, the sick, and sorrowful. And thus, abiding in the work of faith and labor of love, she shall see Jesus glorified—she shall be blessed with the smile of his love and approval, even as the Marys of old by the Cross were blessed by his dying gaze.

T. S.

THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

A LITTLE boy, in the Isle of Wight, was deprived, by severe sickness, of the powers of speech and hearing. There were no institutions for the education of the deaf and dumb to which he could have access. But he had the blessing of a loving and pious mother, who daily devoted some time to his instruction. She taught him to write, and early imbued his mind with deep reverence for that great and good Being, who could hear the thought that prayed silently in the heart of a speechless child. The

simple faith that He was near, and would protect him, gave him sweet solace.

One summer's day, a violent thunderstorm arose, and, from cliff to cliff of that wild, romantic region, the peals fearfully reverberated. His sister was greatly alarmed, and at every vivid flash threw her arms around him in terror. Knowing nothing of the uproar of the elements, he understood, by her trembling and tears, that she was greatly troubled, and running to get his little slate, wrote on it, in a bold hand, and held it before her eyes,

"God is everywhere."

THE COMET.

SISTER, what think you? For myself, I thought it was the swaling candle of some tall angel, sent out upon his millennial errand of inspection, through a thousand worlds, to see if gravitation had released a single atom from the smallest satellite in space; if the revolving worlds still kept time, and no jarring note had broken the harmony of their primeval music; to look at the axles of the planets and the poles of systems, if, by chance, they had become friction-worn from measuring off the cycles of eternity; to pass the countersign of God among the heavenly hosts outflung from his throne, and carry mutual and fraternal greetings from system to system, and to leave with each a token of an Eternal Father's love.

Nay, Emilia, gaze not upward in such pensive mood, with eyes roving longingly among the stars, as if the slender fillets of light they shred out upon the cold sky were the golden locks of the star-visitor, melting away in the still, pearly depths of the blue firmament. Grieve not, that one pair of human eyes may see that celestial messenger but once. Its visits, sure, are few and far between, like those of other things of light; but, believe me, sister, it comes and looks upon the green or snow-clad earth as often and as brightly too, as when it was wont to come with the morning stars to look down on Eden. And it will come again, when all the eyes that can look on heaven now have gone out, like fainting stars, and left the rosy

firmament cold and dead, which now glows beneath their merry light. Yes, it will come again; though its message be to other years, and moons and stars shining upon generations yet unborn; and, as at the unrecorded periods of bygone time, they, too, will gaze admiring at this same star-messenger, and sorrow, perhaps, like thee, when his flowing locks disappear in the calm, cold ocean of the sky.

Strain thy eyes no more to follow its sapphire tresses, receding into those serene, mysterious depths, which human eye may not fathom. Come, look at these common stars, that, like angels' eyes, are gazing at thee. See, their twinkling light is filling the firmament with social rays that invite the spirit to their communion.

'Tis a sweet fellowship, sister, to commune with the stars. The first human pair that looked upon these lesser lights communed with them, as with holy eyes looking from above to see that no hurtful breath should come across the Eden of their hearts to taint their innocence.—EXTRACT.

POETICAL CHILD.

POETICAL thoughts and forms of expression are sometimes noticed among the little ones, where there could have been neither prompting nor example. A child who had resided on a farm, among working people, from her birth, was once asked, in crossing a field, what was the cause of a gully that traversed a portion of the grounds, and answered,

"It is the path where the stream used to walk."

Another, who had been accustomed to hear refined conversation, said, on removing from the sea-shore to a rural situation, that "she was sorry to lose the murmur of the waves."

Looking at the stars as they came twinkling one by one through the boughs of the trees, she exclaimed,

"See, there are angels' fingers pointing to us."

THINKS I TO MYSELF.

THE phases and customs of fashionable life perplex the simplicity of the little ones. When to their penchant for telling all is added the solemn injunction of religious training to speak the truth, they are puzzled at discovering that obedience to these promptings is sometimes to offend against politeness.

"How are you, to-day?" said a fashionably dressed lady, on entering the parlor where a very young child was seated alone, busily dressing her doll. Scarcely raising her eyes from the absorbing occupation, she answered,

"Very well, ma'am, I thank you."

"And now, why don't you ask how I am?"

"Because I don't want to know."

A POINT OF SPACE.

THE diameter of the earth's orbit is, as it were, the pocket-rule of the astronomer, with which he measures distances which the mind can no more grasp than infinity. This star-measurer is one hundred and ninety millions of miles in length. This the astronomer lays down on the floor of heaven, and drawing lines from its extremities to the nearest fixed star, or a centre, he finds the angle thus subtended by this base line to be not quite one second. By the simple rule of three he then arrives at the fact that the nearest fixed star is 21,000,000,000.

From another simple calculation it follows, that in the space around our solar system devoid of stars, there is room in one dimension, or in one straight line, for 12,000 solar systems; in two dimensions, or in one plane, there is room for 130 millions of solar systems; and in actual sidereal space of three dimensions, there is room for 1,500,000,000 of solar systems the size of our own.

Nay, good farmer, do not look so unbelievably. Your boy need not graduate from the district school to prove all this. One and a half million million of solar systems, as large as ours, might be set in the space

which divides between it and its nearest neighbor. And if we might assume the aggregate population of our solar system to be 20,000,000,000, then there would be room enough for thirty thousand trillions of human beings to live, love, and labor, in the worlds that might be planted in this same starless void.

Nay, good man of the tow frock, hold on a moment longer. Our sun is but a dull, hazy speck of light in the great milky way; and Dr. Herschell says he discovered fifty thousand just such suns in that highway of worlds, in a space apparently a yard in breadth and six in length. Think of that a moment! and then, that no two of them all are probably nearer each other than twenty

billions of miles; and then, that the starless space between their solar systems might contain 1,500,000,000,000 of similar systems! Multiply these spaces and these systems by a hundred millions, and you will have numbered the worlds that a powerful glass will open to your view from one point of space.

Again, multiply these systems by twenty thousand millions, and you will have three billion trillions of human beings, who might dwell in peace and unity in that point of space which Herschell's glass would disclose to your vision.

And you ask despairingly, What is man? We will tell you what he is in one respect: the Creator of all these worlds is his God.—
EXTRACT.

Biblical Miscellany.

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE.

"Paul . . . unto Philemon . . . and to the church in thy house, grace to you and peace, from God, our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ."

THE expression "church in the house" occurs in several of Paul's Epistles, and designates the little band of disciples that met on the first day of the week, in some private house, for the worship of God. Or the salutation may be regarded as addressed to a family, all of whose members were Christians. For Origen says that when a whole family was converted, the salutation was sent to the church in such a house. And is not such a family, in a subordinate sense, a church? The family was the oldest church, holding its worship before temples were built, or priesthoods formed; and the true temple and the true priesthood, says one, instead of repealing, do but consecrate anew the patriarchal church, and Moses and Jesus both give new power and beauty to the covenant with Abraham and the individual family.

A church in every house—what a blessed realization! But how can this be? You have the answer in the benediction of Paul

upon the household of Philemon, "Grace to you and peace, from God, our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ." Grace and peace! these are the true consecration of the household. Grace, enriching all with God's favor through faith in Christ Jesus; peace, drawing all hearts into unity, and harmonizing all the duties and home relations, by the assimilative power of divine love. The home is Christianized. "The house," says Dr. Bushnell, "having a domestic spirit of grace dwelling in it, becomes the church of childhood, the table and hearth a holy rite, and life an element of saving power." O that such households were multiplied in our land, that the church and home might go together, and unite our nation under the dominion of Christ, as under the empire of civil law." The blessings which flow from the church in the house is eloquently represented by an American writer: "Such a household will have influences and associations peculiar to itself. The sons will be manly and tender; the daughters will be gentle and strong; parents and children, in their mutual affections, shall bring out the finer harmonies of human life, that show God's goodness, even

more deeply than the chants of the Psalmist's choirs. As changes come, and the years pass, treasured remembrances shall fill the home with images sacred as the tablets and pictures of ancient chapels, and hopes more living than monumental marble can record in solemn churchyards, shall proclaim the resurrection and the life over the dead; and they who die of that family, wherever they close their eyes, will have in the cherished ministrations of that church in the house, the mightiest of all proofs of the eternal home. The house made with hands opens into the eternal spheres, and its own life repeats Christ's assurance of heavenly mansions. It will have a ministry seen, and a ministry unseen—one seen in gentle charities, the other known by unseen influences.

“ Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from those lips of air.”

T. S.

THE BIBLE.

IT is the text-book of God, given to humanity, with precepts apportioned to every age, to every condition, to every grade of human advancement. It had a lesson reduced to the comprehension of the unweaned intellect of Adam, embodying an element of improvement and progress. It had another, in the geometrical series, for Noah, and Abraham, and Moses, and David, and Daniel, and for the first-born, for “the least in the kingdom of heaven,” for the lowliest peasant that listened to the teachings of the Son of God, or was commissioned to carry them to the end of the world. It had another lesson, embodying the aggregate wisdom of all the lessons taught or learned in the precious annals of mankind, super-added to that which, in the language of our Saviour, made the least in his kingdom of grace greater than Solomon or Daniel. The era of the Gospel constituted an era in the history of humanity, a point in its steady progression, where its subsequent advancement was to be accelerated by the intense ratio of geometrical graduation. Absorbing all the indistinct and glimmering rays

of previous revelation, it arose, in the murky firmament of the moral world, a sun, which has never set, never will set, never reach its meridian, but which has shone on brighter and brighter from the hour that its morning beams saluted the lowly birthplace of its eternal Author, to this favored day of its diffusive light. If then, by constitutional necessity, the human mind has been and must ever be in a state of progression; and if the genius of the Gospel not only conforms, but most intensely conduces to that state—how then, can any minister of that Gospel, or any one walking by its light, living by its precepts, and breathing its spirit—how can such an one, I ask, stand in the same footprints that he occupied last year? But, above all, how can he stand in the same position with regard to any moral question as that taken by some remote predecessor of a former age? With the increasing light of God's word shining around his path of duty, must he go back into the starlight of the past for precedents, or traditional customs, to direct his course, and enlighten his conviction? When called, as you are, to act in view of a new condition of society, and of new duties resulting therefrom, may he not lay his hand upon his Bible, and say, “A greater than Solomon, or Daniel, or Luther, or Melancthon, or Mather is here?” In declining to make their example the rule of his conduct with regard to moral questions growing out of a new state of things, does he impeach their wisdom and piety? Certainly not, any more than we question the learning and indefatigable industry of Hipparchus, Ptolemy, and Tycho Brahe, when we even sweep away the basis of their theories.—*Burritt.*

“HUSKS,” IN THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL.

THE word “husks” is an unfortunate translation of the Greek term for which it is employed. The word so rendered signifies “little horns,” with reference to the extended and slightly curved shape of the pods of the fruit of the carob tree, that fruit being the article of food which the prodigal

is represented as having eaten. The carob tree is found not only in Egypt and Syria, but in Greece, and other parts of Southern Europe. It is a large tree, with thick foliage, and wide-spreading branches. I saw it growing on the Mount of Olives, and elsewhere around Jerusalem. The fruit is a leguminous product, resembling the pod of our locust tree, but much larger. It has a sweetish pulp when tender, but soon becomes dry and hard, with small seeds, which rattle in the pods when shaken. It emits a slight odor when first gathered, offensive to those whom use has not accustomed to it. The poorer class of people employ it as food in the countries where it is produced. I was told at Smyrna that it is in great request in some of the Greek Islands, as a nutritious article for fattening swine. It constituted a part of the provender (unless it was a very similar product), with which our camels were fed in travelling through the desert. I saw great quantities of this fruit exposed for sale in the market at Smyrna. Some specimens which I brought away with me averaged six and eight inches in length, though they are said to be often eight or ten inches long. It is not meant in the parable that the prodigal resorted to food absolutely fit only for swine, but that he who had been brought up in wealth and luxury, was reduced to such want as to be obliged to subsist on the meanest fare.—*Hackett.*

THE DEATH OF JUDAS.

AS we pass the rocky heights of Hinnom, we are reminded of the miserable end of the traitor. Matthew states (27 : 5) that Judas, after having brought his money and thrown it down in the Temple, went and hanged himself. Luke states (Acts 1 : 18) that he "purchased a field with the reward of iniquity, and, falling headlong, burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out." We have no certain knowledge as to the mode in which we are to combine the two statements, so as to connect the act of suicide with what happened to the body. Interpreters have suggested that Judas may have hung himself on a

tree near a precipice over the Valley of Hinnom, and that the limb or rope breaking, he fell to the bottom, and was dashed to pieces by the fall. For myself, I felt, as I stood in this Valley, and looked up to the rocky terraces which hang over it, that the proposed explanation was a perfectly natural one. I was more than ever satisfied with it. I measured the precipitous, almost perpendicular, walls, in different places, and found the height to be, variously, forty thirty-six, thirty-three, thirty, and twenty-five feet. Olive trees still grow quite near the edge of these rocks, and, no doubt, in former times they were still more numerous in the same place. A rocky pavement exists, also, at the bottom of the precipices; and hence, on that account, too, a person who should fall from above would be liable to be crushed and mangled, as well as killed. The traitor may have struck, in his fall, upon some pointed rock, which entered the body and caused "his bowels to gush out." The *Aeldama*, or field of blood, which was purchased with his money, tradition has placed on the Hill of Evil Counsel. It may have been in that quarter, at least; for it belonged originally to a potter (Matthew 27 : 7), and argillaceous clay is still found in the neighborhood. A workman in a pottery which I visited at Jerusalem, said that all their clay was obtained from the hill over the Valley of Hinnom. Supposing Judas to have fallen into the Valley, as suggested above, we need not understand Luke as saying, in Acts 1 : 19, that "the field of blood" was situated there; but simply that the field which the priests purchased with his money for the burial of strangers, wherever it was, was called *Aeldama*, because the fact of the traitor's bloody end was so notorious. Matthew (27 : 7) mentions another reason for the appellation, which was, that the money paid for the field was "the price of blood;" not a different, but concurrent reason, showing that the ill-omened name could be used with a double emphasis. As we turn our eyes again to Mount Zion, on the other side, we see a field of grain, nearly ripe, in one place, and a team of oxen ploughing in another. It is on a part of the hill which must have been

within the limits of the ancient city. The sight presents to us a literal fulfilment of the prophet's words: "Zion shall be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps" (Micah 3: 12).—*Hackett.*

THE LOST TRIBES.

SOME years ago the Palestine Jews sent a deputation into the interior of Africa, to ascertain the truth of a report that the lost tribes had been found there. I inquired of the Rabbi respecting the result of the expedition. He replied, that it was unsuccessful; that some of the party died on the way, and those who went farthest, and lived to return, heard of nothing to justify the

report in question. "He did not himself," he said, "believe that the lost tribes existed in Africa; and though persuaded that they have kept themselves distinct from other nations, could not say that he had any fixed opinion as to the place of their abode."

I asked him how long the Jews were accustomed to receive instruction from their Rabbis—at what age they ceased to be regarded as pupils. "The relation," he said, "never ceases; unless they themselves become teachers, they continue to attend the school, and rank as disciples." This custom throws light upon the common, and, no doubt, correct opinion, that the Apostle Paul was a pupil of Gamaliel at the time of his conversion, and long after he had arrived at the age of manhood.—*Selected.*

Church Intelligence.

FOREIGN.—In 1555, on September the 23d, the first agreement was entered into between the political powers of the German Empire and between the Evangelical Lutheran Church, in Germany. This agreement is known in the historical records as the "*Augsburgische Religions Friede.*" Before the stipulations of this "peace on account of religion" were made, the Lutheran Church was regarded as a lawless body, having no political rights. The Emperor, Charles V, was waging war against the Lutheran princes, and countries, and cities, and it seemed that with his mighty arm he might easily strike down his weak antagonists. But "the race is not always to the swift, neither is the battle to the strong." The Lord from on High humiliated the revengeful Emperor. Moritz, Duke of Saxony, had, for a time, sided with the Catholics and the Emperor in religious matters. But his eyes were opened in regard to the ultimate tendencies of the Emperor, who sought to crush out all liberty in Germany. Without giving any warning, he at once marched with his troops against Charles V, who was compelled to seek his own personal safety in flight. The consequence of this "table-turning" was, that the TREATY OF PASSAU was concluded as a preliminary peace, and, a few years afterwards, the above-named peace was brought about. This peace, though by no means giving to the Lutherans all the points desirable for them, was, under the circumstances, a great blessing.

The recurrence of the date of that peace, after three hundred years, has been celebrated in a great many congregations in Lutheran Germany. The churches were decorated, the children and the old went in solemn procession to the houses of worship, where sermons, in thankful remembrance of the blessings of God, and of his kind care over the Church of our fathers, were delivered. W. J. M.

CALLS ACCEPTED.—The Lutheran Church at Lower Merion, Montgomery County (Pa.), since the resignation of Brother W. D. ROEDEL, has been vacant, although the congregation, meanwhile, has been acceptably supplied by Prof. HAVERSTICK, who has kindly preached every Sabbath. We are happy to learn, however, that the congregation have now secured a permanent pastor, by the election of Brother T. T. TITUS, late of Cumberland County. May God bless the relation to both pastor and people!

The Lutheran Congregation at Tarleton (Ohio), late in charge of Brother IMHOFF, has extended a call to Rev. J. K. KAST, late of Minersville, Schuylkill County (Pa.), and Brother Kast has accepted the call. We invoke the favor of Heaven, likewise, upon this connection, and trust it may be found to be reciprocally fortunate.

We learn from the Evangelical Lutheran that the Rev. S. YINGLING, late of Jersey Shore, Lycoming County (Pa.), has received a call

to the pastorate of the Lutheran Church at Palmyra, Lebanon County, and it is believed the call will be accepted. H.

RESIGNATION.—We regret to learn that our esteemed brother, Rev. F. W. BRAUNS, has been obliged to relinquish his charge at Dansville (N. Y.), on account of ill health. He has returned to his former residence, Baltimore.

CHURCH EXTENSION.—At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Lutheran Church Extension Society, held in the Pastor's study of St. Matthew's Church (Philadelphia), on Saturday evening, February 2, 1856, MARTIN BUEHLER in the chair, A. T. CHUR, Secretary; on motion, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, By Article I. of the Constitution of the Church Extension Society, adopted at Frederick (Md.), in the month of May, 1853, it is declared, that the object of said Society is to "assist poor and destitute Lutheran Congregations in *obtaining* houses of public worship." And *whereas*, Article IV. provides, that "aid shall be extended *ONLY* to *such* congregations"—Therefore,

Resolved, That the Executive Committee feel themselves bound, by the above organic law of the Society, to *decline* all applications for assistance to congregations, whose churches were erected *prior* to the organization of the Society.

The applications for loans were then read and classified in the order of time they were received, and \$2400, in sums varying from three to five hundred dollars, were loaned to the most needy congregations, applying for the same, in the West. The names of the congregations and amounts will be published to

the Church, as soon as the necessary legal papers are completed. The Corresponding Secretary was, furthermore, requested to open a correspondence with the Lutheran Churches in Texas, Iowa, &c., to ascertain their *present* condition, as considerable time has elapsed since their applications were sent in.

At a subsequent meeting, held in the same place, a week later, February 9, it was

Resolved, That those Synods and Churches, who, having made collections for the Church Extension Society, have seen proper to retain the funds in *their own* hands, be referred to that article in the Constitution which makes it obligatory to send them, as soon as collected, to the *proper* Treasurer.

Resolved, That in view of the fact that the Executive Committee have begun the work of assisting needy congregations, having already loaned \$2400, such Synods and Churches be earnestly requested to forward the funds, so collected, to the *ONLY* Treasurer recognized by the Constitution, Mr. William M. Heyl, No. 21 Franklin Street (Philadelphia), as required by the Constitution of the Society.

Resolved, As the unanimous opinion of this Committee, that the withholding of the funds, above referred to, has not only, thus far, proved highly prejudicial to the cause of Church Extension, but will, if persisted in, prove an insuperable barrier to its final success.

Resolved, That those congregations who have thus far wholly *neglected* to take up *any* collection for this purpose whatever, be again reminded of their duty, in this respect, by circular.

MARTIN BUEHLER, *Chairman*.

A. T. CHUR, *Secretary*.

Editorial Miscellany.

FORCE OF PERSONAL CHARACTER.—We commend to the attentive perusal of our readers the excellent article, under the above caption, in the present No. of the *Home Journal*. In connection with it we have but a single regret, which is, that the author has seen fit to withhold the sanction of his name; which would have imparted to his views, so happily and truthfully expressed, additional influence. We know, indeed, of no more efficient and eloquent persuasion to religion, which one being can address to another, than the beauty of a virtuous and well-ordered *life*. All the world over, an ounce of example is worth more than a ton of *mere* precept. In a pious and well-spent life, redolent of lofty aspirations and noble deeds, there is an energy of moral

suasion, which speaks more eloquently of God and duty, than the tongues of men and angels. Precept, command, entreaty, and warning, are very proper. But, disjoined from a *living* loyalty to the logic they inspire, they are as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." In attracting the world to moral goodness, the highest efforts of genius and intellect are not half so influential, as is the silent majesty of a sober, godly, and righteous life—nor are silver and gold, houses and lands, half so precious an inheritance for parents to bequeath to children, as are memories, perfumed by the aroma of a blameless life, undimmed by associations of sorrow and shame.

In proof of this, our learned friend adduces, with striking appositeness, three illustrious ex-

amples, viz., those of David and Paul from sacred, and that of Washington, from profane, history. To these we would add, as likewise pre-eminently illustrative of the power of moral goodness, the example of our blessed Lord. If there be any *one* fact of our holy Christianity, to which, more than the rest, it owes the hold it possesses upon the heart of the Believer, what is it? Is it the precepts, the parables, the miracles, or what else? We aver, that the religion of Christ owes more of its moral power to the *life* of its Divine Author, than to all the other persuasives it possesses. It is not in the fact, that the Saviour "spoke as never man spake," but that he *lived* as never man lived, that we see the crowning glory of His religion. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more, to regenerate the world, and bring in an everlasting righteousness, than all other instrumentalities combined. Among the "Evidences" of Christianity, to our mind, it ranks above precepts, parables, miracles, and all.

H.

HANS EGEDE AND HIS WIFE.—We give, in the present No. of the Home Journal, the conclusion of this truly edifying and instructive narrative, translated from the German of WILDENHAHN, by Rev. G. A. WENZEL, of this city. If the former chapters possessed a thrilling interest, those now furnished are even more entitled to this commendation. The incidents narrated, be it remembered, too, are not poetic fictions, but *facts*, drawn from *real* life, and related in a graphic and entertaining style. We have rarely read a history which has so continuously, from first to last, enchained our attention, and we trust not one of our readers will fail to peruse it. The alternate lights and shadows, strong and weak points of the human heart, are most truthfully delineated, and cannot fail to command the interest of our readers. We consider this narrative *alone* worth the price of a year's subscription to the Journal. Brother WENZEL, we are gratified to add, has other translations in contemplation, which will be equally valuable and instructive.

H.

THANKS.—We are under many obligations to our active and generous friend, Mr. J. G. L. SHINDEL, of Selinsgrove (Pa.), for a very formidable list of new subscribers to the Home Journal, and cash accompanying, with the promise of an additional list in the future. Among the laymen of the Lutheran Church, Brother SHINDEL occupies a deservedly high position, for the zeal and activity he displays in all our benevolent enterprises.

Our acknowledgments are due, also, to several ladies belonging to Brother BORN'S church, at Sunbury (Pa.), for a gratifying ac-

cession to our list. When the ladies take such an interest in the Home Journal, it must succeed.

We owe thanks, likewise, to Brother D. GARVER for the flattering list of subscribers sent us from his new home in Davenport (Iowa). We shall spare no pains to render the Journal worthy the extensive patronage it is receiving. H.

EDITORIAL CHANGE.—REV. VICTOR L. CONRAD, editor of the *Evangelical Lutheran*, published at Springfield, (Ohio), announces his intention of withdrawing from the editorship of that paper, as soon as a successor is secured. We shall very much miss the able and vigorous pen of Brother Conrad, and sincerely regret that circumstances seem to have made his withdrawal necessary. May he not long be without a field of labor, in which his rare capacity for usefulness will be continued to the Church.

H.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.—We have on file several able and interesting contributions, but have been obliged, for want of room, to postpone them to the April number. Among them are: "Jesus and the Blind Man at Jericho," by Rev. C. W. SCHAEFFER, and "Religion Essential to Happiness, Evidenced from the Soul's Immortality," by Rev. LUTHER E. ALBERT. We owe many thanks to our contributors for their kind favors.

H.

NORWEGIAN MOVEMENT.—A small body of Norwegian ministers, in Wisconsin and Illinois, who have stood aloof from the Synod of Northern Illinois, met some time ago at Spring Prairie (Wis.), as a Conference, and resolved to establish a Norwegian Lutheran Seminary, to educate ministers for their people in the West. Pastor RASMUSSEN was elected Professor. It is proposed also to establish a printing office, as soon as their means will enable them to do so. The proposed Seminary, we believe, is to operate from a high symbolic stand-point.

A SUNDAY NEWSPAPER DISCONTINUED.—The *Union*, well known as the organ of the administration at Washington, we are gratified to state, has discontinued the issue of that journal, which has heretofore appeared on *Sunday* morning. The editors, in announcing the fact, say, they found it to be the custom of the establishment, when they took charge of it, to date the paper issued at the close of the week, on the morning of Sunday, but that hereafter the practice will be discontinued. No labor is performed in that office on the Christian Sabbath. We hail this as an auspicious sign in a high quarter, which will not be without its influence over the land. "Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy." H.

THE
Lutheran Home Journal.

APRIL, 1856.

JESUS AND THE BLIND MAN AT
JERICHO.

BY REV. C. W. SCHAEFFER.

IT is worthy of remark, that the place in which this miracle occurred, had been the scene of a wonderful event, distinguished in the Old Testament History; we mean the taking of Jericho, by JOSHUA, the son of Nun.

Without any stretch of fancy, we think we can see several points of resemblance between the two; as for example, they were both preceded by a certain shout or cry to the Lord; again, that cry was repeated, persisted in, as though it were meant to be heard; and still further, both works were performed by the same Divine power.

In many miracles of our Lord, we can observe a similar correspondence to other mighty works, that had been done through the agency of holy Prophets in the former times. But the palm of glory always rests with the Saviour. Did Moses once stretch out his hand over the sea, so that at that mysterious signal the waters were divided, opening up a passage for the escape of afflicted and persecuted saints? JESUS spake to another sea, when the storms had lashed it into a fury of agitation, when seafaring men themselves expected every moment to perish, and the angry sea was at once obedient to His word, and there was a great calm. MOSES stood at the Red Sea in the capacity of a servant, and executed the will of another. JESUS

looked out upon the Sea of Galilee, with godlike serenity, and spoke with the authority of the Sovereign Lord. ISAIAH once, by an external application, saved the life of a dying king, so that his days were prolonged for fifteen years. JESUS, without any external application, by a mere word, by a mere effort of His will, raised up the centurion's servant, and gave him back again to his believing master. Was ELIJAH the agent in restoring the widow's son, so that, having obtained from heaven an answer to his prayer, he could take the child, and carry him down out of his little chamber, and deliver him to his mother, and say to her: "Lo! thy son liveth!" JESUS, not as the agent of another, but as himself, the great, the mighty worker, could go to the grave of his friend, and say to the dead man, "Lazarus, come forth," and lo, he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot, with grave-clothes.

So it would seem, that whatever mighty works have been done by the prophets of former times, either upon the powers of nature, or in the sphere of the family relations, it remained for the Saviour, in his day, to do greater works than these, so as to show, that all power upon the earth was His.

Now we may observe the same in regard to the history of Jericho. For about fifteen hundred years that place had been famous, in the memories and the records of the nation, for the wonderful event that had occurred when JOSHUA was the leader of the

people. For all that time, the region had never witnessed any thing to exceed, nor even to come up to that grand event, by which, in the midst of the soundings of trumpets, and the shoutings of the people, the city, with all its wealth and defences, had been wholly delivered into Israel's hand. For fifteen centuries, that memorable shout, and that sudden ruin of the walls, had prevailed as the incomparable glory of the place.

But at length a greater than JOSHUA appeared, and it was proper that in the course of his journeyings he should come once, at least, into the scene of JOSHUA's illustrious triumph, and then show to an admiring world, that as he had been greater than MOSES upon the sea, and more skilful than ISAAH in the sick chamber, and mightier than ELIJAH among the dead, so he could move on with a nobler bearing, and a more victorious mien, than even the son of Nun himself, at Jericho.

Each of these works is great in itself. But what comparison can there be between the two? We were inclined to answer, None whatever. The one was the overthrow of dull and sluggish matter, the ruin of walls of stone, built only by the hand of man; the other was the saving of an immortal soul. "Thy faith hath saved thee," and immediately the poor man "received his sight and followed Jesus, glorifying God." The last is incomparably the greatest. Who would not rather save a soul, and see it added to the Lord, than capture a city with the ruin of all its defences? The one was a work of war—the outpouring of Divine wrath upon a guilty land, that had filled up the measure of its iniquity. The other was a work of mercy—at once, the pouring in of the light of day, upon two blind eyes, and the constraining of a heart, that had all along lamented its own loneliness, to unite with all the good on earth, and all the saints above, in the joyful song of glory, and of praise to God. O, we would far rather look upon the blind man, than gaze upon the ruined walls. And whenever we go to Jericho, and undertake to call up the sacred memories of the place, though we shall not fail to say, "Along here passed the armed men, and

behind them the Priests with the trumpets, and there, following hard after them, came the Ark of the Covenant, and there the whole host stood still, when the last great shout went up, and when the mighty walls came down,"—yet, even then, we can afford to turn with a deeper interest towards some other point, and say: "Along here, trod the feet of the Son of Man. Here it was that he stood still until the BLIND MAN was brought to him. This is the spot, where his eyes caught their first rapturous sight of this blessed world, and where his heart, unawed by the strange multitude around him, burst forth, as the leader of all the people there, in singing the song of praise to God."

And now we see, how plainly the truth stands out before us, that the Lord Jesus, when he has only one anxious, seeking soul to deal with, can produce such effects, as shall far outshine, utterly eclipse, all the mighty deeds by which the heroes and the glorious sons of earth are wont to be distinguished.

Wherever such a soul may dwell, we have no doubt at all about the great result. For, Jesus is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever;" and he is as able and as willing to distinguish the abode of that soul, by a mighty work of grace upon it, as he was, by the healing of the blind man, to cast a brighter glory over all the regions of Jericho, than it had ever derived from the warlike achievement of Joshua.

REPUTATION AFTER DEATH.—It is very singular, says Hawthorn, how the fact of a man's death often gives to people a truer idea of his character, whether for good or evil, than they have ever possessed while he was living and acting among them. Death is so genuine a fact that it excludes falsehood, or betrays its emptiness; it is a touchstone that proves the gold, and dishonors the baser metal. Could the departed, whoever he may be, return in a week after his decease, he would almost invariably find himself at a higher or a lower point than he had formerly occupied, in the scale of public appreciation.

GODLINESS with contentment is great gain.

RELIGION ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL TO HAPPINESS.

AS EVIDENCED FROM THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

BY REV. LUTHER E. ALBERT.

IS religion happiness? Were we simply to rely upon Scripture testimony, we would receive an immediate affirmative answer. But what are the teachings of reason, as to the power of religion to confer happiness upon the soul, drawn from the nature of the soul itself? Does it not plainly teach, that the soul can only be truly happy when religion occupies its thoughts and affections? What is the nature of the soul? Is it, like its companion, the body, perishable, or is it imperishable? Reason, as well as revelation, says it cannot be perishable. It must, therefore, be imperishable. Reflect upon your own being, and will not your meditations, if properly conducted, lead to conclusions like the following. "When I contemplate myself, I find that I am composed of mind and matter, of body and spirit. My body I know is perishable, for earth is dotted with the graves of millions whose eyes once sparkled with life like mine, whose countenances were once as flushed with health, whose forms once stood as erect in the pride and beauty of strength and activity. I feel that a law is written upon my members which tells me, in language not to be mistaken, that they must decay and perish. I know, that, sooner or later, this body must be laid in the grave, and moulder there, until it shall mingle with the dust of earth. But what of that spirit, so different from the body, and yet so intimately connected with it? Will it, too, perish? A consciousness of immortality springs up within me, and *I feel*, that though, as to my body, I am perishable, yet, as to my soul, I am imperishable. I cannot believe, that when my body, crushed as to its powers, becomes the victim of death, my soul will also cease to exist, and my whole being be extinct. No, a conviction irresistibly forces itself upon me, that my soul, though for a season dependent upon the body, is still independent of it, and can and will live without it.

I have seen the body mangled by acci-

dent, the limbs amputated until scarcely aught but the trunk remained, and yet the *mind* was unimpaired. And can I, with such evidences, believe that, when the body perishes, the soul necessarily perishes with it? For if the soul is dependent upon the body, why does not that soul, as limb after limb of the body is removed, dwindle away, until it has lost in power, what would be an equal proportion to the loss of the substance of the body? I have stood by the side of the dying, and have seen the great and talented of earth pass away. I have observed the sunken eye, the fallen cheek, the wasted frame, but I did not witness the same decay of mind and loss of intellect? Nay, the reverse. I have witnessed the body rapidly sink under disease, and yet the mind grow more luminous and clear, the nearer disease has approached its termination. How can I, then, believe, that when death finally crushes the body, the mind must also be crushed with it?

I have thrown myself wearied upon my bed to rest, and soon quietness came over me. Slumber locked my senses; motionless lay my body. Every pulse, however, was beating. And yet that body rested in a state of unconsciousness. But the mind did not rest. That was not locked in slumber. Thought still dwelt within it, and occupied its faculties. Away, over hill and dale it roamed, trod many a town and village, conversed with familiar friends, as if waking, instead of sleeping hours, were its possession. And can I believe, that mind, whose powers of thought the sleeping body cannot check, which, then, clearly, has a separate existence, will have those powers arrested and that existence destroyed, when the body sleeps the sleep of death?

Again, I have seen the student pant and struggle after knowledge. The morning sun found him at his labors. The evening stars and midnight lamp witnessed his untiring industry and zeal. I have seen him scan the sky, pierce the earth, and dive into ocean's depths—and gather gems, and treasure them up in his storehouse of memory. Year after year I have seen him add fresh acquisitions to his stock of learning and knowledge. Yet, when I supposed that

knowledge of every kind was his, and that his mind was *now* satisfied with the acquisitions it had made, I heard him thus give vent to the dissatisfied feelings of his heart: "I have long since passed the meridian of my life, and all has been given to *one* pursuit. After knowledge I have thirsted, and to gratify these longings, has been the unwearied labor of years. And yet, what have I accomplished? I feel like one standing upon ocean's shores, who has gathered only here and there a pebble, while myriads of pearls of rarest value lie untouched before me. I long to be in their possession, but life is drawing to a close, and I must die. Would that my life were longer, and that with powers ever fresh and vigorous, I could explore the whole ocean of *Truth*, and gem my brow with its radiant beauties!" Can I believe, then, hearing the burden of such a soul, that that soul will never have its aspirings satisfied? Why has it been gifted with such powers, and why is such an ocean of Truth scattered in its boundlessness and magnificence around it, unless it be, that, fully developed in another world, it will grasp and comprehend, what it cannot grasp nor comprehend nor fully enjoy on earth? Oh! when I weigh what reason teaches, I cannot but believe, that my soul, in all respects, is immeasurably superior to my body, and will *not* perish, but live on, and live forever.

As a Christian Believer, however, I have still clearer proofs of the Immortality of the Soul. I go to the Bible, and upon every page of the Revelation given by JESUS CHRIST, I hear the voice of God proclaiming "Life and Immortality." There, with the light of eternity dawning around me, I learn that my body may and must die, and slumber on for ages in the dust, but that my soul has a tenure of existence co-extensive with eternity. And, what a thought! All else must perish. The sun shall expire in darkness. The moon, and the stars, and the planets shall be shrouded in blackness. The solid earth shall be turned into nothingness. But *I*, a being of time, 'tis true, but also of eternity, can never, never be annihilated. Surviving the wreck of matter, I shall see heaven and earth pass away, but myself

imperishable. Century upon century shall roll their rounds. Age upon age shall glide on. And when years, equal in number to the drops that compose the mighty ocean, multiplied by the sands which constitute the hills and mountains, multiplied again by the blades of grass waving upon every green spot, and multiplied again by the leaves trembling upon every plant and tree, shall have been buried in the past, my being will only have commenced!

And what will enable me to endure this eternity of existence? What will so occupy my soul, that its length will not be noticed, in view of the happiness it will confer? Will not the study of God enable the soul to endure the existence of eternity, and, thus occupied, will it not be so enraptured with its occupation, that nought but existence itself will be realized, whilst the *length* of its duration will be forgotten? What constituted the employment and delight of angels in eternity, ere this world sprang into being, ere the starry heavens arched the globe in beauty? In what did the angels engage, as time, unmarked by months and years, winged its flight in Jehovah's presence? Was not their employment to do the will of their Maker, to study His being and character, and in these employments did they not experience the highest conceivable enjoyment? What else *could* have employed their powers, as in the ages before the world was created, they encircled the throne of God and beheld His glory? Must not the eternal existence of their Maker, the Omnipotence which summoned themselves into being, the holiness which veiled heaven with its immaculate purity, and every other attribute of the Godhead, have given to their powers unceasing employment, and to their faculties unbounded happiness? Oh! what infinite delight angels and archangels must experience, when, with hearts burning with love to God, they dwell upon His perfections, and receive with every repeated effort fresh accessions to their store of knowledge! Out of God, even they can derive no happiness; and when numbers turned to another source for enjoyment, the consequence was, banishment from heaven, and suffering in hell!

What constituted the employment and

delight of our first parents, in the garden of Eden? Was it not the same? Was not the study of God, his being and character, to *them*, too, a source of the sweetest, purest pleasure? Every flower that filled the air with fragrance, every tree that waved its fruit and foliage, every bird that carolled its notes of gladness, every blade of grass that carpeted the earth with verdure, every running stream that flashed its waters in the sunshine, every animal that moved in majesty before them, spake of God, of the perfection of his character, and of the variety and wonderfulness of his attributes. God to them was everywhere, in the blue sky above, and in the green earth beneath. And loving God, as they did, must not their souls have been transported with happiness, as on every side, they witnessed the proof of His power, wisdom, and love? Doth it not appear evident, then, that what constituted the principal employment and delight of angels in eternity, and of our first parents in Eden, before the fall, must still constitute the principal employment of the soul, *now*, in order that it may be truly contented and happy?

If my soul shall survive the universal wreck of matter, how is it possible for it to find contentment in that, which, in comparison, is only dross and insignificance? No; unless the soul be brought back from sin and restlessness, and the holy calm which pervaded it before the fall be again breathed into it, it seeks in vain for happiness, in anything which earth can offer. For a season we may interest it in that which is perishable. But, unless its powers are *unceasingly* employed, which from the nature of the case with earthly objects is impossible, it will inevitably be filled with an insupportable wearisomeness.

We propound the question again, then, what else, save God, can satisfy the immortal soul? Can WEALTH? How many thousands to whom gold is the chief object of life's labor; and yet, when in its possession, are they contented? I heard one of earth's sons, upon whom fortune had profusely lavished her treasures, relate how he had tested its power to impart enjoyment, and what was his confession on the subject: "I

made me great works: I builded me houses: I planted me vineyards: I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits: I made me pools of waters, to water therewith the wood, that bringeth forth trees: I gat me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle, above all that were in Jerusalem before me: I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces: I gat me men singers, and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem; also my wisdom remained with me. And whatsoever mine eyes desired, I kept not from them. I withheld not my heart from any joy. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do; and, behold, ALL WAS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT." Again I heard that same man speak of religion: "HAPPY the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand honor and riches. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and *happy* is every one that retaineth her."

But if wealth cannot satisfy the immortal soul, may not FAME? I have seen one of earth's heroes at the head of a victorious army. At his approach proud cities fell, and beauteous vales were drenched in blood. No barrier could stay his progress. Walls crumbled before his mighty power, opposing armies were scattered by him, like the leaves of the forest to the autumn winds. Deserts pathless as the ocean, burning with the hottest noontide heats, were traversed by him. Rivers, rolling in solemn grandeur, were crossed by him, as meadow streams by childhood. The WORLD'S CONQUEROR he became. But, alas! when fame had no

other garland to weave around his brow, in the spirit of discontent, he sat down and *wept*, because there were no other worlds to conquer.

And, if wealth nor fame can satisfy the soul, can earthly PLEASURE? Summon before you the world's poet, and ask him :

"Who drank every cup of joy,
Drank early, deeply drank,
Drank draughts that common millions
Might have quenched; then died
Of thirst, because there was not more to drink."

In his own glowing language, a BYRON makes reply:

"And dost thou ask, what secret wo
I bear, corroding joy and youth;
And wilt thou vainly seek to know,
A pang even thou must fail to soothe?"

"It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor low ambition's honor lost;
That bids me loath my present state,
And fly from all I prized the most:
It is that weariness which springs
From all I meet, or hear, or see.

"It is that settled, ceaseless gloom,
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore,
That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before;
What exile from himself can flee?
To zones though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life, the demon thought.

"Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
With many a retrospection curs'd,
And all my solace is to know,
Whate'er betides I've known the worst.
What is that worst? Nay, do not ask;
In pity, from the search forbear;
Smile on, nor venture to unmask
Man's HEART, and view the *hell* that's *there*."

Should not these multiplied examples suffice to warn us of the folly of endeavoring to *satisfy* the soul with objects of sense and time? And yet each one, who has not made the experiment, fondly hopes, that where *others* have *failed*, HE will certainly *succeed*. And why this mad pursuit of earthly things, when both reason and experience attest, that away from God the soul knows no satisfying rest, no abiding happiness? It is because sin darkens and deceives. How great the necessity, then, for the removal of this blindness, for until removed, religion is never sought, the heart is never renovated, the soul is never saved. God's Spirit alone can cure this blindness, but oh! how sad to think, that man madly

drives God's Spirit from him, and voluntarily shrouds himself in darkness. Oh, how necessary, then, to pause, and reflect, and then arise, and call upon God to give him light, that he may see and live. And when light is given, how needful to walk in the same. Then will we not fail to be blessed in time, and thrice blessed in eternity. Only when we look upon God as our Father, when we have no will adverse to His, when JESUS is *felt* to be our Saviour, and the Holy Spirit our Comforter, can we certainly realize that "*Religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace.*"

RELIGION IN PALACES.

"Because thine heart was tender, and thou didst humble thyself before God, I have even heard *thee*, also, saith the Lord."—2 CHRONICLES, 34: 27.

IT is related that when the Duke of Kent was expressing concern about the state of his soul in the prospect of death, his physician endeavored to soothe his mind by referring to his high station, and his honorable conduct in the distinguished situation in which Providence had placed him—and that the Duke stopped him short by saying, "No; remember *if I am to be saved, it is not as a PRINCE, but as a SINNER.*" On asking his physician if he were accustomed to pray, the latter replied, "Please your royal highness, I hope I say my prayers; but shall I bring a Prayer-book?"—"No," was the answer; "what I mean is, that if you are accustomed to pray for yourself, you could pray for me in my present situation." The doctor then asked if he should call the Duchess. "Do," said the Prince. The Duchess came and offered up a most affecting prayer in behalf of her beloved husband. "Not *many* wise men after the flesh, not *many* mighty, not *many* noble are called." "How *hardly*," says He who cannot err, "shall they that have *riches* enter into the kingdom of Heaven—with *men* this is impossible, but with God all things are possible." The Countess of Huntingdon used to say, she was thankful for the letter M in the word "*many*" in the passage above quoted; if that had been left out, she should have been excluded from Heaven.

A FROZEN RIVER AND THE MISSISSIPPI BRIDGE.

BY REV. DANIEL GARVER.

WHEN the Prophet Isaiah speaks of the peace of the righteous man being like a river, he never dreamed of a frozen Mississippi—a stream, on whose bosom the army of Xerxes might march without fear. The river the seer had in view was the Jordan, which the “Father of Waters” would swallow, and exhibit no signs that the little fellow had been “taken in.” An ice-bound river would not hold good in the Prophet’s comparison, for it forms some most unholy alliances, and makes a way for the thief to escape. Just think of it. The Frost King has married Iowa, with all its anti-liquor proclivities, to “grog-bruising” Illinois! As well might you harness together a reindeer and a swine. But we have the consolation, that soon the bright “King of Day” will dissolve the iniquitous union, and the old giant will awake from his sleep, and burst, like burnt tow, the bands with which he is now bound, tearing and foaming at the outrage that has been committed. Then also the great “Father” will gently set his beautiful daughter Iowa to his right hand, and turn contemptuously his dissipated son Illinois to the left.

Whilst he is quietly and innocently hibernating, the cunning of man is stretching an instrument across the sleeping giant, to break which he will rage and run against in vain. After having demanded and received tribute for thousands of years, the old man is now to be outwitted by Yankee shrewdness, and laughed to scorn by the puffing son of a tea-pot,

“As he draws his huge trains along.”

The railroad bridge over the Mississippi will be a noble achievement in architecture. A few years ago, men hardly dreamed of such a scheme, and now this astounding monument of human skill has already almost been reared. Soon vast trains will come from the golden regions of sunset, rolling eastward, unimpeded in their progress by the mighty river. I think I shall express the good will of the world in the following sentiment:

The Mississippi Bridge: Success to its projectors, and long life to its builders.

The bridge is built at the foot of the so-called Upper Rapids, and is divided into two parts by Rock Island, thus named from the rocky strata on which it lies. This island, for the beauty of its scenery, can scarcely be surpassed. It is three miles long, and averages about a quarter of a mile in width. It still belongs to the government (excepting one quarter section), and will at any time bring \$500,000 into Uncle Sam’s pocket. On the lower end stand the remains of Fort Armstrong, now abandoned. The river here flows almost directly west, the main channel being north of the island. The bridge over this part consists of five spans of 250 feet each, the draw-bridge in the centre, of 240 feet, making 1,490 feet. The other branch is less than half as large. The whole will doubtless be completed in the month of April. In fact, it now wants only one span and the draw-bridge. The huge draw-bridge pier is a wonder of itself, and it seems as though nothing short of an earthquake could move it. This railroad is designed to run to the Pacific shore, and is now completed to Iowa City. Over this bridge the cars will run about twenty feet above high water.

THE POWER OF MONEY.

MONEY with more than tutelary power, protects its votaries from insults and oppression. It silences the enraged accuser, and snatches the sword from the hands of justice. Towns and cities, like Jericho, without any miracle, have fallen flat before it. It has stopped the mouths of cannon, and more surprising still, of faction and murder. It has drawn a sort of glory around the globose and opaque skulls of mercenary magistrates; and strange, passing strange, to say, it has made youth and beauty fly to the arms of age and impotence. It gives charms to deformity and detestation; transforms Hymen into Mammon, and the god of love into a satyr. It has built bridges without foundations, formed libraries without books, hospitals without endowments, and churches without benefices. It has turned conscience into an atheist, honor into a pimp, and honesty into a stock-jobber. There is nothing wonderful it has not effected—*except making men wise, virtuous, and happy.*

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS."

BY REV. J. K. PLITT.

WHAT a beautiful sentiment! How universally is it embalmed in Christian hearts! How sweetly expressive of the nobler feelings which dwell in the breast of the child of God! It was originally uttered by a good man, but under very different circumstances from those which it would seem itself to imply. The man of Uz is not, here, as we would most naturally suppose, so enraptured with his contemplations of the heavenly world, so full of the spirit of joyful anticipations, so happy in realizing by faith a fulfilment of the divine promises, that he counts his earthly life as nothing compared with the heavenly, and has no desire on this account to linger longer in the flesh. His speaking here is not evidence of the grace of God dwelling in his heart, not an exemplification of that sweetness of temper which should ever pervade all the feelings and utterances of the Christian; but it is rather a humiliating picture of his indwelling corruption, breaking forth and marring his character, and showing us how easily, under the working of evil influences, we may stray from the path of rectitude.

JOB would not live *always*—and why? Because he was weary of his afflictions, and desired to be released from them. God had laid a heavy hand upon him, and had crushed him to the earth with sorrows. The spirit of the sufferer is utterly overwhelmed; his flesh sinks beneath the weight of his woes; his friends who come to sympathize with him appear to him cold and unfeeling in the contemplation of his pitiable case; and they so reason and philosophize about it as to inflame the passions of the memorable sufferer, and provoke an outbursting of unjustifiable impatience. It is under the impulse of this restless and simple spirit, that he wishes to die. He loathes his life. He would not live *always*. He asks how he can help complaining in the bitterness of his soul. He even strays so far from Christian integrity, as to remonstrate in a most irreverent way with God for afflicting him. "Am I a sea, or a whale, that thou settest a watch over me? When I say, my bed shall com-

fort me, my couch shall ease my complaint, then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions, so that my soul chooseth strangling and death rather than my life. I loathe it; I would not live *always*."

It would be utterly vain to attempt to justify the spirit which is here manifested. Job had no right thus bitterly to complain against his Maker. Afterwards he is made to see the error of his way, and humbly and penitently to seek the divine forgiveness. His character, obscured and marred under affliction, shines out at last in charming colors. He is the friend of God. Whilst his errors and failings were great, the fear and love of Jehovah, notwithstanding, are proved to have a dwelling-place in his heart.

But, apart from the circumstances under which it was spoken, and forgetful of the spirit which dictated it, how beautiful is the sentiment contained in the words: "I would not live *always*!" How aptly and truthfully the feelings of the Christian heart are expressed by it! How endeared are all the associations connected with it in the Christian's mind! Who, who would live *always* here on earth, when he comprehends life in its nobler aspects, as set forth in the sacred word, with the beams of God's love and mercy shedding a holy radiance upon it, and filling it with hallowed and unspeakable joys?

The Christian would not live *always* in this world; he cherishes no such desire, because he knows that its realization is impossible. "Death has passed upon *all* men, for that all have sinned." But it is not *because* there is an unalterable necessity that every man die after the manner of the flesh,—not because he *cannot*, that he *would not* live *always*. He naturally loves life, just as other men; and if he had not some higher hope than this world gives him, it would be hard for him to submit to the necessity of his nature. He desires not to live *always* on earth, because here the nobler aspirations of his soul can never be satisfied. He has, indeed, inestimable blessings in Christ Jesus, his Lord, in the communion of saints here below; his soul is, indeed, glad in the sal-

vation of God, and in all the benefits which the Gospel brings him in this world; but he longs to be released from the cumbering weight of his mortal body; he longs to see eye to eye in Zion; his spirit longs to linger about the hill of immortality, and catch the music of the heavenly choir; his soul longs to revel in the fulness of joy, which is in God's presence, and in the everlasting pleasures which are at his right hand. The cravings of his immortal nature can *then* only be filled. There is a nobler impulse than the *necessity* that he must die, that constrains him to look with joyful anticipations to the close of his earthly pilgrimage. He would not live alway, because the eye of faith opens out before him a world of unseen and unspeakable blessing, which God has prepared for them that love him,—a better life, with which that of this world is not worthy to be compared.

Again, the Christian would not live alway, not because he is anxious *solely* to be released from present sorrows and trials. This was, indeed, the case with Job. He became impatient under the rod, and desired to die, because he thought God's appointments too heavy for him. But he was influenced by improper feelings: the flesh sadly got dominion over the spirit; and he had occasion bitterly to regret his conduct. The Christian ought not thus to err. The New Testament teaches him, that God educates his children for heaven in the school of affliction,—that the application of the chastening rod is but the evidence of a Father's care and love, and that, though this be grievous for the flesh to bear, the peaceable fruit of righteousness will be the happy result to those who are properly exercised by their chastisements. Had Job fully understood these purposes and uses of affliction, we may easily suppose he would not so vehemently have declaimed against God, when the rod was laid upon him.

Murmuring under the appointments of God's Providence is, in no case, to be justified. To wish to die, merely to be relieved from physical suffering, is wrong. It is distrust of God. It reflects upon his wisdom. It shows a want of unwavering confidence in his promises of mercy, and in his almighty

power to bring his children safely out of the furnace of affliction. But, how prone is the flesh to cry out against God! How difficult is it, when raging disease consumes the energies, or when the severe appliances of the healing art make the flesh to smart and quiver, to free the mind from the thought that God appoints more than we can bear! It requires watchfulness and prayer to keep down the rising emotion, the impatient complaint. But the Christian who remembers what he has learned at the foot of the cross; who looks up and contemplates the example of suffering the case of the holy Redeemer furnishes; who thinks of the wise and merciful purposes God has in view in afflicting him, cannot complain, even when the gloomy cloud lowers heavily upon him, and the dark waters flow over his soul. He knows that the most that is appointed to him is far short of his deserts; that, whatever the number and severity of his trials, he has richly merited them all, by his numerous transgressions. He would not, even were it possible, fly from his earthly trials and sufferings. He knows that they are intended for good. He is willing to bear them just so long as an infinitely wise God sees fit to continue them. Though his flesh fail him; though his physical energies sink under the pressure of his burdens; though neither in himself, nor in others, who attend upon him with kindly ministrations, he can find the relief which would be grateful to his soul, yet he ever finds the grace of God sufficient for him, even in the most trying emergency. The Spirit of all consolation whispers soothing words in his ears, and breathes unearthly influences upon his agitated heart. The teachings of God's blessed truth are enough to sustain him, and calm his troubled spirit. He does not wish to die, merely that he may be released from present suffering.

And yet, willing as he is to abide by the allotments of a wise Providence, the Christian is *glad*, when the voice from heaven calls him away, and bids him mount up to his dwelling-place in the skies. It is enough when his Master in heaven indicates to him, that his schooling for immortality is finished. Rejoiced to leave his cumbrous clay, because

the divine purposes have been accomplished in him, he bids farewell to all the sorrows which have weighed him down,—weighed him down in body but to lift him up in soul, if he has suffered in the enjoyment of the sanctifying influences of heavenly grace.

Again, the Christian would not live alway; he desires not to die, merely that he may rise from the spiritual joys of earth to those which are higher and purer. These things, indeed, hold out a view that may well captivate his soul and woo him heavenward. He will hail their fruition with ecstasy of joy, when his Maker bids him enter upon them. Still he is perfectly willing to await God's time. He is anxious first to do the work assigned him on earth. He patiently looks forward to its completion, and in *that* to the filling up of his happiness in a realization of the divine promises. His sentiments are beautifully expressed in such passages as these: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." "It is good that man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God." "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better. Nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful for you; and having this confidence, I know that I shall abide and continue with you all, for your furtherance and joy of faith." The feelings and conduct of the Christian are shaped by a realizing sense of our Saviour's prayer, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

The great object of the Gospel, is to subdue the perverse human will, and subordinate it to that of God. And when a man has arrived at a practical understanding of this submission, he is neither anxious to live, or to die. He intrusts the whole matter to God, who is its rightful regulator, and comforts himself with the assurance that He will dispose it wisely. He wishes not to escape the sorrows and sufferings of life, or to reach the joys of heaven, sooner or later, than it pleases God. He gratefully acquiesces in the Divine appointment, whatever it may be.

Again, when the Christian feels that his appointed time to die has come, he has no desire to remain on earth. When he con-

siders how sin abounds here, how he must continually feel, more or less, its blighting influences; how much it interferes with his spiritual enjoyments, and hinders his intimate communion with God, he would not live alway. He understands that this is not his home; that he is but "a stranger and pilgrim on earth;" that he belongs to a family whose residence is in heaven; that his is "a title to mansions in the skies." The man of the world may labor, and prosper, and surround himself with all the comforts of earthly life. *He* may build his houses and barns, and "enlarge the place of his habitation." *He* may desire to live on uninterruptedly here, and may pass year after year, as though he expected to realize his desire; but not so the Christian. The former lives and loves as though earth were all that is worth his affections and labors. The latter ever bears about with him a sense of being unfixed, unsettled, until he shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of his Father. It would make him sad to think that the holy aspirations of his soul, kindled by the blessed spirit, should find no loftier reality to fill them, than this poor world. Earth is not sufficient for the immortal spirit. The Christian has therefore no wish to live alway here. He can wait God's time to call him away, which he knows will certainly come. But destitute of a knowledge of release, or even harassed with doubts about it, he would be crushed in the noblest aspirings of his immortal nature,—his highest spiritual joys would be bitterly dregged. But God will not let him wander here on these low grounds of sin alway. He will take him up higher. He will lead him into more pleasant pastures, and beside more peaceful waters. He will crown the high-born aspirations of his nature with blessed fruition. O! happy they whom God takes home as dear children, relieves of all their earthly wants and sorrows, and introduces to the ennobling pleasures of heaven! They see the unveiled glories of the upper world. They hear the sweet music that swells forth from the celestial choirs, and unite their own voice in their exultant strains. They know the ecstasy of the redeemed. Their souls

are satisfied with the riches of salvation in which they rejoice as they cease not to say:
 "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

"Who, who would live alway, away from his God!
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns."

WEEP NOT FOR HER.

BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE.

WEEP not for her! Her span was like the sky,
 Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and
 bright:

Like flowers, that know not what it is to die;
 Like long-linked, shadeless mouths of polar light;
 Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
 While echo answers from the flowery brake:
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! She died in early youth,
 Ere hope had lost its rich romantic hues;
 When human bosoms seemed the homes of truth,
 And earth still gleamed with beauty's radiant dews.
 Her summer prime waned not to days that freeze;
 Her wine of life was run not to the lees;
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! By fleet or slow decay,
 It never grieved, her bosom's core to mark
 The playmates of her childhood wear away,
 Her prospects wither, or her hopes grow dark;
 Translated by her God; with spirit shriven,
 She passed, as 'twere in smiles, from earth to heaven.
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! It was not hers to feel
 The miseries that corrode amassing years,
 'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
 To wander sad down age's vale of tears,
 As whirl the withered leaves from friendship's tree,
 And on earth's wintry world alone to be:
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! She is an angel now,
 And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise;
 All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
 Sin, sorrow, suffering, banished from her eyes;
 Victorious over death, to her appear
 The vista'd joys of heaven's eternal year:
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! Her memory is the shrine
 Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
 Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
 Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
 Rich as the rainbow, with its hues of light,
 Pure as the moonshine of an autumn's night!
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! There is no cause for woe;
 But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
 Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below,
 And from earth's low defilements keep thee back;
 So, when a few fleet severing years have flown,
 She'll meet thee at Heaven's gate, and lead thee on!
 Weep not for her!

THE SABBATH.

BY REV. W. H. LUCKENBACH,

PASTOR OF THE LUTHERAN CHURCH AT LOCKPORT,
 NIAGARA COUNTY, N. Y.

IF a high degree of veneration for any one portion of the septenary fragments of time be regarded superstitious, we gladly submit to the charge, because of our ardent attachment to the anciently-called "*Lord's Day*," but in the heathenish nomenclature of these later times called "*Sun-day*." Blot this day from the calendar of the Christian, and you would commit an act of cruelty equal to that of the incendiary who should burn to the ground the caravansera of the East, appointed for the rest of the weary men and beasts travelling over its arid deserts—aye, it would be a deed of turpitude equal to the Goth and Vandal violence, that would cut down the verdure and fill up the wells of the oases, where the toilworn caravan rests, after suffering the privations and hunger of a painful week's travel. The Sabbath is an oasis on the great Sahara of life. The fifty-two of the year are like a chain of green islands dotting the sea, upon whose tempestuous billows we are pursuing our voyage through the world. We scarcely lose sight of one rearward, before another springs up in the perspective. The waving foliage of the last scarcely recedes from our vision, before our little vessel is greeted with the view of another before it. In the language of another, they are "the *ports* that fringe the sea of human industry, in which the distressed bark may find a sure anchorage, and where it may renew its outfit for time and eternity."

LONGFELLOW beautifully terms the Sabbath, "the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week." All the week would doubtless be at loose ends, like so many half-stitched leaves, had we not such a binding as the Sabbath to hold it together. St. Augustine calls it: "The *Queen* of days." The Jews named it: "The *Desire* of days." The vocabulary of any language, however, is too meagre to supply names and phrases fully descriptive of its hallowed rest and consecrated enjoyment. To be correctly appreciated, these must be *experi-*

mentally known. Names, at best, are but abstract things. Shakspeare says:

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."

Although the designation "*Sabbath*" was not given to the twenty-four hours of the one hundred and sixty-eight which constitute the weekly division of time, *accidentally*, it must be confessed, even Christians themselves do not always fully realize its applicable meaning. The day, to us, is not in the *name*, but in the *manner* in which we use it—so that whether it be Quakerishly called, "*First day*," Heathenishly, "*Sunday*," Jewishly, "*Sabbath*," or more Christianlike, "*Lord's Day*," makes no material difference. Unless we personally embrace and spiritually enjoy its blessings and privileges, by whatever name we designate it, it will be to us a day of no more consequence than any other, except to increase our condemnation.

But to the soul of him who rightly prizes it, the Sabbath is what the anodyne of the physician is to the patient racked with burning and distracting fever. It is a relief to the excitement of the week's toil and turmoil. It cools the ardor of worldly agitation, and increases the zest of spiritual enjoyment. At its approach, we apply the "breaks" to the train of life, and "switch" it off, to rest and wait awhile upon a "sideling." As dangerous as a train of cars under full headway would be, with no breaks to arrest their course, so fraught with peril would be our career, if there were no still and quiet Sabbaths to impede our daring and foolhardy *rush* through the world. We would run on, and on, and on, until we were either suddenly brought to a stand by some unforeseen contingency, or until our energies became gradually expended, and from sheer *self-exhaustion* we could proceed no further!

Erase this day from life's calendar, and life itself to each of us would be, like a limner's sketch, unfinished. The outline would need filling up, to make it attractive. Or, it would resemble a picture composed entirely of *dark* shades, without a single bright color to please the eye, or afford a cheerful contrast. A moral winter would brood over

the souls of men. The sun of religious prosperity would sink in the horizon, and whatever good and holy affections are found in man would need a forced or hot-house method of development. The brain employed on authorship, from over-taxation, would become half-crazed, and in lieu of sober and dispassionate disquisition, we would have the lucubrations of men bordering on insanity—as was said of Rousseau's writings, "the effect of madness." The muscles of the mechanic and laborer, like the over-drawn strings of an instrument, would either snap asunder, or injuriously relax. The stalwart frame of the farmer would prematurely wear out, and men of all professions, from the wear and tear of excessive toil, morally, mentally, and physically, would be reduced to mere skeleton proportions.

We love the Sabbath because of its calm and holy *quietness*. Its sweet and gentle stillness, its soft and lovely tranquillity, steal in upon the heart as imperceptibly as dew-drops are distilled on the summer plants, and the refreshment is the same. This feature of the Sabbath assimilates it, in our contemplation, to that solemn and peaceful hour, when the shadows of departing life lengthen, and the fluttering soul, like a bird weary of flying, gradually folds its wings, and settles down in the grave. We hush the creaking machinery of our worldly business. We rein and tie up our tramping horses and rattling vehicles. We close up and fasten our stores and offices, so crowded during the week. We lay aside the hammer, the saw, the plane, the pen, and the plough. We extinguish the fires of the furnace and the forge, and stop the clatter of the loom and the thumping of the anvil. We clear our streets of their busy, chattering, troublesome masses, our stores of their talkative customers, and our homes of their inquisitive visitors, and we say to them, virtually, "*This day I wish to be left to myself.*" And yet, after all, it is but comparatively a small per-cent. of quietness which we enjoy on the Sabbath, compared with the amount of noise, and bustle, and confusion, of the week. But it is a moiety we would by no means lose. The very fact that it is but a

seventh part of our time, makes it all the more precious.

But the Sabbath has so many delights to enshrine it in our affections, that time would fail, and space forbid, to enumerate them all. One we will, however, yet mention. We love it, above all, *because of its TYPICAL character*. Like an index-board, it points to its ante-typical rest *in the future*. It is a light-house erected upon the promontories of the coast of the sea of life, illumining our passage into the harbor of Heaven. The music and worship of the Sabbath are the key-sounds to the harmonies of the celestial world. Like vocalists, who are careful to get the key-notes, we, as Christians, therefore, must be anxious to begin our praises aright on earth, lest we be led into discord. Here, in the church, and on the Sabbath especially, we are learning the rudiments of praise—the science of devotion—the elementary principles of the employments and delights of Heaven. Our most exalted exercises in the lower sanctuary, indeed, are but the first lessons, the alphabetic beginnings, the juvenile essays, of those more perfect and more ecstatic employments, into which we shall be ushered in the sanctuary above. From our primer of praise on earth, we shall graduate to the voluminous textbook that shall be opened to our inspection in Heaven. Here even our Sabbath rest is interrupted by the jarring elements of earth. There, existence itself will be one continued act of Sabbath worship, and the whole temple of God will be perpetually vocal with praise. From the shadow we shall pass over to the substance. From the outer-hall we shall enter into the inner shrine, where

“Peace, sweet peace, is ever found,
In her eternal home, on holy ground.”

ONE of the most beautiful gems in Oriental literature is contained in a passage from a Persian poet Sadi, quoted by Sir W. JONES, the sentiment of which is embodied in the following lines:

“The sandal tree perfumes, when riven,
The axe that laid it low:
Let man who hopes to be forgiven,
Forgive and bless his foe.”

HOPE AND MEMORY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A LITTLE babe lay in the cradle, and Hope came and kissed it. When its nurse, gave it a cake, Hope promised it another to-morrow; and when, its young sister brought a flower, over which it clapped and crowed, Hope told of brighter ones which it would gather for itself.

The babe grew to a child, and another friend came and kissed it. Her name was Memory. She said, “Look behind thee and tell me what thou seest.” The child answered, “I see a little book.” And Memory said, “I will teach thee how to get honey from the book, that will be sweet to thee when thou art old.”

The child became a youth. Once when he went to bed, Hope and Memory stood by the pillow. Hope sang a melodious song, and said, “Follow me, and every morning thou shalt wake with a smile as sweet as the pretty lay I sung thee.”

But Memory said, “Hope, is there any need that we should contend? He shall be mine as well as thine—and we shall be to him as sisters all his life long.”

So he kissed Hope and Memory, as he was beloved of them both. While he slept peacefully, they sat silently by his side, weaving rainbow tissues into dreams. When he woke, they came, with the lark, to bid him good morning, and he gave a hand to each.

He became a man. Every day Hope guided him to his labor, and every night he supped with Memory at the table of Knowledge.

But at length Age found him, and turned his temples gray. To his eye the world seemed altered. Memory sat by his elbow chair, like an old and tried friend. He looked at her seriously, and said, “Hast thou not lost something that I intrusted to thee?”

And she answered, “I fear so—for the lock of my casket is worn. Sometimes I am weary and sleepy, and Time purloins my key. But the gems that thou didst give me when life was new—I can account for all—see how bright they are!”

While they thus sadly conversed, Hope put forth a wing that she had not worn, folded under her garment, and tried its strength in a heavenward flight.

The old man laid down to die, and when his soul went forth from his body, the angels took it. And Memory walked with it through the open gate of Heaven. But Hope lay down at its threshold and gently expired, as a rose that giveth out its last odors.

Her parting sigh was like the music of a seraph's harp. She breathed it into a glorious form, and said, "*Immortal happiness! I bring thee a soul that I have led through the world. It is now thine—JESUS HATH REDEEMED IT.*"

"THE BATTLE OF LIFE."

WE have often been impressed by the deep significance of the phrase which Dickens has given as a title to one of his Christmas stories, "The Battle of Life." It is full of solemn meanings. All our hours, from the cradle to the grave, are but a series of antagonisms. Hunger, fatigue, sickness, temptation, sin, remorse, sorrow—these are the strong powers with which we must wage continual war. Foes beset us from without and from within, and make life one long and earnest battle. But there are victories to be won on the field, more glorious than those which crimsoned Marathon and Waterloo. Evil habits may be subdued—fiery passions brought under the control of principle—temptations resisted—self-denial cheerfully sustained, and life itself consecrated to high and holy purposes. To triumph over the infirmities of a perverted nature, and render life, once deformed by passion and stained by sin, beautiful with love, made manifest by deeds of beneficence, is worthier of our ambition than all the blood-wrought heroisms that ever linked a name to a world's remembrance. Every day witnesseth triumphs such as these—yet Fame proclaims them not. What matters it? In the serene depths of these all-conquering spirits, God's peace abides, and harmonies are heard, such as the angels make when they welcome the victorious soul from the conflicts of this, to the raptures of the heavenly world.

THE GERMANS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY REV. E. W. HUTTER.

SO deeply is the State of Pennsylvania indebted for her prosperity to the GERMAN portion of her citizens, that we feel that an article devoted to them will not be out of place in *this* meridian, where they comprise so large a part of the population. The German character once employed the pen of the learned and enlightened TACITUS, one of the first historians of antiquity. They evidently inherit all the virtues ascribed by this author to their ancestors, with few of their vices, which Christianity has in a great measure banished from among them. These ancestors migrated chiefly from the Palatinate, from Alsace, Swabia, Saxony, and Switzerland, with an admixture of natives of every principality and dukedom in Germany. When we reflect, at this day, that the stock of most of these bold pioneers in the settlement of Pennsylvania, consisted only of a few pieces of gold or silver coin, a chest of clothing, a Bible, and a Psalter, and that now their descendants are scattered nearly over the whole West, and own the most immense possessions, we are forcibly struck with the miraculous changes wrought in the progress of time by an Overruling and Divine Hand. If it were possible to determine the relative proportions of these sums, the contrast would form such a monument of human INDUSTRY and ECONOMY as has seldom been witnessed in any age or country on the face of the earth.

The principal part of the Germans of Pennsylvania are FARMERS—hardy and industrious tillers of the soil—that most noble of all the secular occupations which can engage the attention of man. More skillful cultivators of the earth, too, we hazard nothing in saying, can be found nowhere in this country, or any other, between the rising and the setting of the sun.

The Germans set a great value upon patrimonial property. This useful principle in human nature prevents much folly and vice in young people. It moreover leads to lasting and extensive advantages in the improvement of a farm; for what inducement can be stronger in a parent to plant an

orchard, to preserve forest trees, or to build a commodious and durable house, than the idea, that they will be possessed by a succession of generations, who shall inherit his blood and name?

What strikes a traveller through our German counties most forcibly, is their main-moth barns, called in their own language *Schweitzer Scheuer*. Indeed, it is their invariable custom, in settling a new tract of land, *first* to provide large and suitable accommodations for their horses and cattle, before they expend much money in building a house for themselves. No feature in their character speaks so loudly in behalf of their humanity, as this willingness to suffer discomfort *themselves*, rather than impose it on the dumb and uncomplaining beast. They believe with King SOLOMON, that "a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." But from this let it not be inferred, that their dwellings are deficient in the comforts of life. The reverse is true. No class, so emphatically as they, live "on the fat of the land,"—and none boasts of so many and such substantial domestic enjoyments.

Another fact, which never fails to rivet the attention of a stranger, is the extraordinary size and strength of their horses. A German horse is known in every part of the State. He seems to "feel with his lord" the pleasure and pride of good and bountiful living. It is a well-established fact, that the German horses of Pennsylvania perform double the amount of labor of the New England or Southern breed, from the fact that they are more plentifully fed. For the same reason, their cows yield double the quantity of milk, and of a quality vastly superior.

In a word, a German farm may be distinguished from the farms of the other citizens, by the superior size of their barns—the plain but compact construction of their dwellings—the height of their enclosures—the extent of their orchards—the fertility of their fields—the luxuriance of their meadows—the giant strength of their cattle—and by a general appearance of plenty and prosperity in all that belongs to them.

The favorable influence of Agriculture, as conducted by the Germans, in extending human happiness, is manifested by the joy

they express upon the birth of a child. No dread of poverty, nor distrust of Providence from an increasing family, depresses the spirits of these industrious and frugal people. Upon the birth of a son, they exult in the gift of a ploughman or a wagoner; and upon the birth of a daughter, they rejoice in the addition of a spinster or milk-maid, to their family. Happy state of human society! What blessings can Civilization confer, that can atone for the extinction of the ancient and patriarchal pleasure of raising up a numerous and healthy family of children to labor for their parents, for themselves, and for their country; and finally to partake of the knowledge and happiness which are annexed to existence, both in the life that now is, and in that which is to come. The joy of parents upon the birth of a child, is the grateful echo of creating goodness. May the hills and valleys of Pennsylvania be forever vocal with songs of joy upon these occasions! They are the infallible signs of comparative innocence, absolute industry, wealth, and happiness, in the State.

The German MECHANIC, too, is a most useful and enterprising citizen, possessing all the traits of character in common with the Farmer. His first ambition, on starting into life, is to become a *Freeholder*, so as not to live in a rented house—and the highest temporal delight he can enjoy springs from his ability to declare: "This house is *my own*." Admirable quality that, which renders him afraid of *Debt*, that prolific source of Misery, and Want, and Crime! "The borrower is servant to the lender." "Owe no man anything, except to love him."

But the genius of the Germans of Pennsylvania is not confined to Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts. Many of them have acquired great wealth, too, by foreign and domestic commerce.

But another fact which speaks louder in their praise, than any other, is this, that they are particularly attentive to the religious education of their children, and to the establishment and support of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION. For this purpose they make the erection of a School-house and a Place of Worship the *first* objects of their care. But they do not stop here. They take great pains

to produce in their offspring, not only *habits* of labor, but a *love* of it. In this they submit to the irreversible sentence pronounced upon man, in such a manner as to convert the wrath of Heaven into private and public happiness. "TO FEAR GOD AND TO LOVE WORK" are the first lessons they teach to their children.

As members of Civil Government, too, the Germans are, in the most exalted sense, patriotic and useful. Strongly attached to the principles of our free institutions, and contributing largely to the public revenue, they constitute the "bone and sinew" of the State. Many of them have become eminent in the Science of Government, and they have furnished some of our most distinguished Statesmen, who have served in the highest Executive and Legislative offices. We will be content with reference to a single illustrious example, the revered SIMON SNYDER, whose name has become the very synonyme of sterling sense, unflinching honesty, and far-seeing sagacity—and whose administration of the Chief-Magistracy of Pennsylvania, for a period of nine years, is referred to, at the present day, by men of *all* parties, as a very model of good government.

The Germans of Pennsylvania, to their credit be it spoken, never besiege the Government for favors in their domestic pursuits. They are never known to crowd the legislative halls, clamorous for special privileges, and rely for wealth and prosperity, not on Acts of Assembly, but on their own daily toil and industry. They are, perhaps, the only class of people who practically regard government, its objects, and its functions, in their true light. All that they desire from Government is to be *let alone*.

As neighbors, they are extremely kind and friendly. They frequently assist each other by loans of money for a short time, without interest. But, to secure their confidence, it is necessary to be punctual, as they never lend money a second time to one who has once violated his obligation. We have heard it remarked, that during the War of Independence there were very few instances of any of them discharging a bond, or a debt, in depreciated paper money!

These are some of the traits of character which have raised the Germans of Pennsylvania to a degree of moral and political elevation surpassed by no other race of men in the world. From this proud spectacle we may learn to prize knowledge and industry in AGRICULTURE, coupled with a due observance of CHRISTIAN duty, as the basis both of domestic happiness and national prosperity.

EXCELLENCE OF RELIGION.

THE following is one of the most beautiful and truthful sentences we have ever read. It is from the pen of Sir HUMPHREY DAVY, of whom it is well observed that if he had not been the first of modern philosophers he would have been the first of modern poets: "I envy no quality of the mind or intellect of others; not genius, will or fancy; but if I could choose what would be the most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I would prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing: for it makes discipline of good—creates new hopes, when earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights, awakens life in death, and from corruption and decay, calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of fortune, and of shame, the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amarantus—the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and skeptic only view gloom and decay, annihilation and despair!"

MONEY in your purse will credit you—wisdom in your head adorn you—but both in your necessity will serve you.

MAN regards as an eternity—first the present hour, then his youth, then his life, then his century, then the duration of the earth, then that of heaven, and finally, time.

A COVETOUS desire in the heart of youth is the germ from which may spring a poison tree, whose atmosphere is pestilential, and the taste of whose fruit is death.

THE MAIL—THE POST-OFFICE.

BY JAMES G. BROOKS, ESQ.

“HE COMES!—The herald of a noisy world,
News from all nations lumbering at his back!”
GOLDSMITH.

IN these two national conveniencies are centred as many hopes and fears, anxieties and regrets, sorrows and joys to the components of a community, as minds and hearts are various, or as circumstances and fortunes are susceptible of vicissitudes. The first is the courier that bears in its chained foldings the tidings of thousands; the last is the silent but faithful herald that dispenses to the anxious multitude the fulfilment or disappointment of their hopes; that crushes or elevates their sensibilities; or involves in still more heart-sickening vagueness and suspense, the long-looked for eclaireissement of doubts and mysteries. Who does not at the distant sound of the mail bugle, or the shrill whistle of the locomotive, become hushed, and bless the messenger-breeze that bears along the dying murmurs of its first faint strains? Who does not, when the near and hoarse blast falls upon his ear, feel the anxious tide of feeling and expectation rush in upon his soul, as if harrowed up by the thunders or pathos of eloquence? Who does not, while impatiently waiting the opening contents, feel his nerves twitch, his heart beat, and his whole soul absorbed and excited in the progressive development of letters, papers, sealed packages, &c., &c.? And who does not, when the negative nod is given in reply to his inquiries for letters, feel the dull reflux of disappointed expectation settling on his heart and chilling his fervent sympathies?

It is well worth the time of the observant in search of variety and amusement, to stand and watch the goers and comers at the Post-Office, and mark the varied characteristics of the multitude, as their expectations are realized or disappointed—to watch the feverish flush of hope, and the pale revulsion of despair, as they rise and roll backward upon the countenance. A single hour of observation will unfold to the eye more of human passion and human sensibility, than

an age of casual observation in the ordinary scenes of life. For occasional moments passed at the Post-Office, we have been amply compensated.

The internally anxious but placid-faced politician comes here to receive despatches, the import of which is to expand to still wider dimensions, or suddenly collapse the bubble of his brief authority. He receives with a greedy grasp the parcels directed to his name, and gazes with anxious scrutiny at the various superscriptions, if possible to identify the handwriting before the seals are opened. The varied hues of gratified or disappointed solicitude can be traced over the lines of his countenance, as the contents coincide or are adverse to his views and expectations. The smile of exultation and scowl of displeasure succeed each other by turns until the packages have severally received a glance, when they are refolded, and with the same quiet suavity of aspect, returned, and he commences greeting his by-standing fellows with the well-directed shafts of affected civility and politeness.

“Is there a letter for ——?” inquires a little girl, who apparently has been sent by her mother to receive the long-expected epistle.

“No letter for ——,” replies the clerk.

“It NEVER WILL come,” rejoins she, gathering over her shoulders the negligently adjusted shawl, as she descends the step and returns to report to her family the blank intelligence.

“Has the *Eastern* Mail arrived?” inquires a blustering man of business, who is waiting for intelligence relative to the price of pot or pearl ashes, the rise or fall of wheat and flour, and the general prospects of trade, before he can fully adventure the half-formed speculation.

“It will be in, in a few moments,” replies the clerk. With this answer the satisfied man turns on his heels and departs.

“Anything for HORATIO TRISTAM TIGHTLACE, Esq.,” ejaculates a gaunt frizzed starvelling of an exquisite.

“Who, sir?” said the clerk.

“Horatio Tristam Tightlace, sir.”

“Nothing for Mr. Tightlace, sir.”

“That is inexplicably strange, too,” mut-

ters he, fingering and adjusting the projecting corners of his dickey, and leaves the place.

"Is the mail in from the West?" asks a man, with both hands quietly reposing within his pockets, and who seems to have no other motive for the inquiry than to ask questions.

"No mail from the West yet, sir."

"Will you look for letters directed to Miss Lucretia ——," says a delicate voice, with music enough in it almost to elicit a reply from the epistles themselves, if there were any.

"There is nothing for Miss Lucretia ——," answers the respectful clerk. A tremor of anxiety slightly shakes the frame of the fair querist during the search; and when the negative is given, her appearance indicates a half incredulity as to the correctness of the answer. The flush of anticipation forsakes her cheek, and with a marble countenance she continues gazing through the aperture for the delivery of letters, as if the place *could not* be left without the expected package, until the *tin*, announcing the distribution of the mails from the East, falls, extinguishing the last glimmering of hope, arising from unbelief. With agitated feelings, and trembling step, she leaves the office, casting a "longing lingering look behind."

A pause now succeeds, while the contents of the mail are being arranged for delivery, and the fast-gathering and impatiently watching groups testify to the importance attached to the intelligence of which it may be the bearer. Those who will, take a stand in front of their respective boxes, to be the first beholders of whatever is superscribed to them—others stand mute and musing, and a third portion, banishing personal anxiety, discuss the politics of the day.

Among the throng, there is one, who from day to day has been observed urging his inquiries at each return of the mail, but his spirits have so often been subjected to the damps of disappointment, that the halo which enrobes the features of the many, have entirely forsaken his countenance, and apparently he comes now from the force of habit, rather than from a hope of receiving the long-expected despatches of friends and kindred far away. He is a stranger, and holds

no communion with those around him. His features are pale, and a settled sadness broods upon their moveless lines, as he stands statue-like, unobservant and unconscious of the bustle and presence of the throng. No sigh, no anxious look proceeds from his bosom, or flashes athwart his face, for he has grieved over his loneliness, and the repeated crush of hopes, until the acuteness of his spirit's sorrow is broken, and through despair he has become heedless, reckless, hopeless. His bosom cherishes no anticipation, but he stands with an unbelieving wish that those friends with whom in the more happy and prosperous days of his existence, when his now distant home smiled upon him, and pleasure threw her golden blandishments and allurements over past scenes of life, have so often pledged their fidelity, might not forget him utterly, but send one solitary token of friendship and love; one line to say that he is not banished from all memory, and that the world has not become so much of a wilderness as the fainting throbs of his misanthropic heart almost prompt him to believe.

When the tin is turned, and the crowd gathers to receive the contents of the mail, he does not rush with them, but stands aloof, with arms folded across his breast, and a downward gaze, as if unwilling to retard the receipt of happiness to others, and yet not wishing to be a witness of joys in which he can have no partnership. The crowd comes and goes, deposits and receives despatches. The business man and speculator are favored with prompt advices from their several correspondents, and hasten to close their bargains and engagements. HORATIO TRISTAM TIGHTLACE, Esq., once more makes his appearance, and with ungloved hands receives the gilt letter sheet and departs. The little girl returns, and runs home with infantile glee and alacrity to exhibit her success and give joy to her family. Innumerable applications are made—the successful are voluptuous in their joy, and the unsuccessful go their way, some with downcast looks, others with a half-affected and half-felt indifference.

When the call of the last one has been answered, the stranger raises his eyes and

advances slowly towards the window. There appears an unwillingness even in this—his desire seems to be not to learn if there are letters for him, but if there are *none*. Letters he knows he ought to have, but he dreads to cherish a hope that there are any, when he feels that a repetition of bitter disappointment may be all that awaits him. A slight convulsion is observable in his frame, as his eyes become fastened upon the initials designating the box, where letters directed to his and similar names are placed. It has been empty for several days, but now *two* folded sheets are there which no owners have claimed. A deeper hectic of hope and fear plays on his pallid features as he fixes a more earnest gaze at the parcel within—but still he remains silent. The excited glimmer which has found a place within his bosom is contending with the settled chill of despair. It is the banishment of this *last* spark, which has arisen in his breast, that he dreads. He is willing that it should remain there, and fears the consequences of its annihilation. At length he attempts to speak; but his voice is choked—the hectic upon his cheek runs backward and changes to a deadly pale—he raises his arm, and convulsively points to the box—speak he cannot—the ague of feeling is fast overcoming him. The clerk understands him, and from frequent inquiries remembers his name. He raises and hands the letters. It is the wished-for superscription—the remembered handwriting. In an ecstasy of joy he kisses it, tears asunder the seal, and over the contents weeps out the contending tides of emotion. *He is happy.*

It will afford sweeter happiness, in the hour of death, to have wiped away one tear from the eye of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire, to have conquered millions, or enslaved a world.

“FIRST, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping, and *assuredly believing*, through the *only merits* of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth, whereof it is made.”—*Extract from the Will of William Shakespeare.*

A SERMON ON MALT.

THE Rev. Dr. DODD lived within a few miles of Cambridge (England), and had offended several students by preaching a sermon on temperance. One day some of them met him. They said one to another:

“Here’s Father DODD—he shall preach us a sermon.” Accosting him with:

“Your servants.”

“Sirs! yours, gentlemen!” replied the Doctor.

They said, “We have a favor to ask of you, which *must* be granted.” The divine asked what it was?

“To preach a sermon,” was the reply.

“Well,” said he, “appoint the time and place, and I will.”

“The time, the present, the place, that hollow tree,” pointing to it, said the students.

“Tis an imposition!” said the Doctor—“there ought to be consideration before preaching.”

“If you refuse,” responded they, “we will put you into the tree!” Whereupon the Doctor did as desired; asked of them his text?

“Malt!” said they.

The reverend gentlemen commenced:

“Let me crave your attention, my beloved!

“I am a little man, come at a short warning, to preach a short sermon, upon a short subject, to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved! my text is ‘MALT.’ I cannot divide it into syllables, it being but a monosyllable, therefore I must divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be four:—M-A-L-T. M, my beloved, is *moral*—A, is *allegorical*—L, is *literal*—T, is *theological*.

“1st. The moral teaches such as you drunkards good manners; therefore M, my masters—A, all of you—L, leave off—T, tipping.

“2d. The allegorical is, when one thing is spoken and another meant; the thing here spoken is Malt, the thing meant the oil of malt, which *you* rustics make M. your masters—A, your apparel—L, your liberty—T, your trusts.

“3d. The theological is according to the

effects it works, which are two kinds—the first in this world, the second in the world to come. The effects it works in this world are, *in some* M, murder—in others, A, adultery—in *all*, L, looseness of life—and *particularly in some*, T, treason. In the world to come, the effects of it are; M, misery—A, anguish—L, lamentation—T, torment—and thus much for my text ‘Malt.’

“Infer 1st: As words of exhortation: M, my masters—A, all of you—L, leave off—T, tipping.

“2d. A word for conviction: M, my masters—A, all of you—L, look for—T, torment.

“3d. A word for caution, take this: A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty—the spoiler of civility—the destroyer of reason—the brewer’s agent—the alewife’s benefactor—the wife’s sorrow—his children’s trouble—his neighbor’s scoff—a walking swill tub—a picture of a beast—a monster of a man.”

The youngsters found the truth so unpalatable, that they soon deserted their preacher, glad to get beyond the reach of his voice.

THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE.

JOHN MASON GOODE, author of the *Studies of Nature*, and the Translation of the Book of Job, has in four stanzas stated the argument in favor of an intelligent First Cause—the wise Contriver of all the arrangements of this material world, as strikingly as it could be stated in a whole volume.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to tell a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter’s sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

What power, but His who arched the skies,
And poured the dayspring’s purple flood,
Wondrous alike in all it tries,
Could raise the daisy’s curious bud;

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem
That set in silver, gleams within;

And fling it with a hand so free
O’er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where’er he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God?

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

BY DAVID PAUL BROWN, ESQ.

BELONGING to the great family of mankind, I look upon all, without regard to sect or condition, as my friends and my brethren. Show me the man that agrees in the essentials of Christianity, and who practically endeavors to conform to them, and I disregard all mere sectarian distinctions. Depend upon it, he is your enemy, and no true soldier of the Cross, no disciple of the meek and lowly Saviour, who shall attempt to stimulate you to hatred, to strife, and to bloodshed. You are all children of the same Republic, and she looks upon all with the same benignant and maternal eye. You all, though in various forms, worship at Heaven’s High Altar, and in the spirit of that worship, should dwell in harmony and love. The best practical and least questionable denotement of sincerity and sanctity of heart, is the open, voluntary, and unreserved relinquishment of those prejudices and passions by which mankind are too often severed and sundered from each other; which disguise and deform the fair face of nature; which obliterate from the soul the cherished image of the Creator; which distract families, communities, and countries of professing Christians, and enlist one against another in unsparing war, to the manifest injury, if not the utter annihilation of all.

“Like bloody brothers, fighting for a birthright,
Wounding the parent bosom that would part them.”

Brotherly love is the essence of piety; or in other words, it is the very foundation upon which Religion is built; and upon examination it will appear that there is no affection of the human heart, the exercise of which is so frequently and so solemnly enjoined upon men in the word of God, as that of love,—mutual brotherly love. “*Love one another.*” “For love is of God, and one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God; he that loveth not knoweth not God,—for God is love.”

“All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
‘All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.”

If you would imitate your great exemplar, who died for the sins of all mankind, and for the redemption of even those through whose very agency he perished, furnishing thereby a practical example of the sublime lessons which he taught,—“Love even your enemies”—if this be the doctrine, therefore, addressed to mankind in general, how peculiarly appropriate is it to a body of professing Christians, avowed soldiers of the Cross, and declared disciples of the Saviour. Christian charity and religious toleration may be despised by those who live in open opposition to religion and Christianity; but even their condition must be preferable, far preferable, to that of others, who, having enlisted under the divine banner, are in the daily exercise of those principles which are calculated to bring their faith into odium, reproach, or contempt. And it is perfectly in vain for any man to entertain a hope of forgiveness through the mediation of the Saviour, though he should wear out the stones of the altar by kneeling in prayer, who at the same time withholds his forgiveness from the comparatively venial errors or transgressions of a fellow-man towards himself. If this doctrine be true, and who dares doubt it, what right have we to draw lines, and create distinctions between mere modes of worship, when it is remembered that all religion is the product of the renewed heart? What right have we, assuming to ourselves the attribute of the Deity, to steal, as it were, the livery of Heaven, to serve the Devil in, and priding ourselves upon our virtue, like the self-righteous Pharisee, to condemn our brother, because, although he believes as we do, he may surround the body of his belief with a different apparel, and recommend or enforce it by different ceremonials, and call himself by another name, and worship in another temple? To the eye of the Creator, garments are nothing—ceremonies are nothing—names are nothing—temples are nothing, except so far as they are sanctified through faithful and devout hearts, and spiritually dedicated to the living God. There are no Lutherans, no Dutch Reformed, no Methodists, no Presbyterians, no Episcopalians, no Roman Catholics, no Sectaries, in Heaven. There they are all Christians,—and

all other titles are merged and lost forever in the effluency of that. Not so in Hell. *There*, shall be found professors of every denomination,—all asserting their various and anomalous creeds,—all engaged in fearful conflict around the lurid throne of Lucifer, and adding to the horrors of sin and punishment, the abomination of eternal delusion and hypocrisy. There can certainly be no objection to the adoption of different denominations by the disciples of the Cross, provided they should not differ in point of principle. That is, that they shall believe in all that is enjoined by our Saviour, as a matter of faith,—and in nothing that is incompatible with his authority. But one thing is certain, that they never can so agree, when they engage in implacable and unsparing war upon the subject of mere outward forms, which play around the head, but never reach the heart. This is an abandonment of the substance for the sake of the shadow. A mere formalist never can be saved. Religion, as has been said, is no matter of form; and whatever may be our profession, positive iniquity will always be found with that party, or that sect, which is most prone to condemn other professing Christians who shall venture to establish a course of worship differing simply in its mode. Such condemnation exhibits two principles, both utterly incompatible with the Christian character, though most intimately connected with, and powerfully supported by, each other. One is that of Pride, selfish Pride, which will not admit of any difference of opinion. The other, is a want of Christian Charity, which detects and punishes all sins but its own: and they both prove, as has been observed, a want of true religion, however abundantly it may be professed. Bare justice towards each other is not sufficient. Charity, bounty, and liberality, must be added. If justice were to have full sway, what would be the lot or condition of men?

“Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are! O! think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like men new made.”

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

SCENE—*A Parlor, with gas-lights burning, and coal-fire diffusing an agreeable warmth.*

HUSBAND—(Sitting at a centre-table, with papers before him, and addressing his wife).—My dear, I have just been reckoning the expenses of our family for the year, and I find them to be considerably greater than my income justifies. Cast your eye over this schedule, and you will be surprised to see how much we have expended, and be convinced of the necessity for retrenchment. Four thousand dollars per annum is the estimated expenditure—thus, house rent, \$800; carriage hire, \$200; tailor's and milliner's bill, \$300; articles bought at fancy stores, \$300; music-teacher and concerts, \$150; parties given, \$200; three servants' wages, \$300; but I need not proceed, you can examine the remaining items yourself. Now, the question is, how shall we retrench? It is true, I have invested \$5000 this year, but unless I can do better than this, I can scarcely hope to acquire that competency I have so anxiously desired, and upon which I can retire from the cares of business.

Wife.—I am as ready as you can be to retrench, if it be possible; but you know, my dear, that it is necessary to keep up appearances. Our station in society demands this, as well as our daughters, who, you know, are growing up, and whose prospects depend on our keeping up a genteel establishment. Still, I think, we have been rather too lavish, not in our *necessary* expenses, but in our charities. You recollect you gave to the Missionary Society \$10, to the Tract Society \$10, to the Deaf and Dumb, Blind, and Orphan Institutions, \$5 each, and I have been in the habit of paying a dollar a year, to—let me see—seven different societies; and then, too, you recollect our pew rent is \$25 a year, and, I think, besides this, we have given at least \$20 during the past year to other charities. Now all these things count up, and I really think we are not called on to do so much. There is Mr. A. and Mr. B. and Mr. C., that are worth five times as much as we are, and I never hear of them contributing to such objects.

Husband—(musing).—Well, it does ap-

pear to me that we have been a little too liberal in these matters, and—

(Here a knock is heard at the door, and a gentleman is ushered in, in whose countenance benignity and severity are strangely mingled.)

Conscience.—I hope I do not intrude, but overhearing your conversation, I could not forbear to venture an opinion on the subject of it. You find your expenditures have been too lavish, and you wish to curtail them?

Husband and Wife.—Exactly so.

Conscience.—And you wish to begin by retrenching your charities?

Husband and Wife.—That appears to be the most natural way of accomplishing our object.

Conscience.—Suppose you begin with your luxuries and superfluities. God's providence has bestowed on you all you possess, and do you owe him no acknowledgment for this? If you withhold benevolence from God's poorer creatures, can you expect he will continue his benevolence to you? Does He not hold you in his hand, and can He not, in a moment, blast your prospects, and bring you and your children into a situation to be recipients of charity? If you show no mercy, can you expect mercy? Is there not an account to be given of your stewardship? Would not a very trifling retrenchment in your household expenses enable you to treble your charities, and in doing this, would you not feel better, and have a surer prospect that your money would prove a blessing to you, and not prove a curse to your children?

Husband and Wife—(excited).—This, sir, is a very unwarrantable and impudent intrusion upon our private matters.

Conscience—(retiring).—I have nothing more to say at present, but remember! I will visit you hereafter, when you will be compelled to listen to more unpalatable truths.

P. S.—The above is not a *fancy* sketch. It is drawn from *real* life.

BLESSED be any power, which, even for a moment, brings the human soul to the foot of the Cross, conscious of its weakness and its ignorance, its errors and its sins.

A BROKEN HEART.

"A broken heart, my God, my king,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice."

WHAT is a broken heart? It is a heart of deep contrition and self-abasement. It is such a heart as Job had, when he said, "Behold, I am vile;" and again, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

It is such a heart as David had, when he said, "I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. Against thee only have I sinned, and done evil in thy sight."

It is such a heart as Ezra had, when he said, "I am ashamed, and blush to lift my face to thee, my God; for our iniquities have increased over our heads, and our trespass is grown up unto the heavens."

It is such a heart as Isaiah had when he said, "Woe is me! for I am of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts."

It is such a heart as the publican had, when he "would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven," but smote upon his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

It is such a heart as the prodigal had, when he said, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

It is such a heart as Mary had, when she fell at the Saviour's feet and washed them with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

It is such a heart as Paul had, when he exclaimed, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

The person who has a broken heart feels that he has sinned against the best of beings, broken the best of laws, and violated infinite obligations. He feels that, if he is cast off forever, it will be perfectly just, and that, if he is saved, it must be by grace through the merits of Christ, and he casts himself at the

foot of the cross, and pleads for mercy and mercy only.

This is the best sacrifice we can offer to God. What other sacrifice can we offer? "Wherewith shall we come before the Lord, and bow ourselves before the High God? Shall we come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall we give our first-born for our transgression, the fruit of our bodies for the sins of our souls?" There is no course for us to take but to fall down and submit, and sue for mercy as guilty rebels. This is the best sacrifice we can bring. It is all that we can bring and all we need to bring. We are not required to make atonement for our sins. The law is magnified and made honorable; and God now can be just and justify sinners who believe in Christ. What is now necessary on our part is to come to Christ in the exercise of a broken heart.

GOD'S BLESSING ON THEM.

BY CHARLES WILTON.

GOD'S blessing on them! those old saints,
Who battled hard and long;
Who cleft in twain a stubborn chain,
And conquered might and wrong!
O Time! revere their sanctity,
Nor let their glory cease;
For by their mortal victory
They sealed immortal peace.

God's blessing on them! those stout hearts,
In these advancing days,
Who seek to guide the progress stride
From error's countless ways!
O, be their track a track of light,
The onward march of man,
The wise to shape our ends aright—
The good to lead the van.

God's blessing on them! one and all,
Of every rank and clime,
Who strive to aid the stern crusade
Against the growth of crime!
O, be their names a rallying cry
For ages yet to come,
A word whose echo shall not die,
Till nature's self be dumb!

ADIEU.—In using this expression, which habit has rendered so trivial, few persons recollect its real origin and meaning, and that in pronouncing it they recommend their friend *a Dieu*—to the protection of God.



Home Circle.

"WHAT MANNER OF CHILD SHALL THIS BE?"

"A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love :

"A resting-place for innocence on earth, a link between angels and men ;

"A delight, but redolent of care."

THERE is a light and joy in the home of Zachariah and Elizabeth, unknown and unfelt before. What a rapturous joy gushes up within those aged parents, as they fold to their bosom their first-born child. Their fondest hopes are fulfilled in the advent of that little child, like a flower in winter, to cheer them with its late and delicate beauty. The shadows of life's evening had been slowly darkening the walls of their home, but now they smiled with an unwonted light ; and the stillness which had settled over them, was broken by the sweet sounds of childhood.

When the people heard of all the wonders that surrounded the infant John, they exclaimed : "What manner of child shall this be?" How the question must have thrilled the hearts of the parents ! They had some general idea of his great mission, but much of the future was veiled from their vision. Elizabeth knew not that the gentle form which she cradled in her arms, would one day lie in a dark and loathsome dungeon ; that the beautiful head that pressed her bosom would be severed from its body, and brought all ghastly into the festive hall of

princely revelry. Such a revelation of the future would have shaded the visions of that joyous mother.

And who, as a parent, can look upon the little one, without this question spontaneously rising up in the mind, "What manner of child shall this be?" In that frail and delicate form is enfolded the germ of an immortal mind. And how vivid the sense of responsibility, that on us, as parents, to a great degree, will depend the destiny of that child. Can the mother, with all the gushing tenderness of a new-born joy, as her quickened thoughts go out from that infant cradle, to roam through eternity, be otherwise than conscious of a responsibility she never felt before ?

"I have wept

With gladness, at the gift of this fair child !

But, oh God !

Thou know'st how heavily my heart at times
Bears its sweet burden."

How thrilling the thought, that the young spirit, which clings to her so confidently, shall receive from her so many elements of its weal or woe ! That, in an important sense, she foreordains the destiny of the child. Mother, put back the hair from the brow of that bright-faced boy ! That countenance, as yet undisturbed by cares of guilt, is as serene as heaven. How does your heart yearn with love, as you breathe upon it the benedictions of God. Afterwhile, he will go forth to

grapple with the world, and his spirit will be tried in the solemn issues of life. Can you think that ever those features will become bloated, those eyes grow fiendish with dark and ungoverned passion? That those lips, now wreathed with beauty, shall breathe the fumes of drunkenness, and that sweet and musical voice, shall break out in oaths and blasphemies? With such possibilities, what indefinable solitudes tremble in the parent's heart, with the question, "What manner of child shall this be?"

Remember how much of that child's destiny lies within your control! O, ponder your solemn charge! Earth has no greater trust than what is devolved upon you, in the education of that little child.

Do you ask what shall I do? Just what Zachariah and Elizabeth did: bring up that child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Instil God's truth into its opening mind, by a holy example and believing prayer; live into it a divine life, and commit it to the guardian care and saving power of Jesus, the good shepherd. And O, the reward of a faithful Christian mother! No one can tell what that child will be in future usefulness on earth; and saved, taken up to dwell together before the throne of God and the Lamb, to sparkle there as a pearl-drop in thy crown of life—

"Dear Lord, the Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed;
O, bring the longed-for, happy hour,
That makes them thine, indeed."

T. S.

MARY'S WHITE ROSE.

AN interesting and beautiful young lady, in one of our Western States, among her favorite flowers cherished a white climbing rose. She was ambitious to have it reach the casement of her chamber, but when it did so, she was herself blighted by that spoiler, who so often marks the most lovely and beloved for his victims.

Oh! train it to my window.—
To my window, father dear!"
Thus rang the voice of beauty,
In accents sweet and clear.
So, the doating father trained it,
And pruned the withering leaves,
Until the vigorous tree aspired,
Exulting toward the eaves.

Yet when in summer-glory,
With all its clusters rare,
It looked into her casement,
Alas! she was not there.

They culled its first-born blossoms,
Full, fragrant orbs of snow,
And o'er her pillow strewed them,
A rich and lavish show.

But she stretched no hand to take them,
These flow'rets of her love;
No! she had risen to gather
The Angel's Rose above.

INFLUENCE OF A PIOUS HOME.

WE cannot too highly estimate home as the first school of childhood—where are first unfolded the germs of all our after life. There is such a thing as home education. We do not pretend to define the system of discipline that should be in all cases adopted. Some one says, "I am afraid of any constrained, formal method; bringing up children in a mere manual drill, crimping them into a mould of mincing proprieties, and making them speak with an automaton click." Children may be wound up so tight at home, that when grown, they will take great pleasure in going fast and running down. It is not possible to define the exact medium between too much and too little constraint.

There is, however, one kind of education about which there can be no doubt; it is that of example—silent, effective, stronger, and more easily apprehended than any set of maxims. Your children are connected not so much with your instructions as with your *life*. And your *life* is more powerful than your instructions can be. What you *ARE*, they will almost *certainly be*.

No set form of instructions, or stern discipline, can compensate for a bad life, or unholy example. No mock piety, no sanctimony of phrase, or longitude of face, will suffice. You must present such a character, as you wish to see translated into your children. And for this reason, God hath set Israel in families, that the piety of the parents may unfold lovingly the spirit of their child.

"Our lives,
By acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live."

T. S.

We commend the following from Cecil to the prayerful consideration of parents, as illustrative of the power of example.

THE EFFECT OF PIOUS INSTRUCTION AND EXAMPLE.

THE late Rev. Richard Cecil, in alluding to the time that preceded his conversion, has made some observations derived from what he experienced, which are so happily illustrative of the effect of pious example and instruction, as to deserve the most serious attention from every Christian parent.

“The spirit and tone of your house will have great influence on your children. If it is what it ought to be, it will often fasten conviction on their minds, however wicked they may become. I have felt the truth of this in my own case. I said, ‘My Father is right, and I am wrong; *O let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!*’ The bye conversations in a family are, in this view, of unspeakable importance. Arguments addressed to the heart press more forcibly than those addressed to the head. When I was a child, and a very wicked one too, one of Dr. Watts’s hymns sent me into a corner to weep. The lives in Janeway’s ‘Token’ had the same effect. I felt the influence of faith in suffering Christians. The character of young Samuel came home to me, when nothing else had any hold on my mind. The implantation of principles is of unspeakable importance, especially when culled from time to time out of the Bible. A man can very seldom get rid of these principles; they stand in his way—he wishes to forget them, perhaps, but it is impossible. Where parental influence does not convert, it hampers; it hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother, who dropped things in my way; I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel; but then I liked to be an infidel in company, rather than alone. I was wretched when by myself. These principles, maxims, and data, spoiled my jollity. With my companions I could sometimes stifle them: like embers, we kept one another warm. Besides, I was here a sort of hero: I had beguiled several of my asso-

ciates into my own opinions, and I had to maintain a character before them. But I could not divest myself of my better principles. I went with one of my companions to see ‘The Minor,’ a profane play. *He* could laugh heartily at Mother Cole—I could not. He saw in her the picture of all who talked about religion—I knew better. The ridicule on regeneration was high sport to him—to me it was none: it could not move my features. He knew no difference between regeneration and transubstantiation—I did. I knew there was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man; it harasses him—it throws itself continually in his way. My mother would talk to me, and weep as she talked. I flung out of the house with an oath; but wept when I got into the street. Sympathy is the powerful engine of a mother; it is of incalculable importance to obtain a hold on the conscience. Children have a conscience; and it is not seared, though it is evil. Bringing the eternal world into their view—planning and acting with that world before us—this gains at length such a hold on them, that, with all the infidel poison which they may afterwards imbibe, there are few children who at night in their chamber, in the dark, in a storm of thunder, will not fear. They cannot cheat like other men. They recollect that ETERNITY which stands in their way; it rises up before them; it goads them on; it thunders in their ears. After all, they are obliged to compound the matter with conscience, if they cannot be prevailed upon to return to God without delay. ‘I MUST be religious one time or another—that is clear. I cannot get rid of this thing. Well, I will begin at such a time—I will finish such a scheme, and then!’

“After all, in some cases, perhaps, everything seems to have been done and exhibited by the pious parent in vain. Yet *he casts his bread upon the waters*; and, perhaps, after he has been in the grave twenty years, his son remembers what his father told him!”

A GREAT TRUTH.—By education men become easy to lead, but difficult to drive—easy to govern, but impossible to enslave.

A CHILD'S REFLECTIONS ON A FLOWER.

LITTLE Alice was seen picking up the leaves of a large rose, as it fell to pieces, and trying to put them together again. Frustrated in her attempts, she said, mournfully,

"How much work it is to make but one flower! And there are so many all over the land. I see the cows eat them. Blue vio-

lets hang out of their mouths with the grass stalks."

Then she asked her mother if the beasts did not thank God for the flowers, adding, "I guess the birds do, when they fly up so high to the sky, and sing."

That night she was heard to say in her simple prayer,

"Thank you, dear God, for making the flowers, and putting them together, and telling them to smell sweet to the beasts and the birds, as well as to us."

Biblical Miscellany.

DAVID'S TEARS.

"Put thou my tears into thy bottle."—Ps. 56: 8.

"Tears, feeling's bright embodied form, are not More pure than dewdrops, nature's tears, which she Sheds in her own breast for the fair which die. The sun insists on gladness; but at night, When he is gone, poor nature loves to weep."

FESTUS.

THERE are some who look upon tears as unmanly. They forget Him, who wept at the grave of Lazarus and over the city of Jerusalem. True greatness, says Lavater, is always simple, and we may add that true courage and manliness are always associated with tenderness. Homer, that matchless painter of men and manners, represents his bravest of men, Ajax, and his wisest of men, Ulysses, as weeping; and the latter as weeping no less than three times, in the course of a few lines. David was a man of tears. "My tears," says he, "have been my meat day and night." "I watered my couch with my tears."

The cause of his tears was essentially the same as in other men. His own sins and sorrows, and the sins and sorrows of our common humanity, made him weep. And it is worthy of note, as showing the vanity of worldly glory, that he wept more as a king, than he ever did in the retirement of Bethlehem, with his sheep, his harp, and his muse. Ah! as he sat upon the throne of Israel, and his fame was spread from Egypt to Lebanon, how often did he recall in

melancholy vision, the green pastures and the still waters, when his breast was calm and his hopes were peaceful; when the lonely valley listened to his song, and the evening breeze wafted the music of his harp. Often in his palace, surrounded with princely grandeur and vexed with princely cares and trouble, would he revert with tearful memory, to those quiet scenes about Bethlehem, and the evenings he spent in his secluded home, with old Jesse his father, and his lovely mother, to whom he refers so often and so touchingly in his psalms.

"Put thou my tears into thy bottle."

How beautiful and touching is this whole prayer of David, especially this allusion to his tears, as precious in the sight of God. When we read such passages we are reminded of the remark of the sarcastical Dr. South, that, "the gentleman who would not suffer his son to read the Bible for fear of spoiling his style, showed himself to be as much a blockhead as a deist, and to know no more of the excellency of language, than he relished the divinity of truth."

What is the meaning of this prayer of David, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle?" Some have supposed that David referred to a custom among the Romans of gathering the tears, shed at the death of a friend, in vessels called *lachrymals* (*urnæ lachrymales*), which were commonly buried with the departed friend, on the presumption, it

would add to his comfort to know that he was not forgotten by those who were left behind. An English writer says, that some of these *lachrymals* may now be seen in the cabinets of the curious. Several are in the British Museum. It is stated that when the grave of Marcus Tullius Cicero was opened in 1554, there were found in it two glass urns, the one filled with what was supposed to be his ashes, the other, with a fluid presumed to be the tears of friendship.

The image is beautiful and tender. The mother bending over her loved child, upon the couch of death, and gathering in her little urn, the tears which are gushing from her streaming eyes. The widowed mother weeping beside her only son, shrouded for the grave, endeavoring to gather those precious drops, to preserve as an affectionate memorial, or rather to inter with the beloved remains. If in this expression of the Psalmist, there be an allusion to this Roman custom, then his meaning will be, "Let my distress, and the tears I shed in consequence of it, be ever before thee."

It is, however, questionable whether such a custom ever obtained among the Jews, especially at this early period. Without any such allusion, the expression is susceptible of a very simple interpretation, by a reference to our own feelings. Thus interpreted, the Psalmist means, let my sorrows—the very expression of my sorrows—be dear to thee; and as a precious fluid is valued and preserved, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle." Precious are the thoughts of the divine sympathy with his sorrowing people, inspired by this prayer of David!

"Raise it to heaven when thine eye fills with tears,
For only in a watery sky appears
The bow of light; and from the invisible skies
Hope's glory shines not, save through weeping eyes."

T. S.

LUTHER'S VIEW OF USEFUL PREACHING.

WHEN Dr. Erasmus Albert was called to Brandenburg, he desired Luther to set him down a manner and form how he should preach before the Prince Elector. Luther replied, "Let your preaching be in the most simple and plain manner; look

not to the Prince, but to the plain, simple, and unlearned people, of which cloth the prince himself is also made. If I, in my preaching, should have regard to Philip Melancthon, and other learned doctors, then should I work but little good. I preach in the simplest sort to the unskilful, and the same giveth content to all. Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, I spare until we learned men come together, and then we make it so curled and finical, that God himself wondereth at us."

THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW.

CHRIST "came not to destroy the law or the prophets," not to displace them with reckless license, but to fulfil them, as the seaward rivulet is fulfilled when it becomes a river, and bears to the ocean the heavy ships of burden. Speaking as never man spake, He said to his disciples, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate*thine enemy; but I say unto you, Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you; for if ye love them only which love you, what reward have ye?" Did his new command destroy that law of Moses? No; it fulfilled it, it widened and deepened the rivulet into the river, so that it might bear down to the sea of time and the ocean of eternity that great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" and thine enemy as thy neighbor. Christ came to fulfil every law of Moses, and every prediction of the prophets in this very way. He fulfilled every law of the Decalogue, and made it exceeding broad and deep. The command, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," when fulfilled, read, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind, and strength." All the other laws of the Decalogue are fulfilled in their aggregation, or as nine rivulets from the same mountain source would be fulfilled, when mingling in one unbroken stream. And they read, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets," saith He who came to fulfil them.

And love is not only the source, but the fulfilling of the law. And the law is the life of love, and love is the law of gravity in the moral world, which attracts heart to heart, man to man, angel to angel, and all created beings to God. So love is the fulfilling of the fulfilment; that is, even of these two great commandments, upon which hang all the law and the prophets. For when fulfilled in love, they are as much one, and of one law, as the two forces which attract the earth to the sun, and the moon to the earth. They are both two directions, not modes of action, of the same law, the law of moral gravitation. No one can love God with all his soul, mind, and strength, without loving his neighbor as himself, any more than the earth can gravitate towards the sun without attracting toward itself the moon by the same force of gravity.—*Selected.*

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

TWO QUESTIONS.—The *first* is that of Christ himself: "If I say THE TRUTH, why do you not believe me?" John 8 : 46. *Why? O sinner, why?*

2. If he speak the truth, why do you not love him? "A little boy on his death-bed was urging his father to repentance, and fearing he had made no impression, said, 'Father, I am going to heaven; *what shall I tell Jesus is the reason why you won't love him?*' The father burst into tears; but before he could give the answer, his dear little Sabbath-school boy had fallen asleep in Jesus." We would like to see that question fairly put to every unconverted man. He could not think of it long and remain so. Who can give a reason why Christ should not be loved?

THE FIRST AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

A MEEK-EYED man, who carried a Bible in his pocket to feed his heart with, came down to the wharf, and sat down on a tea-chest, to see the ships spread their great white wings for the extremest India. And he sat and looked steadily at them till

their taffrails kissed the sea; and then strange musings came over him, and he seemed like one who saw something with his eyes shut; and he looked up towards the blue sky, and on the sea, and down upon the tea-chest; and he wondered what these strange hieroglyphics were. And he gazed and mused till he saw a moving spirit in them; and he fancied they were spectres of Pagan thought, that had come five thousand miles by the sea to commune with him and ask him for the Bible. And the tears came into his eyes at that thought; and he started for home, for he verily thought that he had seen a vision.

On his way, a little wooden image from the Sandwich Islands stared at him from the window of a toy-shop, and they told him it had been worshipped by the far-off island people, who thought there ought to be a God to pray to. It was too much for him; and he ran back to his house, and to his neighbor's house, and he went up into a little upper room, where a dozen young men were praying that the knowledge of God might cover the earth as the waters do the sea. And he stood up in their midst, and told them he had seen a vision—the vision of St. Peter. And they marvelled at him, for his countenance shone with the reflected light of inspiration. And his words stirred their hearts with burning thoughts; and as they mused and prayed, the spirit fell on them, and then they saw clearly that the Ethiopian, the dark-skinned Hindoo, and the Polynesian cannibal, had each an immortal soul within him, notwithstanding the color of his skin. Wonderful thought! the most startling revelation of the nineteenth century! All the good Christian people stared at the conception; and when the meek-eyed man went round among the churches, and held his hat for coppers, there were pious misgivings about casting the bread of life upon such foreign waters; and the widow's mite trembled half-reluctant in her hand. But he begged and borrowed till he had filled his scanty purse; and the next ship that weighed for a heathen shore, carried over the waves the first American missionary of the cross. A few moons went by, and an aged Simeon arose in a prayer-meeting, and read a letter

from the missionary; and children wondered, and old men wept to hear how some Pagan soul had bowed to the sceptre of Emmanuel. And the printer took that letter and made ten thousand of it, and sent one to every place where prayer was wont to be made. And then there were ten thousand little red contribution-boxes made; and bright-eyed boys and girls brought their coppers, and forgetting Indian crackers and martial

pastry, gave them to the missionary, and thought of droll-looking heathen children wearing clothes like their own, and trying to read the Testament. Those little red boxes, that very year, hung up twenty thousand cartridge-boxes to dry and rot in disuse, and the trainbands grew thin, and many a village captain felt that the fascination of military glory was over.—*Selected.*

Church Intelligence.

FOREIGN.—The young Emperor of Austria, a child "of larger growth," has concluded a "Concordate" with the Pope, to the effect that the position of the Romish Church and Clergy in the Austrian dominion will henceforth be more independent of all secular influence than it ever has been. The State binds itself, by this Concordate, to defend the Catholic Church in all her rights and prerogatives. The intercourse of the Bishops with the people and with the Roman See will not be subject to the supervision of the State Government. The Bishops will appoint the several vicars, will give or deny clerical degrees, will institute new parishes, order public prayers, appoint synodical meetings, publish pastoral letters, and prohibit the sale of books. They will have the whole educational system in their hands, particularly the instructions in religion and morals. They will overrule all teachings of theology. In their hands will be all matters relating to clerical disputes, the adjudication of law difficulties, the punishment of delinquent priests, the cases of divorce between married Catholic persons. The State promises never to imprison a priest in the same prison with a civilian or military character; never to tolerate any calumniation against the Roman Church and her functionaries; never to attack the property of the Catholic Church; never to interfere with the accumulation of possessions on the part of the Catholic clergy. It is easy to see that the Emperor of Austria intends to give his people every opportunity to become *pious*, and to profit by the fatherly care of a host of bishops, prelates, priests, monks, and nuns.

The ghost of the Protestant Kossuth has appeared in Austria, and it seems, since that time, the Emperor and his staff are really frightened out of their wits!

The London Bible Society are publishing a *Protestant Spanish Journal*, with the title, "EL ALBA," which is said to circulate extensively in Spain. W. J. M.

NEW LUTHERAN CHURCHES.—The new Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran Church, at Chicago (Illinois), of which the Rev. PAUL ANDERSEN is Pastor, was consecrated with appropriate exercises to the service of the Triune God, on Sunday, March 2. The exercises were conducted by the brethren Hasselquist, Andersen, Carlson, Schelie, Hatlestad, Prof. S. W. Harkey and Rev. Passavant, of Pittsburgh. Sermons were preached in the Norwegian, Swedish, and English languages. The last No. of the *Missionary* contains a detailed account of the dedicatory services, as also a gratifying historical sketch of the rise and progress of this most interesting congregation, accompanied by a pictorial representation of the edifice, as it will appear when finished. We join with the editor of that journal in bearing testimony to the untiring and self-denying zeal of the pastor, Brother ANDERSEN, to whose patient and unwearied industry and toil, under God, the Lutheran Church is mainly indebted for this noble structure in the most growing city of the West. We shall ever most heartily sympathize with Brother ANDERSEN in all his toils and labors, and rejoice in every token of encouragement which it may please the great Head of the Church to vouchsafe to him from the Upper Sanctuary, and trust his valuable life may long be spared to extend the Redeemer's kingdom on earth, and multiply the trophies of redeeming love. God speed Brother ANDERSEN and his interesting flock in their labor of mercy and love! H.

CHURCH AT TREMONT.—From the *Evangelical Lutheran* we learn that the new Lutheran Church at Tremont, Schuylkill County (Pa.), in charge of Rev. E. S. HENRY, of Pinegrove, was dedicated, with appropriate religious exercises, to the service of God, on the 17th of February. Rev. A. C. WEDEKIND and other brethren participated with the pastor in the services of the occasion. At the dedication nearly \$200 were contributed towards paying

for the church, and the pastor had the gratification to announce that the entire debt of the church was paid. H.

CHURCH AT FREDERICK.—The *Lutheran Observer* publishes the particulars of the consecration of the new Lutheran Church at Frederick (Md.), in charge of Rev. G. DIEHL, which took place on the 8th of December last. Rev. Drs. SCHMUCKER and POHLMAN, and Rev. Messrs. ANSPACH, RIZER, APPLEBY, and ANDERSEN, were present, and participated in the exercises. The church is a large and elegant structure, of the Norman-Gothic order, 96 by 74 feet in size, with two towers 150 feet high. It is one of the most elegant Lutheran Churches in this country, and cost \$21,000, of which \$14,000 have been provided for. H.

SYNODICAL MEETINGS.—The German Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania, and adjacent states, is to hold its 109th Annual Synodical Meeting in Trinity Church, in the City of Lancaster, on Trinity Sunday, May 18, 1856.

The Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Iowa, will meet in the City of Fort Des Moines, on the evening of the 15th of May, 1856.

MINISTERS LICENSED.—The President of

the Synod of Texas has granted *ad interim* licenses to the Rev. Messrs. Moedinger, Beck, Scharg, Kiesel, Schumacher, lately from the Mission House at St. Chrischona, Baste.

REVIVALS.—The churches of Rev. H. BAKER, of Altoona (Pa.), have recently been blessed with a very extensive revival of religion. In one of his churches seventy-two hopeful conversions are reported, and seventy-three in another, and the religious interest was still increasing.

THERE has been considerable religious interest in St. Mark's Lutheran Church (Dr. STORR'S), on Easter Sabbath, eighty one persons were added to the Church: thirty-nine by Baptism and Confirmation, and forty-two by Certificate from other Churches.

Rev. D. J. HAVER, of Manchester (Md.), reports a number of conversions in four congregations of his charge. Four of these were Roman Catholics, ten of whom have united with his charges during the last two and a half years.

Rev. J. Z. SENDERLING, Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society, has taken charge of the Lutheran Church at Johnstown (N. Y.), but will continue his official connection with the Society.

Editorial Miscellany.

ORIGIN OF "APRIL FOOL."

"APRIL THE FIRST stands marked by custom's rules,
A day of being, and of making, fools."

THE FIRST OF APRIL, as is well known, is distinguished in the calendar, by the singular appellation of "*All Fools' Day.*" It would be a curious exception to common experience, if on the present occasion multitudes had not been betrayed into a due observance of the peculiarities of this memorable epoch in the division of time. Many grave and unsuspecting people were doubtless sent upon frivolous and nonsensical errands. Others were summoned upon the most unfounded pretexts, out of their warm beds, an hour or more before the accustomed time. Others were enticed to open packages, promising ample remuneration, but full of disappointment—and others again, as they passed along the streets, were captivated by the sight of pieces of spurious coin, which, when they essayed to lift, they found securely nailed to the pavement—together with various other whimsicalities, which under other circumstances would have been deemed highly offensive, but, happening on the 1st of April, were considered, if not agreeable, at least comparatively harmless. For the satisfaction of those, upon whom some of these

tricks may have been practised, we have sought to discover the *origin* of this strange custom, but it is an inquiry shrouded in mystery. The books at our command do not shed much light upon the subject.

BRADY'S "*Clavis Calendaria,*" published in 1812, mentions that more than a century previous the almanacs designated the 1st of April as "*All Fools' Day.*" In the northern counties of England and Scotland, the jokes on that day were practised to a great extent, and it scarcely required an apology to experiment upon the gravest and most respectable of city or country gentlemen and women. The person whose good nature or simplicity put him momentarily in the power of his facetious neighbor was called a "*goek*"—and the sending upon ridiculous errands "*hunting the goek.*" The term "*goek*" was a common expression for a cuckoo, which was reckoned among the silliest and simplest of all the feathered tribe.

In France, the person made the butt upon these occasions was styled "*un poisson d'Avril*"—that is, an April fish—by implication, an April fool—"poisson d'Avril" being also applied by that nation to a species of fish easily caught by deception, singly and in shoals, at this season of the year. The term "*April fool*" was therefore, probably, nothing more than an easy substitution of that opprobrious epithet for

fish, and it is quite likely, that our ancestors borrowed the custom from France, with this change in the phrase peculiar to the occasion. A day of fooleries is observed, also, among the Hindoos, attended with the like silly species of witticism.

By many it is believed, that the term "*all*" is a corruption of *auld*, or *old*, thereby making it originally "OLD Fool's Day," in confirmation of which opinion the following observation is quoted from an ancient Roman calendar respecting the 1st of November: "The feast of old fools is removed to this day." The oldest almanacs extant, however, have it *all* (and not *old*) fool's day. Besides the Roman "Saturnalia" and the Druidical rites, superstitions which the early Christians found in existence when they commenced their labors in England, was the *Festum Patuorum*, or *Fool's Holiday*, which was doubtless our present First of April. In some of the German classics frequent mention is made of the *Aprilen Narr*, so that even the Germans of the olden time understood to practise their cunning April arts upon their neighbors quite as well as we of the present day.

Enough has been here quoted to prove that the custom is of very ancient existence, but the precise *origin* thereof remains undiscovered, and will have to be dug from some of the musty chronicles of gray antiquity. But, be the origin of the custom what it may, it is one "more honored in the breach than in the observance." And certainly no serious-minded, fair-dealing, honorable gentleman or gentlewoman will be found indulging in any of its foolish peculiarities. These are sources of amusement in our estimation, which at least conflict with the habitual *gravity* of the Christian. As we could derive no pleasure from being made an "April fool" ourselves, neither could we consistently consent to inflict the pain and mortification upon another. H.

THANKS.—We owe a debt of gratitude to many kind brethren and sisters, for their efforts to extend the circulation of the *Home Journal*. Our list is rapidly and steadily increasing, and we take pleasure in bearing testimony to the active and successful exertions of our friends in its behalf. We will spare no pains to render the Journal worthy the extensive patronage it is receiving. H.

☞ Three excellent articles, prepared for the *Home Journal*, have been unavoidably crowded out. The one: "*The Bible in Iceland*," by Rev. M. SHEELEIGH; the other on "*Perseverance*," by a favorite contributor; and the third: "*The Tenantless Tomb*" by Rev. W. D. ROEDEL, A.M. These articles will appear in the May number, and we bespeak for them, in advance, an attentive perusal. H.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The Lutheran Board of Publication gratefully acknowledges the receipt of \$15, by the hands of Rev. J. Welker, as a donation from the Susquehanna Conference. The Board likewise acknowledges the receipt of \$10 from Dr. H. H. MUELLENBERG of Reading, as a donation, to assist in the defraying of expenses. These brethren will please accept the sincere and heartfelt acknowledgments of the Board, for these liberal contributions to their funds. H.

ANOTHER NEW WORK.—The Lutheran Board of Publication have now in press, and will shortly issue, a new and interesting work from the pen of Prof. M. L. STOEVER, of Gettysburg, entitled: "*Memoir of the Life and Times of Rev. H. MELCHIOR MUELLENBERG, Patriarch of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States.*" It is ably written, and full of highly useful and interesting incidents, connected with the life of the illustrious man, of whose character and labors it treats. We bespeak for this work a very extensive sale, and trust not a single Lutheran family will be without the biography of one, with whose name and labors the early history of the Lutheran Church in the United States is so intimately identified. The contents, size, price of the book, &c., will be announced more fully in the next number of the *Home Journal*. It will appear in print early this month. H.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.—This is the title of a new religious journal, published at Springfield (Illinois), by Rev. S. W. HARKEY, Professor of Theology in the Illinois University. The Olive Branch is to appear once a month, and is issued at the low rate of fifty cents a year. We have received the first and second numbers, and find them richly freighted with valuable and instructive reading matter. The editorials are all marked by that terse, vigorous, and yet chaste and polished style, which characterizes all the writings of Professor HARKEY, and the selections and contributions are such as reflect credit on the taste and ability of the writers. The articles are well adapted, too, to the size of the paper, and are of sufficient brevity to allow a very pleasing variety to fill up the columns of the paper. We trust the "*Olive Branch*" may meet with an extensive patronage, and cordially recommend it as a very readable family paper, and as furnishing a very large share of most important intelligence in regard to the prospects and progress of the Lutheran Church in the West. H.

The Rev. Dr. C. F. SHAEFFER, formerly of Easton, having assumed his duties as German Professor at Gettysburg, requests his correspondents to address his letters to the *latter* place.

THE
Lutheran Home Journal.

MAY, 1856.

THE SUPREME POWER.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

IT has been as beautifully as truly said, that the "undevout astronomer is mad." The same remark might with equal force and justice be applied to the undevout geologist. Of all the absurdities ever started, none more extravagant can be named, than that the grand and far-reaching researches and discoveries of geology are hostile to the spirit of religion. They seem to us, on the very contrary, to lead the inquirer step by step, into the more immediate presence of that tremendous Power, which could alone produce and can alone account for the primitive convulsions of the globe, of which the proofs are graven in eternal characters, on the side of its bare and cloud-piercing mountains, or are wrought into the very substance of the strata that compose its surface, and which are also day by day, and hour by hour, at work, to feed the fires of the volcano, to pour forth its molten tides, or to compound the salubrious elements of the mineral fountains, which spring in a thousand valleys. In gazing at the starry heavens, all glorious as they are, we sink under the awe of their magnitude, the mystery of their secret and reciprocal influences, the bewildering conceptions of their distances. Sense and science are at war.

The sparkling gem that glitters on the brow of night, is converted by science into a mighty orb—the source of light and heat,

the centre of attraction, the sun of a system like our own. The beautiful planet which lingers in the western sky, when the sun has gone down, or heralds the approach of morning,—whose mild and lovely beams seem to shed a spirit of tranquillity, not unmixed with sadness, nor far removed from devotion, into the very heart of him who wanders forth in solitude to behold it—is in the contemplation of science, a cloud-wrapt sphere; a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps. We study, we reason, we calculate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction up to the very stars. We borrow the wings of the boldest analysis, and flee to the outermost parts of creation, and then, shutting our eyes on the radiant points that twinkle in the vault of night, the well-instructed mind sees opening before it in mental vision, the stupendous mechanism of the heavens. Its planets swell into worlds. Its crowded stars recede, expand, become central suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them.

The bands of Orion are loosed, and the sparkling rays which cross each other on his belt, are resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system, across the illimitable pathway of the outer heavens. The conclusions which we reach are oppressively grand and sublime; the imagination sinks under them; the truth is too vast, too remote from the premises from which it is deducted; and man, poor frail man, sinks back to the earth, and sighs to worship

again, with the innocence of a child or Chaldean shepherd, the quiet and beautiful stars, as he sees them in the simplicity of sense.

But in the province of geology, there are some subjects, in which the senses seem, as it were, led up into the laboratory of Divine power. Let a man fix his eyes upon one of the marble columns in the Capitol at Washington. He sees there a condition of the earth's surface, when the pebbles of every size, and form, and material, which compose this singular species of stone, were held suspended in the medium in which they are now imbedded, then a liquid sea of marble, which was hardened into the solid, lustrous, and variegated mass before his eye, in the very substance of which he beholds the record of a convulsion of the globe.

Let him go and stand upon the sides of the crater of Vesuvius, in the ordinary state of its eruptions, and contemplate the glazy stream of molten rocks, that oozes quietly at his feet, encasing the surface of the mountain as it cools with a most black and Stygian crust, or lighting up its sides at night with streaks of lurid fire. Let him consider the volcanic island, which arose a few years since in the neighborhood of Malta, spouting flames, from the depth of the sea; or accompany one of our own navigators from Nantucket to the Antarctic Ocean, who finding the centre of a small island, to which he was in the habit of resorting, sunk in the interval of two of his voyages, sailed through an opening in its sides where the ocean had found its way, and moored his ship in the smouldering crater of a recently extinguished volcano. Or finally, let him survey the striking phenomenon which our author has described, and which has led us to this train of remark, a mineral fountain of salubrious qualities, of a temperature greatly above that of the surface of the earth in the region where it is found, compounded with numerous ingredients in a constant proportion, and known to have been flowing from its secret springs, as at the present day, at least for eight hundred years, unchanged, unexhausted. The religious of the elder world in an early stage of civilization, placed a genius or a divinity

by the side of every spring that gushed from the rocks, or flowed from the bosom of the earth. Surely it would be no weakness for a thoughtful man, who should resort, for the renovation of a wasted frame, to one of those salubrious mineral fountains, if he drank in their healing waters as a gift from the outstretched, though invisible, hand, of an everywhere present and benignant Power.

RESIGNATION.

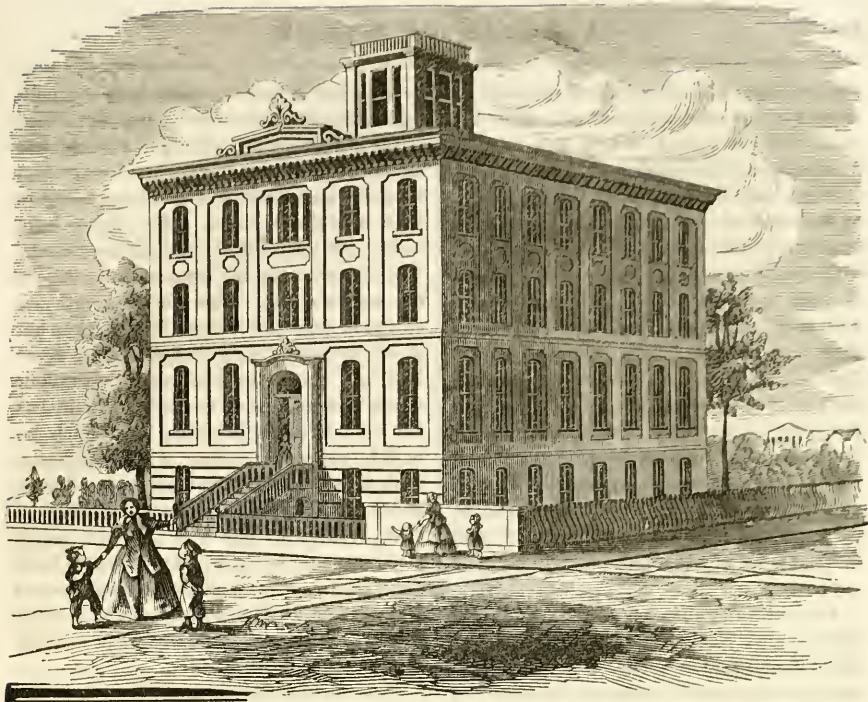
"Amid the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils:
—And shall I murmur at my God,
When sovereign love directs the rod?"

RESIGNATION is an exalted Christian virtue. It is a plant that grows not up from nature's soil. It is a grace that must be cultivated like the rose-tree, that it may flourish and shed forth its sweet fragrance amid the passing scenes of life. To possess resignation, calm and settled, under all circumstances, is a high attainment. Yet it is attainable; and blessed are they who live under its benign influences. It will shed a holy balm over the moral waste of life, and cheer us amid the darkest hours of our pilgrimage.

Life has its cares and its afflictions, its crosses and its conflicts, its disappointments and its sacrifices. But in every scene of earth, resignation, like the strong and faithful anchor that holds the ship in safety till the storm is past, secures its possessor peace and quietness, till the darkness and danger of the tempest are over, and the sunshine of tranquillity and joy again beams upon us. Nothing is ever lost to the just by the exercise of this virtue; but it will secure to the anxious, the injured, and heavy-laden, much joy, blessedness, and consolation. It will render our afflictions blessings; our crosses pleasures; our disappointments unexpected good; and our sacrifices either for our own or the well-being of others, acceptable oblations to God. Then,

"Though Heaven afflict, I'll not repine;
Each heartfelt comfort still is mine—
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale."

An honest man's word is as good as his bond.



NORTHERN HOME FOR FRIENDLESS CHILDREN.

CORNER OF TWENTY-THIRD AND BROWN STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

A HOUSE OF MERCY.

BY REV. E. W. HUTTER.

“And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof.”—JEREMIAH 5 : 8.

“When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.”—PSALM 27 : 10.

IT is not exaggerated praise to affirm, that no city on the American Continent is more worthy of renown for her multiplied and munificent benevolent institutions, than is the city of Philadelphia. Once the home of a PENN, a FRANKLIN, a GIRARD, a CAREY, and a VAUX, the mantle of these illustrious philanthropists seems to have fallen upon a host of generous and noble-minded descendants. It is not alone her churches, her public and private schools, her colleges, academies, and universities, that make this fair metropolis “a city set on a hill,” but those enterprises which come more specifically under the definition *charitable*. No stranger visiting the Asylums for the Blind,

the Deaf and the Dumb, the Hospital for the Insane, the Foster Home, the House of Industry, the House of Refuge, the Blockley Asylum, and the Girard College for Orphans, who does not in their behalf exhaust the vocabulary of praise. To these every Philadelphian points with grateful delight, as an irrefragable authentication, that in the hearts of this community benevolence is an ingrafted element, and that here the seed of Christ's blessed Gospel, so liberally scattered, has ripened into a harvest of maximum multiplication.

Amongst these many noble charities, a prominent position belongs to the “*Northern Home for Friendless Children.*” No mere superficial observer can at all conceive the vast number of neglected children existing in this city, who are destitute of any fixed home. They may be designated the CHILDREN OF THE STREET. In the daytime, they make a cheerless round of alternate begging and stealing. In these pursuits, as a matter of course, they are exposed to all

the suffering and deprivation incident to vicious and abandoned courses. They become drenched, cold, naked, and hungry. They are pushed, kicked, cuffed, and beaten. If boys, they learn to swear, lie, and drink, as well as steal. If girls, every modest and amiable instinct is crushed and smothered. Together they mingle among the depraved of both sexes in scenes of licentiousness and vice. At night they creep into some three-cent lodging-house, where they are huddled by groups in cellars and garrets, the next day to come forth and resume their circle of debasement. Such children, *left to themselves*, it is superfluous to state, will run a career of profligacy and shame, and end their days in prisons and on scaffolds, by a law of moral continuity as fixed and inevitable as any recognized in the Divine economy.

For the *prevention* of such juvenile vagrancy, alas! there exists in most populous cities no adequate remedy. There are thousands spent annually to *punish* the offenders, when their vicious courses have ripened into a harvest of hardened crime, but very little to arrest the *beginnings* of their depravity. To supply this want is the design of this Institution. Knowing that "the child is father to the man," and that to discern the melancholy future of these juvenile outcasts requires no prophet's vision, the mission of the Home is, to snatch all such imperilled children from their inevitable doom, and to translate them, as on angels' pinions, into a region of purity, holiness, and love. The design is, to fan into a flame again the child's suppressed aspirations for kindness and affection—to remove it from the pestilential atmosphere in which it eked out a miserable existence, and amidst *new* scenes and associations to train it up for usefulness here and glory and immortality hereafter. Blessed mission! sacred calling! Upon such a work of mercy, the holy angels, as they bend their veiled faces from the skies, cannot but look with intense and absorbing interest.

There is often magic in a name. "*The Home for Friendless Children.*" The very term "*Home*" is redolent of bright hopes and sweet memories. It is not a mere place

to *stay*, but a sacred retreat from the peltings of this world's pitiless storms, enshrined in the heart's fondest affections by ceaseless ministrations of tenderness and love. And to such a spot, we hold, every living creature hath a rightful claim. The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib. The hen gathereth her chickens under her wings. The ant has her molehill, and the spider her web. The fierce lion and the revengeful tiger have their forest lair, and even the coiled reptile has her subterranean domicile, into which no bold intruder may come. And shall beast, bird, insect, and reptile each have a home, and it be denied to the immortal heritage of God, created in His own glorious image, and redeemed by the blood of His own Son? Shall *they* alone be fugitives and wanderers? That were a libel on the designs of a beneficent Creator, and the mission of a compassionate Redeemer.

The *origin* of the Home is interesting. On the afternoon of the 16th of April, 1853, two ladies were sitting together in a parlor. Their conversation turned on doing good. The love of Christ constrained them. Then and there was the Home projected. They argued that God had given the earth to his children for the support of ALL, and that to rectify, as nearly as possible, the inequalities of social condition, was a duty both of religion and humanity. If but *once* in a century a little being were brought into existence, of delicate and beautiful structure, capable of assimilation to the purity and bliss of angels, or of growing up in enmity against God, and becoming an heir of unending wretchedness, no expense or labor could be too great to save that ONE being from such misery, and elevate it to such happiness. How infinitely was the obligation enhanced, when they knew there were HUNDREDS of such beings at their very doors, who, through *their* instrumentality, might be added as jewels to the radiant diadem of the Redeemer, or, through their neglect, sink into regions of darkness and despair!

Animated by such reasonings, these two Christian ladies, then and there, projected this noble charity. They heard the voice of

the Saviour speaking to them in admonitory accents from heaven: "Take heed, that ye *despise* not one of these little ones!" They saw that to remove temptation from the *threshold* of life was better than to erect penitentiaries and scaffolds at the *end* of it. They saw that the juvenile degradation they deplored was by existing arrangements un-reached, and that in the great temple of humanity there was still a vacant niche for them to fill. This public *desideratum* some one ought to supply; and might not God have chosen *them* as the instruments for effecting it? And to that conference, and to these ladies, as by a direct line of genealogy, we trace the paternity of this institution. How wonderful the ways of Providence! Truly, His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts! If one truth, more than another, has long since been written with adamantine pen on our consciousness, it is that with our God there are no *trifles*! From agencies the most unpromising, He deduces results the most stupendous. The tiniest creature that, unobserved to mortal eye, revels in ocean's depths, or on the highest mountain peaks, affords of the ever-present and all-encircling Deity proof as strong as the mountain itself, or the ocean which rolls in isolated grandeur at its base.

These are the proofs of a lofty and magnanimous heroism, to plan and to execute in the same breath—to *say*, and *do*, under the throbbings of the same generous and noble impulse. So acted these ladies. They knew that to deliberate was well, but to *act* far better. NAPOLEON had a maxim in his army: "The Lord helps those who help themselves." LUTHER said, "So act as if all depended on thyself, and nothing on thy God; and yet so act as if all depended on thy God, and nothing on thyself." On this principle these ladies proceeded. Their capital was FAITH and PRAYER. But, as they well knew that God accomplishes such gracious designs *instrumentally*, to conscious dependence and supplicating prayer, they united patient industry and self-denying zeal. So to work they went. The subject was named to one, to a second, to a third, and wherever an-

nounced, so obvious was its feasibility that every heart beat responsively to the appeal. So sure and speedy was the augmentation of means and influence, that the little one soon became a thousand, and the small one a strong nation. Not since the days of Christ have any five loaves and two fishes multiplied so rapidly. The acquisition of interest was like a ball rolled in midwinter by delighted urchins through the snow, each revolution increasing it in strength and size.

The first step now was to effect an organization. A meeting was accordingly called, Thursday, April 28, 1853, which was numerously attended, when the following articles of association were concluded:

"We, the undersigned, deeply sensible of the responsibility that rests upon us, as Christian women: to do all in our power to alleviate the ills and misfortunes of our common humanity, and believing that, under Providence, we can most wisely and effectively discharge our duty in this respect, by taking the young from the haunts and resorts of vice, penury, and idleness; and under the shelter of Christian culture and training, and the influence of a kind and parental superintendence, bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, until they are prepared for the situations allotted to them—do hereby associate ourselves together as a society, to be called the '*Home for Friendless Children*,' to be located in the Northwestern District: the objects of which shall be, to afford a home, food, clothing, and schooling, for such destitute and friendless children as may legally be committed to our care and guardianship."

Shortly after, another meeting was held, at which a Constitution was adopted, and the following officers were elected:

President, Mrs. E. W. Hutter; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. J. W. Claghorn, Miss Mary Jeanes; Recording Secretary, Miss Susan O'Neill; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. George Duffield; Treasurer, Mrs. R. Hammet; Managers, Mrs. J. Wiegand, Mrs. H. Stiles, Mrs. M. N. Kelly, Mrs. R. T. Shepherd, Mrs. J. S. Cummings, Miss Anna E. St. Clair, Mrs. A. L. Raymond, Mrs. A. V. Murphey, Mrs. James L. Claghorn, Mrs. W. J. Chaplain, Mrs. Hiram Ayres, Mrs. Eliza Ann Brown, Mrs. Emma W. Shepperd, Mrs. Dr. Jewell, Mrs. Maria Wood, Mrs. S. A. Clark, Mrs. Stuart Hibbler, Mrs. E. W. Hutter, Mrs. J. W. Claghorn, Mrs. George Duffield, Mrs. R. Hammet, Miss Mary Jeanes, Miss Susan O'Neill. Attending and Consulting Physicians, Wilson Jewell, M. D., James V. Emlen, M. D.; Dentist, D. B. Whipple, M. D.; Trustees, Thomas Earp, President; Thomas S. Mitchell, Treasurer; M. Joseph Mitcheson, Henry Perkins, Joseph Jeanes, J. S. Cummings, Isaac F. Baker, John W. Claghorn, John M. Ogden, J. J. Barclay, Isaac Collins, A. V. Murphey, William S. Perot, Smith Bowen, George W. Fobes, H. W. Safford.

The organization effected, the next step

was to procure funds. The *love* of money is the root of all evil, but money itself is a great blessing. Such is the Divine economy, that even churches and asylums cannot be built without. Perhaps the best proof of its more than tutelary power, is the fact that even our blessed Lord did not conclude his earthly pilgrimage without its use, and wrought a miracle to obtain it.

The first effort of the Society to procure "material aid" was by means of a FLORAL FAIR. This was opened in the Chinese Museum, on the 29th of May, 1853, only one month after the organization, and continued four consecutive days. Some Christian consciences are opposed to fairs as a means of raising funds, whether for churches or charities, and not without reason. These scruples, however, we think, apply not so much to the use as to the abuse. In this case the expedient proved highly fortunate. Gaming, in all its Protean shapes and guises, was strictly interdicted, and nothing occurred to offend the sensibilities of the most fastidious. A more magnificent display of nature and of art it would be difficult to picture to the fancy. The Museum was a literal Elysium of taste, beauty, and refinement. Such a profusion of cakes, fruits, and flowers! It was the season when the gardens are arrayed in their early summer beauty, and for many miles around did the horticulturists contribute large quotas of flowers, arranged into tasteful and elegant bouquets. Oh, how the universal heart of humanity blesses *flowers*! They hold the rank in the earth which the stars do in the firmament. They fling their fragrance over the cradle of sleeping innocence—at the hymeneal altar they compose the bridal crown—the remains of the inanimate dead they rob of their repugnance—on the tombs of the departed they are planted as grateful mementos of sorrowing affection. Who does not *love* flowers? The Grecian was wont to garland with them his festive altars—the Persian bends before them in acts of idolatrous devotion—the Hindoo tips with them the arrows of his Cupid—the savage Indian, seeing them in their native wildness, regards them as a sort of illuminated Bible, spread out for his inspection by the Great

Spirit upon the prairies, and even from many a Christian shrine they hang in votive wreaths, perhaps to impress on the worshipper's consciousness more vividly the truth, that "man cometh forth as a *flower*, and is cut down."

To the delight of all, the Floral Fair yielded a clear profit of FOUR THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS! to which numerous liberal private subscriptions were added. And now the "*Northern Home for Friendless Children*," was no longer a mere experiment. It was a fixed fact. It was never itself a child, never itself friendless. It sprang almost, like Minerva from the head of Jove, or like Adam from the hand of God, into the maturity of a perfect character at a single bound. A building was forthwith rented, on Buttonwood Street below Broad. A competent matron was chosen. The ladies divided and subdivided into committees, each with appropriate functions. The readiness of the Institution to receive children was advertised. One after another found there the comforts of a home. Weekday and Sabbath-schools were opened. The Legislature of Pennsylvania granted an Act of Incorporation, and the Executive issued a charter, so that May 9th, 1854, the Society celebrated its first anniversary.

Soon it was discovered, that owing to the many applications for admission, the rented building was inadequate. It was resolved to *erect* one. Of course, the word *fail* was not heard. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn." A lot of ground, advantageously located, 100 feet front, 204 feet deep, was presented, on a small ground-rent, by the Managers of the House of Refuge. Designs and specifications were procured, and a contract awarded to experienced builders. Another Floral Fair was held in May, 1854, which yielded a clear profit of FIVE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO DOLLARS! On the 17th of June, 1854, in the presence of a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, the CORNER STONE was laid, with appropriate religious exercises, conducted by the writer. The building rapidly progressed,

and on the 1st of May, 1855, it was formally inaugurated. On that day the children were removed into it, and partook of a festival prepared for them by their kind benefactors. The ceremonies were suitable and impressive. The Mayor of the City presided. Rev. P. F. Mayer delivered a fervent and eloquent prayer. J. W. Claghorn, Esq., the earliest and most active friend of the Institution, gave an interesting history of its rise and progress. Addresses were delivered by others of the reverend clergy. Speaking of the inauguration ceremonies, the writer of last year's annual report says: "The occasion was a very joyful one, and will long be remembered by all who had the pleasure of participating in it. During the morning of the day it had been quite cloudy, and the showers had been falling frequent and heavy; but just at the moment the procession of children ascended the steps, the shining Giver of the day shone out in all his radiant glory, as if it were the smile of God himself. And a warmer welcome than they received *within*, has seldom been witnessed even between children and parents. Tears of gratitude and of joy fell thick and fast, that our Heavenly Father had ever put it into the hearts of some to begin, and of others to complete, a charity so genuine and pure."

The Chinese Museum having meanwhile been destroyed by fire, the ladies were obliged to hold their *third* Floral Fair in Concert Hall, a smaller room, and the receipts were consequently diminished. The profits, nevertheless, amounted on this occasion to FOUR THOUSAND, THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS—a sum sufficient to prove, that the hold which the Institution had upon the hearts of the people, was not an ephemeral feeling, but abiding, based on a wide-spread conviction of its need and utility.

The edifice is one of the most beautiful and substantial in Philadelphia. It is built of brick, 50 feet front, 75 feet deep, four stories high, including the basement, which is entirely above ground. On the first floor are kitchen, dining-room, and laundry. On the second, parlor, committee-room, reception-room, school-room, sewing-room, and piazza. The third and fourth stories are

devoted to the matron's room, chambers for teachers and children, nursery and infirmary. There are bath-rooms on each floor. A vegetable garden and playgrounds are in the rear; with side yards; and the building is supplied with gas, water, and heating apparatus. The building and furniture cost not far from \$25,000, of which only about \$4000 remain unpaid. To liquidate this balance, the ladies purpose holding another Floral Fair, next month, and from the industry displayed, we doubt not the debt will melt away like a framework of frost before a summer solsticé.

Said a lady in our hearing, a few days ago: "Our debt is written on a *slate*—we are getting the *sponge* ready to *wipe it out*."

IT WILL BE DONE!

It is estimated that not less than FOUR HUNDRED children have enjoyed the benefits of the Home since its organization. By the 4th section of the charter, it is made to assume a legal connection with the constituted authorities of the city, the Mayor and Judges of Courts having the privilege to commit children to its charge; in consideration whereof, the City Councils, by authority of an Act of Assembly, contribute \$2000 annually to its support. It is worthy of note, that in no case whatever have the managers accepted a cent of remuneration for the maintenance of any one of their numerous family; for, with the exception of the appropriation referred to, the expenses of the Home, amounting to not less than \$5000 per annum, are defrayed by the contributions of a liberal and sympathizing public.

The Lord opens the hearts of the people to supply the funds as they are needed.

Here, then, we have a *free* home, *free* clothing, a *free* table, *free* education, *free* everything, for hundreds of the poor and destitute, liberally granted by an Association, which three years ago had no existence, and started upon *nothing!* And the crowning excellency of the Institution is, that its managers ask scarcely a question. Whether the parents be living or dead; whether the child be a half, or whole, or no orphan, is immaterial. But a single issue is raised—is the applicant a *child*—and *friendless*—

and at once it has a passport to the Home, and is friendless no more.

The relation of the Home to the children is thus explained by the Managers in their last year's annual report :

"This Institution is not to be considered as an Intelligence Office, merely to provide servants and apprentices. It is nothing whatever like the one hundred and fifty hospitals of France, where the government so fatally undermines the parental sentiment, and makes itself a nursing mother to libertinism. It is not a House of Refuge; *their* endeavor is to reform Juvenile Delinquency; ours is to *anticipate* and *prevent* it. It is not even like the Orphan Asylum or the Girard College for Orphans, designed to be itself a permanent home. Its object is, first of all, to see that a child really is *friendless*, in the true sense of that word, and then place him among those interested in his future welfare, where he will have some opportunities for school, be trained to industrial habits, and above all where he will enjoy the best of religious influences. Like the receiving ship at a naval station, if we may be allowed the comparison, *it is a temporary home in order to secure a permanent one*. It is a place where friendless children may be collected, and from which they may be distributed; **ONE GENERAL HOME, RAMIFYING AND CONNECTING ITSELF WITH A THOUSAND PARTICULAR ONES**. The earnest wish of the managers is to make every kind of religious family, who desire the responsibility, an Asylum or Reformatory Institute for the friendless child; and in the most effectual way, by *individual* influence, by throwing about the neglected outcast of the streets, the love and gentleness of home, to bring him up to active usefulness and honor."

In proof of the beneficent results of the Home, many highly interesting facts could be enumerated.

One flaxen-haired, blue-eyed little girl, aged two and a half years, was taken from one of the most nauseous and filthy lanes of Southwark. Deserted by the husband, the mother was in the extremest poverty, emaciated and sick, although highly respectable and a disciple of JESUS. She here exchanged the trials of time for the joys of eternity. Her little daughter VIRGINIA, a few months before the mother's death, was brought to the Home, and has since been adopted by a wealthy gentleman and his wife at the West, as their own child and the future heiress of their estate.

Another little girl, three and a half years old, was mysteriously left in the saloon of the railroad depot, on the arrival of the Pittsburg cars, by a pretended aunt, who sailed immediately for England. This child is generally supposed to have been stolen

in England. She was well-dressed, and found to be highly intelligent. Deserted and friendless, little MARY JANE was brought to the Home, kept for half a year or more, and then adopted by a wealthy and highly respectable family.

A little boy, eight years old, was picked up from the streets, and has since been adopted by an eminent lawyer in New England, who is educating him for the bar. Under the auspices of our free institutions, he may one day adorn the Senate Chamber, or preside over his country's destinies in the White House!

In no department of life's teeming activities, indeed, have we witnessed such striking displays of the *special* superintending providence of God, as in this. Many of these children seem to be conducted, as by a Pillar and a Cloud, out of Egypt's bondage, through the Red Sea and bleak wilderness of Adversity, into regions of sunshine and of promise. This is the *true* conception of the Divine government; not that God has lit up the sun, and given to the winds power to roam, but that his glance is in every struggling beam, and his breath in every sighing zephyr. What need, then, by mystical incantation, to summon wonders from the land of *dreams*, when the realm of *fact* abounds in creations more thrilling than poet, painter, sculptor, dramatist, or novelist has ever conceived! And yet, how many, alas, weep floods of tears over scenic representations of *fictitious* woe, and over tales artfully wrought to work upon the passions, whose eyes are arid as Arabian deserts, amidst scenes of *actual* distress. Tears shed over plays and novels, are not among the sacrifices which God preserves in his bottle. They are rather vain incense offered on an unsanctified shrine, for they feed no hungry, clothe no naked, reclaim no wandering, heal no sick, solace no dying. To sympathy, thus expended, suffering humanity acknowledges no indebtedness.

Several wealthy persons, since deceased, have kindly remembered the Home in the disposition of their property. One lady, Mrs. Mary Bason, left by her will \$500. Mr. E. RITTENHOUSE, \$1000. Mrs. Freytag, \$833 33. Besides these sums, about \$2500

have been realized from life-memberships, which are issued at \$20 each. These sums are set apart as a prospective fund for the permanent support of the Institution.

Our sketch would be imperfect, did we not include in it a passing tribute to the memory of one of the Home's earliest, most laborious friends. On the 16th of January, 1855, THOMAS S. MITCHELL, Esq., of this city, being on a journey through the Holy Land, took sick at Damascus, in Syria, and after a few days' illness, departed this life, in the 36th year of his age. Mr. M. had been a member of the Board of Trustees, a member of the Building Committee, and Treasurer, and in all these various relations manifested a most lively and untiring zeal for the success of the Institution. Thus identified with its interests from the first, the loss of his invaluable services filled the hearts of all with the sincerest sorrow.

Full of faith and of hope, our noble friend breathed out his spirit into the hands of God, amidst the scenes of primitive Christianity, in the city rendered memorable in the world's annals by the miraculous conversion of SAUL of Tarsus; and there, far away from home and kindred, lie his bones, to be revived by the trump of God on the resurrection morn. In the absence of his beloved family, who loved him most, because they knew him best, the sympathizing missionaries there stationed, smoothed his dying pillow, and wept over his mortal remains as they were lowered in the cemetery. That grave! even in the far distance, amidst the sacred shrines and hallowed walks of the far-famed Syrian city, elicits meditations of mingled sorrow and holy joy—of sorrow, that a noble son and a manly brother was thus unexpectedly summoned hence—of holy joy, that his immortal spirit has been set as a bright jewel in the radiant diadem of the crucified Redeemer!

"Fair rose his sun of life! Few such
Indeed—to set at noon!
His Master must have loved him much,
To call him home so soon."

THE sun is like God, sending abroad life, beauty, and happiness; and the stars like human souls, for all their glory comes from the sun.—*Jean Paul.*

LIFE.

BY REV. W. H. LUCKENBACH.

A LINK between ourselves and God,—
A boisterous, restless wave;
A breath clothed 'round with a little sod,
Lent by the earth—our *grace.*

A limner's sketch, whose colors bright,
Dissolve to a gloomy linge;
A fleeting cloud, on the verge of night,
Edged with a heavenly fringe.

An arrow whizzing through the air,
Whose motion soon is spent;
That falls upon "the acre," where
Many before it went.

At morn a bud—at noon a flower,—
A withered thing at eve;
A dew-drop sparkling but an hour
On earth, by Heaven's leave.

A grain of sand upon the shore
Of vast-eternity,
That every storm still settles lower
Into the depthless sea.

A flash—a flower—a passing dream—
A story quickly told—
A race—a rapid-running stream,
O'er rugged rocks and bold.

Such, such is life, so fleeting, frail!
That even *now* its thread
May be dissevered, or the tale
End with the *finis*—"dead."

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

THE celebrated Lord COKE wrote the subjoined couplet, which he religiously observed, in the distribution of time:

Six hours to sleep—to law's grave study six,
Four spent in prayer—the rest to nature fix.

But Sir WILLIAM JONES, a wiser economist of the fleeting hours of life, amended the sentence in the following lines:

Seven hours to law—to soothing slumber seven;
Ten to the world allot—and all to heaven.

It is seldom we fall upon so many truths in brief, as are contained in the following lines from a philosophic correspondent. They are a short sermon, which we commend to all who are o'err vaulting in their ambition:

Our *ingress* in life is naked and bare,
Our progress through life is trouble and care,
Our *egress* out of it we know not where,
But doing well *here*, we shall do well *there*,
I could not tell more by preaching a year.



SPRING.

The winter's gone! the earth has lost
 Her snow-white robes! No more the frost
 Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
 Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream!
 The warm sun thaws the frozen earth,
 And makes it tender—gives a sacred birth
 To the dead swallow—wakes in hollow tree
 The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee!
 Hear now a choir of chirping minstrels sing
 The jocund gladness of our youthful Spring!
 See valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
 Welcome the advent of the longed-for MAY!

TO the devout and contemplative mind, no study is more fraught with grave and solemn interest, than the study of the seasons. In these, as in the pages of a book, we read "the wonderful works of God," and in them do we discover countless and diversified manifestations of His inexhaustible and super-abounding beneficence. Through Nature the Christian is led to look up to Nature's God; and in every department of the boundless domain of earth, teeming with the myriad proofs of the Divine goodness, do we discover reasons for unceasing adoration, gratitude, love, and praise. We had designed writing an article on the return of Spring, when our eye casually fell upon the following, which for felicity of expression, condensed and graphic description, we regard as almost without a parallel in the English language. It

is from the pen of GAWAIN DOUGLAS, Bishop of Dunkeld, who lived in the latter end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries, and modernized by Dr. WARTON. The season here described is spring nearly ripened into summer; and callous must be the sensibilities of the reader, whose heart is not warmed by the accuracy and vividness of the picture. H.

"FRESH AURORA issues from her saffron bed and ivory house. She is clothed in a robe of crimson and violet; the cape vermilion, and the border purple. She opens the windows of her handsome hall, overshadowed with roses and filled with balm or nard. At the same time the crystal gates of heaven are thrown open to illumine the world. It is glorious to see the winds appeased, the sea becalmed, the soft season, the serene firmament, the still air, and the beauty of the watery scene. The silver-scaled fishes, in the gravel gliding hastily, as it were, from the heat, or seen through clear streams, with fins shining brown as cinnabar, and chisel-tails, dart here and there. The new lustre, enlightening all the land, beams on the small pebbles on the sides of rivers, and on the strands, which look like beryl, while the reflection of the rays play on the banks in variegated gleams. The bladed soil is embroidered with various hues. Both wood and forest are darkened with boughs, which, reflected from the ground, give a shadowy lustre to the red rocks. Towers, turrets, battlements, and high pinnacles of churches, castles, and of every fair city, seem to be painted; and, together with every bastion and story, express their own shapes on the plains. The glebe, fearless of the northern blasts, spreads her broad bosom. The corn-crops and the new-sprung barley re clothe the earth with a glad some garment. The variegated vesture of the valley clothes the cloven furrow, and the barley-lands are diversified with flowery weeds. The meadow is besprinkled with rivulets, and the fresh moisture of the dewy night restores the herbage which the cattle have cropped in the day. The blossoms in the blowing garden trust their heads to the protection of the young sun. Rank ivy leaves overspread the walls of the rampart.

The blooming hawthorn clothes all the thorns in flowers. The budding clusters of the tender grapes hang end-long, by their tendrils, from the trellises. The germs of the trees unlocking, expand themselves into the foliage of nature's tapestry. There is a soft verdure after balmy showers. The flowers smile in various colors on the bending stalks; some red, others marked like the blue and wavy sea, speckled with red and white, or bright as gold. The daisy embraids her little coronet. The grass stands embattled with banewort; the seeded down flies from the dandelion. Young weeds appear among the leaves of the strawberries and gay gilliflowers. The rose-buds, putting forth, offer their red vernal lips to be kissed, and diffuse fragrance from the crisp scarlet that surrounds their golden seeds. Lilies, with white curling tops, show their crests open. The odorous vapor moistens the silver webs that hang from the leaves. The plain is powdered with round dewy pearls. From every bud, scion, herb, and flower, bathed in liquid fragrance, the bee sucks sweet honey. The swans clamor amid the rustling reeds, and search all the lakes and gray rivers where to build their nests. The red bird of the sun lifts his coral crest, crowing clear among the plants and bushes, picking his food from every path, and attended by his wives, Tappa and Partlet. The painted peacock with gaudy plumes unfolds his tail like a bright wheel enshrouded in his silver feathers, resembling the marks of the hundred eyes of Argus. Among the boughs of the twisted olive, the small birds frame the artful nest, or along the thick hedges, or rejoice with their merry mates in the tall oaks. In the secret nook, or in the clear windows of glass, the spider full busily weaves her sly net to ensnare the gnat or fly. Under the boughs that screen the valley, or within the pale-enclosed park, the nimble deer troops in ranks, the harts wander through the thick wood-shaws, and the young fawns follow the dappled does; kids slip through the briers after the roes, and in the pastures and leas the lambs bleat to their dams. The ring-dove coos in the tall copse; the starling whistles her varied descant; the sparrow

chirps in the clefted wall; the goldfinch and linnet fill the skies; the cuckoo cries; the quail twitters; while rivers, shaws, and every dale resound; and the tender branches tremble on the trees, at the song of the birds and the buzzing of the bees."

DR. FRANKLIN'S MORAL CODE.

THE great American philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, drew up the following list of moral virtues, to which he paid constant and earnest attention, and thereby made himself a better and happier man.

Temperance.—Eat not to fulness; drink not to elevation.

Silence.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Order.—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

Resolution.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

Fragility.—Make no expense, but do good to others as yourself; that is, waste nothing.

Industry.—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

Sincerity.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.

Justice.—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

Moderation.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.

Cleanliness.—Suffer no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

Tranquillity.—Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

Humility.—Imitate Jesus Christ.

TUPPER, alluding to the anticipation of trouble, says: "Thou hast seen many sorrows, travel-stained pilgrim of the world. But that which hath vexed thee most, hath been the looking for evil. And though calamities have crossed thee, and misery been heaped upon thy head, yet ills that never happened have chiefly made thee wretched."

PERSEVERANCE.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

IN a former communication, addressed to our young friends, we spoke of the value of character, and its influence upon our happiness and usefulness. We endeavored to show that the basis of character is usually laid in early life, and that our future very much depends upon the principles which we acquire, and the habits we form in youth. If we wish, therefore, to be useful to our fellow-men, and enjoy the favor of God, it is important that good habits be early acquired and steadily maintained. We propose to speak briefly of various habits we should cultivate. In the present article, the habit of PERSEVERANCE will claim our attention.

"Perseverance," says Webster, "is persistence in anything undertaken,—the continued pursuit or prosecution of any business or enterprise begun." It is a characteristic which is inherent in some, yet it may be acquired by all. Those who seem naturally inert may, by proper exertions, be endowed with the habit, and become capable of producing extraordinary results. When once acquired, it is exceedingly valuable. The steady pursuit of any worthy and appropriate object is always the harbinger of success, and the sure path to distinction and influence.

The habit must, however, be cultivated with unremitting assiduity. No difficulties or disappointments must lead us to abandon that which we have once undertaken. Trifles must not discourage—obstacles must not deter from the object of pursuit. No ordinary impediment must dishearten, no ordinary attainment satisfy. We must persist in our efforts under such circumstances as would induce other men to despair, and give up in disgust. Says one not unknown to fame: "My maxim has been, for many years, to aim at *great* things, but if I cannot accomplish great things, to do what I *can*, and be thankful for the least success, and still follow on, without being discouraged at a day of small things, or by unexpected reverses. I have laid it down as a maxim, never to give up a plan in despair of success.

If one way does not succeed, new measures must be tried, and if I see no increase in this year, perhaps I may next. I almost wish to blot the word 'impossible' from my vocabulary." We must not expect to accomplish, in a short period, that which necessarily requires considerable time. We must realize the possibility of producing important ends from comparatively small beginnings. If immediate success does not crown our efforts—if victory does not at once perch upon our banners, we must still persevere in our cause, and remit no exertion. It is a law of our being, that not by a single effort, however powerful or gigantic it may be, but by continued and repeated efforts do we attain the object desired. *That which costs nothing is worth nothing!* Few things in this life are valuable, which are not of slow growth. All that is noble and permanent is the result of patient and persevering labor. "The gourd of Jonah springs up in a single night, but a single worm cuts it down in another night." We cannot, and we do not, expect the human marble to leap out upon us, self-formed and self-wrought, from the quarry. But it requires the force and the art of the chisel to fashion it into those shapes of grace and beauty which it ought to wear. An exemplification of the same principle we find in the natural world. Things do not at once come to maturity. A single day does not produce the expected result. The river winds its long course through mountains and dashes over cataracts before it reaches the bosom of the mighty ocean. The tree of the forest endures the blasts of *many* a winter, and is frequently agitated by the howling tempest, before it spreads wide its umbrageous boughs, and enriches the earth with its fruits. The harvest does not wave its golden tassels as soon as the grain springs up from the ground. There is "first the blade, then the ear, after that, the full corn in the ear."

We will never accomplish great things, if we shrink from effort, or are easily driven from our purpose. If we are readily discouraged, and are disposed to cry out, "There is a lion without—I shall be slain in the streets!" we cannot expect to be successful, our hopes will be disappointed, our

plans will all be prostrated. Perseverance gives strength to weakness, it reveals to poverty the world's wealth, it spreads fertility over the barren landscape, it causes the wilderness to blossom, and the choicest fruits to flourish in the desert. If Æsop was a slave, Ferguson a shepherd boy, Franklin a friendless apprentice boy, Sherman a shoemaker, Heyne the half-starved orphan, Herschel a piper in the army, Adrian VI once so indigent as to study only by the lamp of the streets, when daylight had concluded his onerous labors; if Luther was the son of an obscure miner, and Melancthon spent his youth in the workshop of an armorer, no difficulties ought to be considered too great, no obstacles too formidable for the accomplishment of *our* object.

But there are many illustrations on record to show the nature and value of this valuable virtue, which are full of interest and instruction. Robert Bruce, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, being once out on an expedition to reconnoitre the enemy, had occasion to sleep at night in a barn. In the morning, still reclining his head on a pillow of straw, he beheld a spider climbing up a beam of the roof. The insect fell to the ground, but immediately made a second attempt to ascend. This arrested the attention of the hero, who with regret saw the spider fall a second time from the same point. It made a third unsuccessful effort. Not without interest and curiosity the monarch *twelve* times beheld the insect baffled in its design; but the *thirteenth* effort was crowned with success! It reached the summit of the barn, and the king, rising upon his feet, exclaimed, "This despicable insect has taught me perseverance! I will follow its example. Have I not been twelve times defeated by the enemy's superior force. On one fight more hangs the independence of my country!" In a few days his anticipations were fully realized, by the brilliant achievements of the Battle of Bannockburn.

After a series of the most brilliant successes, Timour the Tartar was defeated, and at length made a captive. Confined in a prison whose massive walls, and thick iron bars forbade all hope of deliverance, and discouraged every thought of escape, he yet

endeavored to find some plan of exit, at each chink and crevice of the cell. At last, however, tired and in despair, he sat down in a corner of his gloomy prison, and gave himself up to feelings of despondency; but whilst occupied in sad thought, he became interested in an ant, with a piece of wood thrice as large as itself, which was attempting to ascend the perpendicular face of the wall. Several attempts put forth by the insect proved failures. After gaining some elevation in its course, it reached a jutting angle of the stone, and immediately fell backwards upon the floor. Again and again was the effort renewed. Timour watched with deep emotion the struggles of the insect, and in the absorbing interest thus awakened, he forgot his own condition. The ant persevered, and at the *sixtieth* trial overcame the difficulty. The monarch, starting up, cried out, "*I will never despair—perseverance conquers all things!*"

It was this trait that gave a hemisphere to the world. Now that the continent in which we live is fully known, it may seem to many that its existence must have appeared a plain truth, which Columbus could have had no difficulty in detecting. But what does history tell us? Is it not that the distinguished Genoese was compelled to persevere against the opposition of the learned, and the neglect of the rulers of the day, wandering from court to court, trying in vain to procure a hearing for his chimerical scheme, as it was then regarded? But strong in his convictions, he persisted till he saw and reached the new world. Obstacles which would have daunted an ordinary spirit had no influence upon him. Difficulties could not repel him from the object of his pursuit. Opposition did not diminish his ardor. Disappointment only stimulated him to greater exertion.

The story of the Grecian orator has often been repeated. He had to struggle against influences the most formidable; but by unwearied perseverance he surmounted the most perplexing obstacles, and supplied by art the defects of nature. By frequently climbing the steep and rugged mountain, he expanded his lungs; by speaking with pebbles in his mouth, he corrected his stammer-

ing; by haranguing on the surge-beaten shore, to the winds and to the waves, he strengthened his voice, and by declaiming with a naked sword hanging over his shoulder, he checked his awkward gestures, and acquired grace of manner. He spared no effort, he shirked no labor, till he acquired that excellence which nature seemed unwilling to bestow, and attained such an eminence in his profession as has never been surpassed.

Henderson gives an interesting account of his meeting on a certain occasion with an Icelander, a poor man, in the lower circles of life, who, to his great surprise, could read German with great facility. On inquiring how he came to understand the language, he replied that he once met with a German book, and so great was his desire to know what it contained, that he could never rest until he acquired a knowledge of the language, so as to read it with confidence and fluency.

A similar anecdote is also told of the celebrated Edmund Stone, whose father was gardener to the Duke of Argyll. This nobleman one day found on the grass a copy of *Newton's Principia*, in Latin, and when, on inquiry, he learned that it belonged to young Edmund, he was astonished to hear that the son of his gardener could read Latin, or understand mathematics, and asked him how he obtained a knowledge of these things. "A servant," said the youth, who was now in his eighteenth year, "taught me to read ten years ago. Does one need more than the twenty-four letters in order to learn anything else he may wish?" The Duke was still more surprised as he sat down and received from Edmund's own lips the following account: "I first learned to read," said he, "when the masons were at work upon your house. I approached them one day, and found that the architect used a rule and compass, and that he made calculations. I inquired the meaning and use of these things, and was informed that there was a science called arithmetic, and I learned it. I was told there was another science, called geometry. I bought the necessary books, and earned it too. I afterwards ascertained that there were good books in these two

sciences, written in Latin. I bought a dictionary, and learned Latin." In this way did the eminent Scotchman persevere in his efforts, till he became a most accomplished scholar, and distinguished as an author.

Many years ago a young American was occupied in the construction of a few models of machinery, by which he might bend to the use of navigation an agent familiar to all, but which had only a short time before been pressed into the service of mechanics, by the genius of Watt. Receiving no countenance in his own land, he visited France, and at a diplomatic dinner given at Paris, by Chancellor Livingston, to a company of statesmen and literati, Fulton wearied the patience of the guests by endeavoring to show them that he could, had he the means, construct a boat, that would stem the waves of the Hudson by the force of steam, with the velocity of four miles an hour! But his scheme was regarded as wild. Repulsed, he turned his face to his native country. It is interesting to listen to his own narrative, recounting the opposition he encountered, the little disposition evinced to give his project any countenance. "My friends," says he, "were civil, but shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity. As I had occasion to pass daily to and fro from the building, while my boat was in progress, I often listened, unknown, near the idle group of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of sneer or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense, the dry jest, the wise calculation of losses and expenditures, the dull but endless repetition of the '*Fulton folly*.' Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. The day arrived when my boat was finished, and the experiment was to be made on the Hudson. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I wanted some friends to go on board, to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend from personal regard, but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be partners of my mortification, and not of my

triumph. I was well aware that, in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill-made, and many parts were constructed by mechanics unacquainted with such work, and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived at which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was among them anxiety mixed with fear. They were silent, sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitation, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were all out of it.' I elevated myself on a platform, and stated that I knew not what was the matter, but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage. I went below, and soon discovered that a slight mal-adjustment was the cause. It was soon obviated—the boat went on. We left New York—we passed through the Highlands—we reached Albany, yet even then imagination superseded the force of fact. It was doubted if it could be done again, or if the project could be made in any case of great value." Well may our countryman Willis exclaim, "What an affecting picture of the struggle of a great mind, and what a lesson of encouragement, is contained in this simple narrative!"

But why multiply examples! The trophies of this virtue are everywhere to be found. Its results are abundant, its achievements most brilliant. Through its influence, discovery has succeeded discovery, invention produced invention, attainment been added to attainment. Our own country affords peculiar facility for its exercise. Here, the humblest individual in society, by pressing forward towards the prize which is to be the reward of his toil, may elevate himself to the loftiest heights—may attain the very pinnacle of human glory.

Let it be our constant aim, then, first to

deliberate wisely, then to *resolve* firmly, and having taken hold of the proposed object with heroic resolution, to *execute* it with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by difficulties, and inexorable to all opposition.

We may urge the duty with still greater force in reference to our Christian course. We are commanded to "run with patience the race set before us"—to "so run that we may obtain"—to prove "steadfast and immovable,"—"watching with all perseverance"—not to be "weary in well-doing"—to "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." We are told "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." So let us strive, and then, when our work is done, and our mission finished, the battle of life fought, and the victory won, we may expect to hear, from the lips of our Divine Master, the welcome plaudit, "*Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!*"

WHO OUGHT TO BE PUNISHED?

THE late Rev. John Thomas, one of the missionary brethren of Serampore, was one day, after addressing a crowd of the natives on the banks of the Ganges, accosted by a Brahmin, as follows: "Sir, don't you say that the devil tempts man to sin?" "Yes," answered Mr. Thomas. "Then," said the Brahmin, "certainly the fault is the devil's; the devil, therefore, and not man ought to suffer the punishment." While the countenances of many of the natives discovered their approbation of the Brahmin's inference, Mr. Thomas observing a boat with several men on board, descending the river, with that felicity of instructive retort for which he was distinguished, replied—"Brahmin, do you see yonder boat?" "Yes." "Suppose I was to send some of my friends to destroy every person on board, and bring me all that is valuable in the boat; who ought to suffer punishment? *I* for instructing them, or *they* for doing this wicked act?" "Why," answered the Brahmin, with emotion, "you ought *all* to be put to death together." "Ay, Brahmin," replied Mr. T., "and if you and the devil sin together, the devil and you will be punished together."

THE TREE OF LIFE.

BY REV. M. VALENTINE.

WHO would not esteem it a great privilege to have seen that tree of Eden? Whose fancy does not sometimes paint it as in a picture? If a man were now living, who had gazed upon it, and known all about it, as he knows the trees that stand before his own door, how he would love to speak of it, and with what curious interest would we not listen! When men now think of Eden, it seems to them as if they were leaving the world of realities and entering a realm of dreamy idealism. Nothing is fixed there. Scarcely anything is material. It appears as an *imaginary* place of beauty, poetry, and song. The fact-nature of Paradise is almost forgotten. Poets have been so long playing with its scenery, that men can hardly realize that it was made up of common ground, and rocks, *real* grass, and trees, and shrubs, and fruit, and flowers. Yet such it was. It was a beautiful place, indeed; but still a place as essentially material as the parks before our houses.

The first family had to have a home as well as any subsequent one. That home was a chosen spot—specially prepared, and lovely in the pureness and freshness of God's own handiwork. It was a "garden eastward in Eden." How would we not love to see some of the flowers of that garden! What herbarium would not be considered as enriched beyond all price by one of its flowers pressed!

The trees of that garden attract our attention. Many trees were there, but only two are specifically mentioned. Besides the "Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil," the prohibited fruit of which was to afford Adam an opportunity of proving the truthness and strength of his fidelity to his Creator, there was the "TREE OF LIFE," in the midst of the garden. There is much diversity of opinion about the nature and design of this tree. Some resolve all that is said about it into an allegory. But this is so entirely at variance with the literal and actual character of the whole historic account, that it can find no favor, except

among rationalistic interpreters. Other suggestions are better.

One view makes the tree simply the *emblem* of that life which was placed before man. It regards it as a *real* tree, indeed, but intended to serve only as a type of the immortality which, on condition of obedience, was pledged to Adam and his race. As such, it is represented as a tree of the evergreen species—a "living tree"—clad in perennial freshness, ever flourishing and fruitful. It was thus a fit and beautiful emblem of a ceaseless life, keeping before the view of our first parents their noble destiny, if they would maintain their fealty to God by abstaining, according to command, from the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

To this some add another idea. Admitting its emblematic meaning, and regarding it as a visible sign and pledge of the continuance of a happy life, so long as man would be obedient, they connect with it, also, a *sacramental* character. They think that Adam and Eve may often have eaten of its fruit, somewhat as Christians now do of the Lord's Supper, to assure and sustain their faith in that which it symbolized. As the emblem of life, they regard it as the sacramental food of life. But it seems far from being certain, that the fruit possessed this sacramental character. And it is equally uncertain whether Adam ever ate of it. The narrative by Moses rather suggests a different conclusion. After the fall, God expelled Adam from the garden, seemingly giving as a reason for doing so,— "Lest he put forth his hand and *take also of the tree of life*, and eat and live forever." This language appears, at least, to imply that he had not yet eaten of it at that time.

There is another view, that is better than either of these. It represents the tree not only as emblematic, and beautifully so, but also as producing fruit having a real efficacy to perpetuate the life which it typified. It was the food that was to sustain man in immortal existence. It was the appointed means to secure him from the debility of old age and total decay, and prolong forever his paradisiacal life. This view presupposes that man's body was not *constitutionally* im-

mortal. In its primitive nature, it was susceptible of decay and death. Against this supposition there seems to be no valid objection. There is, so far as we know, a universal tendency in organized matter to wear out, to dissolve, and change forms. Nothing appears to be exempt from this law. Science has not shown a solitary object in the whole world of organic matter, that is not subject to it. Does not this fact render it probable, that this law applied to the body of the unfallen, as it did to the fallen Adam? We have, at any rate, no intimation that any change in the law of his physical constitution occurred at the time of his eating the forbidden fruit. It is probable, there was none. The fruit of the "Tree of Life" was to renew his youth when age should come on, and his strength wear away. It was a beautiful arrangement. The machinery of his body, "fearfully and wonderfully made," would work on, but never run down, because its wasting power would be perpetually restored by this ever-present fruit. Thus he would be kept from becoming presumptuous, humbly and happily dependent, yet ever secure as long as he was obedient.

See how it resulted! Being without any constitutional immortality, Adam died, and with him the whole race, by being denied access to the "Tree of Life." He was cut off from the means of sustaining life. Thus an existing law was permitted to work its results. Dust thus returned to dust,—and Adam *begun to die* on the very day he ate of the prohibited fruit. If he had not disregarded the command of God, he might have continued in Eden, and by the appointed recourse to the "Tree of Life," from time to time, he might have flourished in immortal youth. He might have eaten and lived forever. The whole view is supported by the words already cited, uttered by God when he banished him from the garden, "Lest he take also of the Tree of Life and *live forever.*"

'Tis true that the Scriptures represent death as being brought upon our race by sin. But this is equally the fact, whether Adam, by sin, deprived himself of the appointed means of perpetuating his life, or

by the same sin, the seeds of death were then sown in his system. In both views he was immortal before: in the one, by an original act of God; in the other, by a constant and ever available provision. According to both, he lost his immortality by disobedience. Adam and Eve were turned out of the garden to die. Sad, indeed, was the day when cherubim, with flaming sword turning every way, were placed to "keep the way of the tree of life," and they found themselves forever shut out from its immortality-sustaining fruit. Then darkness fell on their hearts, as it does on the world when the sun goes down.

But light has again come into the world. Our "Paradise Lost" on earth, is "re-gained" in heaven. And the prisoner of Patmos, who was privileged to behold it in apocalyptic vision, has told us there is to be seen there "A Tree of Life in the midst of the Paradise of God," and that he that overcometh, shall enter in and eat its fruit. The heavenly Eden is to have a "Tree of Life," as well as the earthly one had. This is a happy truth to our race, now driven from the garden, wandering and perishing in the desert. We can find no Eden in the world—but "a good time is coming." We shall enter the gate of the heavenly Paradise, approach the "Tree of Life," and eat and live forever. Under its wide-spread branches, death can never come. Above it, around it, beneath it, glows the full glory of immortality.

THE GOOD PARSON.

BY CHAUCER.

RICH he was in holy thought and work;
 And thereto a right learned man; a clerk
 That Christ's pure Gospel would sincerely preach,
 And his parishioners devoutly teach—
 Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,
 And in adversity full patient—
 Though holy in himself, and virtuous,
 He still to sinful men was mild and piteous;
 Not of reproach imperious or malign;
 But in his teaching *soothing and benign.*
 To draw them on to Heaven, by reason fair
 And good example, was his daily care.

DOES not the echo in the sea-shell tell of the worm which once inhabited it; and shall not man's good deeds live after him, and sing his praise?—*Jean Paul.*

ALEXANDER AND THE AFRICANS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ENGEL.

ALEXANDER, the Conqueror of the World, in one his expeditions came into Macedonia situated in an obscure corner of Africa. The inhabitants dwelt in humble cottages, and were neither versed in the arts of war, nor yet subject to a conqueror. On the arrival of Alexander, he was conducted to the dwelling of the chief, who placed before him dates, figs, and apples of pure gold.

"Do they eat gold here?" said Alexander.

"You being able, as I suppose," replied the chief, "to obtain provisions in your own country, for what except this have you come hither?"

"It is not for your gold that I have come," replied Alexander, "but to become better acquainted with the customs of your people."

"Since this is the case then," added the chief, "tarry here as long as thou wilt."

During this colloquy, two citizens came for judgment. The plaintiff said, "I purchased of this man a piece of land, and turning up the soil, I discovered a valuable treasure contained therein; yet this man refuses to receive it again."

Then the other replied, "I am as conscientious in this matter as my neighbor. I sold him the field with all that was therein concealed. Therefore the treasure is his own."

The judge then repeated their words, that he might be sure he understood the meaning of each correctly, and after little reflection thus spoke.

"You," said he addressing the first, "have a son—have you not?"

"I have," replied he.

"And you," said he to the other, "a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Well then, the son shall marry the daughter and the treasure shall be their marriage portion."

Alexander seemed perplexed.

"Is my sentence unjust?" inquired the chief.

"By no means," said Alexander, "but to

me the decision seemed strange and peculiar."

"How then would the affair have been decided in your own country?"

"To speak truly," said Alexander, "we should have detained the two men in prison, and have taken the possession for the king."

"For the king!" said the other in astonishment. "Does the sun shine in that land?"

"Surely."

"And does it rain there?"

"Yes."

"Are there flocks and herds there?"

"Very many."

"It is well then, that the Great Being who rules over all things, should permit the rain to fall upon that land, and the sun to shine there for the sake of these innocent beasts, but you do not deserve it."

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

BY REV. W. M. REYNOLDS.

OH! lovely sea of Galilee,
Would I might sail a day o'er thee!
Would I might see thy silver wave,
And shores, which thy best waters lave.

Fain would I see thy pebbly strand,
And crags, which high above them stand;
Where once my blessed Saviour stood,
And looked upon thy dark'ning flood.

Fain would I see the frailest boat,
Which on thy quiet waves may float;
And there before my mind should rise
The brightest vision of the skies.

There with my Saviour would I sail,
Nor heed, though 'round me roared the gale;
Though midnight darkness gathered there,
My sun should shine undimmed and fair.

And though the storm should higher rise,
And lightnings flash athwart the skies,
Though all thy waves should sweep my deck,
My foundering bark would fear no wreck.

No! by my Saviour I would stand,
Upheld by his almighty Hand;
For thy wild waves obey His will,
When he commands them, "*Peace! be still!*"

Oh! lovely sea of Galilee,
Would I might ever sail o'er thee!
That I might learn to live like thee,
Obeying Him, who died for me!

ALLENTOWN, April, 1856.

FAME—the reverberation caused by something striking upon the empty world.

THE TENANTLESS TOMB.

BY REV. W. D. ROEDEL.

WE lead the reader to the tomb of our Saviour—not, indeed, with the sorrowful thoughts and streaming eyes with which we follow thither JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA, and NICODEMUS, and the few amiable and sympathizing women—but with joy and gladness. The Roman guard, set around the sepulchre, to prevent the body of Jesus, as was alleged, from being stolen by the disciples, have fled. The massive stone, rolled against it, is removed. The tomb, indeed, is *empty*. Save a little heap of cerement, and a few grave-clothes, there is naught within. Other indications there are none, that it has been the depository of a corpse. To visit the spot where Jesus lay is now a delight. In the whole mission of Christ, there is no scene so subduing and melting. Calvary itself must yield to its holier influences. The former amazes and horrifies with its stupendous prodigies, its crimes and its passions; but the latter soothes us with its milder and more tranquillizing influences. In the scenes of Calvary, mingled with unspeakable love, we behold anger, and malice, and obduracy, and blasphemy, and blood, and death, together with earthquakes and darkness, and other fearful convulsions of nature. But *here*, in the quiet repose of the garden, there is nought to terrify, and much to elevate and comfort. We here behold that in the human heart which survives misfortune, persecution, and even death itself—sacred, disinterested love. And he who can read the affectionate interview of Mary with the angels at the tomb, and with the risen Saviour himself, without emotion, must be callous to every lofty and humane sensibility.

We lead you, reader, then, to “the place where the Lord lay,” because we deem it a place eminently calculated to awaken pious and devout meditations. It is a sacred spot, consecrated by the presence of the World’s Redeemer, by angel footsteps, and by displays of the most genuine affection, the most unwavering faith. We come hither to learn the *depth* of the Saviour’s humiliation. He had, indeed, already sufficiently abased

himself by his lowly entrance into the world, and by his humble mission amongst men. But here we behold the Lord of glory yielding to the sovereignty of death, and the dominion of the grave—of death, that terror-fiend, and the grave, that vault of darkness! These are the agencies of the Divine power, and yet, for our sakes, did Jesus submit to their empire, that he might extract from the one his sting, and despoil the other of his victory—that he might clothe the skeleton form of the one in habiliments of hope and beauty, and illumine the darkness of the other with the light of heaven. And all this humiliation, this abdication of the throne of glory, the “putting on of mortality,” the suffering of scorn, contempt, persecution, and malice; the meek endurance of being spit upon, scourged, clothed in mock-royalty, sentenced by a mob, oppressed by the burden of his own cross, cruelly murdered on Calvary, and buried in the tomb of the Arimathean, was endured for *us*. Standing upon the brink of this grave, then, ought not sin to become more hideous in our sight, and ought we not to loathe it as a most foul and pestilent thing? By this amazing exhibition of the Divine love, God has, indeed, added new glory to his character in the estimation of men and angels, and hence Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and Mount Olivet, and Gethsemane, and Calvary, are all sacred shrines in the contemplation of the Christian mind. But the tomb in the garden possesses even a more thrilling interest, if possible, than either, for around it cluster associations inexpressibly solemn and impressive. “Come, then, and see the place where the Lord lay,” and whilst your streaming eyes attest your grief on account of the sins which made such a sacrifice necessary, cast all your doubt, your unbelief, and sin, into that now deserted tomb!

“Come, see the place where the Lord lay.” And learn, too, from this tenantless tomb, and these deserted cerements, the assurance of the forgiveness of sin, and that “your faith is *not* vain.” To the Christian’s faith, nothing could have been more disastrous than the non-fulfilment of the Saviour’s declaration, that he would rise again on the third day after his burial. Had the affectionate

and sympathizing women who so early came to the sepulchre, found the stone unmoved, the seal unbroken, the Roman guard undisturbed, whatever the effect upon their own hearts (for they did not *confidently* expect Christ's resurrection), the result to the claims of Jesus could not have been otherwise than overwhelmingly fatal. Beneath the shock of such a disappointed hope, humanity would have reeled. But it was the *untenanted* grave, the shroud *abandoned*, the pleasant greeting of the angel-keepers, "Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus: *He is not here, he is risen*. Come, see the place where the Lord lay"—that afford a guarantee, sure as the bond of the great I Am, of the rightful power of the Saviour to dispense forgiveness of sins and life everlasting. Herein is the crowning authentication of his lawful claim to the high prerogatives he exercised. The *necessity* of Christ's resurrection from the dead, to the complete confirmation of his glorious doctrines, is freely admitted by the Apostle, "If Christ be *not* raised, your faith is *vain*—ye are yet in your sins—*then* they, also, which are fallen asleep in Christ are *perished*."

The request of the angel to "come and see the place where the Lord lay," is an invitation to look with our own eyes into the grave, from which the guard fled, affrighted—from which the massive rock, secured with Pilate's imperial seal, was rolled away, and in its *untenanted* state to behold our "title clear to mansions in the skies." How sweetly must not that *empty* tomb have appeared to the amiable Marys! How delightful and inspiriting are not its hallowed associations to us! As we gaze into its hollow recesses, let us cast a retrospective glance upon the havoc sin has made with the bright hopes and glorious aspirings of man! Look at Eden! Bereft of its innocence, of its hallowed altar, from which ascended devotion sweet and grateful as the fragrance of its own untainted flowers. See the Angel brandishing the sword of flame at every entrance, barring the return of the poor exiled victims of Satan's wiles. Hear the voice of fratricidal blood rising from the fresh pastures where Abel fed his peaceful flocks. Hear the wail of the depraved debauchees

of Sodom, as their beautiful city stands wrapt in flames of sulphureous fire. Follow the track of sin, left in lines of blood upon the whole history of mankind, up to its devastating march over your heart and mine, and see a rebel and apostate world in ruins. But "come, see the place where the Lord lay." The whole dire catalogue of human depravity culminates *there*. Jesus saw us when,

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful ray of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day."

He saw the yearnings of the human soul for deliverance, and "Oh! amazing love! he ran to our relief." And here, in this tenantless tomb, we read the fulfilment of the precious promises to which the sin-oppressed of all ages have clung as the anchor of their hopes, sure and steadfast to the soul. Here, at this hallowed spot, we learn how the Lord *loved* us. When he stood at the grave of his humble friend LAZARUS, surrounded by the weeping sisters, sympathizing disciples, and curious bystanders, we are told "*Jesus wept*." Perceiving the intensity of his emotions, the assembled spectators said, "*See how he loved him*." So could the angels too, hovering over the deserted tomb of the Redeemer, have said to the wondering women, "*See how he loved you*," and such, if they speak at all from heaven, are their utterances to us.

To the impenitent, hardened, stiff-necked sinner, of course all this is mere rhetoric—the effervescence of a blind fanaticism, signifying nothing. But not so to the Christian. The empty tomb of a crucified Saviour, to *him*, is all redolent of life and blessedness beyond the skies. To him it is a gurgling fountain in the midst of an arid desert. When the waters of affliction overwhelm, when doubts distress, temptations try, clouds overshadow, and sin threatens to cast into despair—when death itself brings him to the verge of the eternal world—he brings all his tears, his unbelief, his wretchedness, his woe, and sin, and casts them into the untenanted tomb of the meek and crucified Son of God, and he sees life and immortality brought to light.

THE BIBLE IN ICELAND.

BY REV. M. SHEELEIGH.

TAKE the pains to transcribe for the "*Lutheran Home Journal*," from the "*Bible Society Record*," the following letter, headed, "*The Bible in Iceland*." This is an abridgment of a longer article on the subject, first written for another journal. Under the influence of an unusually strong inclination, whose origin and force are almost unaccountable to myself, my mind has from early years hovered over Iceland with a peculiar interest. Its far northerly and isolated position, making it almost a little world in itself; the strongly-marked natural features, everywhere indicative of its volcanic birth; the constant exhibition of physical mysteries and sublimities; its long and well-defined history; the accounts of its poetic language, and wealthy literature; the dignified simplicity, together with the remarkable intelligence and piety of its people; all combined, have thrown around and over that little spot of earth a singular interest. Yet, notwithstanding all its array of physical, historical, literary, and religious interest,—together with the acknowledged fact that its once adventurous sons traced our own shores (*Vineland*), centuries before the days of Columbus; still, Iceland, to the mind's eye of the great, busy world, seems almost lost in the shadowy horizon of thought. But led, as I have been, to read concerning that little island every account that has fallen in my way, it now lies before me an embodied poem. I have often thought that should I cross the ocean, I would turn aside to visit Iceland.

To the Christian, the evangelization and religious condition of this insular region must, when examined, be full of interest. As to its Lutheran name, it must appear to be very legitimately claimed. The threads of historical connection are extremely definite. Beyond the facts that the Island was settled from Scandinavia, whose governments are now Lutheran, and that it is now a dependency of a Lutheran nation; it will be observed, in the following account, that Protestantism was planted there by an immediate disciple of Luther.

VALATIE, N. Y., April, 1856.

EXTRACT FROM THE BIBLE SOCIETY RECORD.

In the year 980, about 130 years after the discovery of Iceland by some Norwegian sailors, Christian missionaries visited the island. They found it in a state of idolatry, but their pious labors were successful; and after twenty years, the whole population, by a solemn resolution of the National Assembly, professed Christianity. In a short time, however, Papal abuses commenced, and the Icelanders found themselves oppressed by a heavy ecclesiastical yoke. When the Reformation commenced, they turned their eyes with hope towards Luther; and Oddur, a young Icelander of most respectable parentage, who was studying theology in Norway, had his mind awakened upon the great question which was then agitating the world. He studied the New Testament in its original language with earnest prayer, and compared its sentiments with those of Luther. Penetrated by a conviction of the truth of the great Reformer's teachings, he went to Germany to be instructed by him. After remaining his disciple for some time, he returned to Iceland, with a determination to bestow the Word of Life upon his countrymen; translated the New Testament into his native language, on a solitary farm, beneath the roof of a stable. In 1539, he completed his task, and carried it to Denmark, where a thousand copies were printed under the patronage of *Christiern III*. He then returned to Iceland, to scatter the holy seed among its inhabitants. The books were received with inexpressible joy, and the Word of God performed its mission. In 1550, the whole island adopted the Lutheran Confession.

Thirty years after, the entire Bible was translated and printed in Iceland. But the first edition was in two large folio volumes, and so it could not be obtained by the poor. Yet they met together during the long winter evenings, in some house that could contain them, and listened to one who read aloud.

Then they were visited by successive afflictions. Huge blocks of ice floated from the Northern Sea, and encircled their island with an impenetrable barrier; putting an end to their commerce, and increasing the cold to

an intensity which they had not before experienced. Fatal volcanic eruptions occurred, and small-pox and famine greatly reduced the population. Then came a horde of pirates, with fire and sword, who departed, taking with them a number of captives. These successive calamities put a stop to every improvement. The schools were abandoned, and the printing presses stopped. Although three editions of the Bible had been published in the seventeenth century, most of them were destroyed; and in the beginning of the nineteenth century, it was impossible to procure a copy.

A magistrate of high standing writes in 1806: "Even at the cost of great sacrifices, nobody can purchase on the island a Bible or a New Testament. It is a sad fact that in a population of 50,000 souls, there should not be more than forty or fifty complete Bibles."

But God does not withhold his Word from those who hunger and thirst for it, as these Icelanders undoubtedly did. By a chain of providential circumstances, the attention of two young Scotchmen, John Paterson and Ebenezer Henderson, was turned to the spiritual wants of Iceland. Through their means, the British and Foreign Bible Society, then just founded, was induced to take the responsibility of half a new edition of 5000 New Testaments. A Christian association in Fionia, when applied to by Henderson, consented to pay the remaining half of the expense; and the printing of the New Testament was completed in Copenhagen in the winter of 1806-7. The Christian Society of Fionia hastened to send 1,500 copies to Iceland, and took pains to have them regularly distributed to the eager multitude, who received their gift with the most intense joy and gratitude. The remaining 3,500 Testaments had been detained for political reasons in Copenhagen; but at length they also reached their place of destination. The interesting letter from which these extracts are made, tells of the delight with which they were received by the fortunate ones, and also of the deep sorrow of those who were deprived of the precious gift. "Would it not be possible to obtain a few more copies?" asks a young

servant of Christ, on this occasion. "Young and old, all sigh after the possession of the whole Bible."

In 1812, the London Bible Society published 5000 complete copies of the Icelandic Bible, and 5000 of the New Testament. The Rev. Mr. Henderson made a voyage to Iceland, to preside at the distribution of these gifts. Immense crowds of people surrounded his house, and offered to pay double the price which was demanded.

And now it is the beloved book of the island. The Icelanders are an intelligent and a reading people; and their long winter is cheered by the perusal of the Holy Scriptures. They have now the means of procuring a plentiful supply of Bibles; and the Book once so scarce is not the less prized on that account. The father teaches it to his children, and neighborhoods still assemble together to hear it read with other edifying books. "In this manner," says the writer of the letter, "they succeed in acquiring a profound knowledge of Christianity, which would do honor to more civilized people."

HAPPINESS.

MANKIND in general one great end pursue,
And all their deeds have happiness in view:
Some think to obtain it in the busy court;
To seek it, some to rural scenes resort;
Others, in gold, strive happiness to find;
By travels, some would gain a happy mind.
But all these means will fail, nor can impart
A lasting bliss, or always cheer the heart.
Would you be happy? seek a virtuous wife,
A quiet conscience, and a holy life.

SIMPLE AFFINITY.

SOME water and oil
One day had a broil,
As down in a glass they were dropping,
And would not unite,
But continued to fight,
Without any prospect of stopping.
Some pearlsh o'erheard,
And quick as a word,
He jumped in the midst of their clashing,
When all three agreed,
And united with speed,
And soap was created for washing.

ALWAYS have a book or paper within your reach, which you may catch up at your odd minutes. Resolve to edge in a little reading every day. It will be felt at the end of the year. Thoughts take up no room.

THE BLIND MAN OF THE MINES.

BY REV. PRESIDENT HITCHCOCK.

ALLOW me to refer to a case that lately fell under my observation, which illustrates more forcibly than I have ever conceived, the priceless value of the Christian's hope to the most unfortunate and degraded. I had descended one thousand feet beneath the earth's surface, in the coal pits of the Mid Lotian Mines in Virginia, and was wandering through their dark, subterranean passages, when the sound of music at a little distance broke upon my ear. It ceased upon our approach, and I caught only the concluding sentiment of the hymn,

"I shall be in Heaven in the morning."

On advancing with our lamps, we found the passage closed by a door, in order to give a different direction to the current of air for the purpose of ventilation, yet this door must be opened occasionally to let the rail cars pass, loaded with coal. And to accomplish this, we found sitting by that door an aged blind slave, whose eyes had been entirely destroyed by a blast of gunpowder many years before, in that mine. There he sat, on a seat cut in the coal, from sunrise to sunset, day after day; his sole business being to open and shut the door, when he heard the rail cars approaching. We requested him to sing again the hymn whose last line we have heard. It was indeed lame in expression, and in the poetic measure very defective; being, in fact, one of those productions which we found the pious slaves were in the habit of singing, in part, at least, impromptu. But each stanza closed with the sentiment,

"I shall be in Heaven in the morning."

It was sung with a clear and pleasant voice, and I could see the shrivelled, sightless eyeballs of the old man roll in their sockets, as if his soul felt the inspiring sentiments; and really the exhibition was one of the most affecting that I have ever witnessed. There he stood, an old man, whose earthly hopes, even at the best, must be very faint; and he was a slave—and he was blind—what could he hope for on earth? He was buried, too, a thousand feet beneath the

solid rocks. In the expressive language of Jonah: "He has gone down to the bottom of the mountain, the earth with her bars was about him forever." There, from month to month, he sat in darkness. Oh, how utterly cheerless his condition! And yet that one pleasant hope of a resurrection morning was enough to infuse peace and joy in his soul.

I had often listened to touching music—I had heard gigantic intellect pour forth enchanting eloquence, but never did music or eloquence exert such overpowering influence over my feelings as did this scene. Never before did I witness so grand an exhibition of sublimity. O, how comparatively insignificant did earth's mightiest warriors and statesmen, her princes and emperors, and even her philosophers without piety appear! How powerless would all their pomp, and pageantry, and wisdom be to sustain them, if called to change places with this poor slave! He had a principle within him superior to them all; and when that morning which he longs for shall come, how infinitely better than theirs will his lot appear to an admiring universe. And that morning shall ere long break upon thy darkness, benighted old man! The light of the natural sun, and the face of this fair world will never, indeed, revisit you, and the remnant of your days must be spent in your monotonous task, by the side of the wicket gate, deep in the caverns of the earth. But that bright and blessed hope of a resurrection morning shall not deceive you. The Saviour in whom you trust shall manifest himself to you even in the deep darkness, and at the appointed hour the chains of slavery shall drop off, and the double night which envelops you shall vanish into the light and the liberty and glory of heaven. And in just proportion to the depths of your darkness and degradation now, shall be the brightness and the joy of that everlasting day.

THE best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity; to God, your ALL.



Home Circle.

BEAUTY.

"He hath made everything beautiful in his time."
SOLOMON.

"For Beauty hideth everywhere that Reason's child
may seek her,
And having found the gem of price, may set it in
God's crown.

Beauty nestleth in the rosebud, or walketh the firmament
with planets;
She is heard in the beetle's evening hymn, and shout
in the matins of the sun."

TUPPER.

THERE are two essential characteristics of the beautiful. The one is, that whatever be the object, the emotion which it excites is uniformly pleasing. The other is, that by a sort of reflex transfer of the emotion to the object, we associate our agreeable feelings with our very conception of the object. For instance, while we inhale the perfume of the rose, we actually consider the fragrance, or some shadowy resemblance to it, as floating around that sweet flower, as if existing there, independently of our feeling.

The feeling of beauty is not a sensation, but an emotion—a feeling subsequent to the perception or conception of the object termed beautiful. And hence we are not to restrict the term to objects of vision, as is usually done by grammarians. It is just as philosophical to speak of a beautiful sound as of a beautiful flower. But we do not intend to philosophize on the subject—rather would we abandon ourselves to the inspirations and suggestions of the beautiful that

are opening around us in returning spring. Everywhere nature is bursting into new life and beauty, and ten thousand hearts are jubilant with the joyous season, and everywhere is heard, "The spring, the spring, the beautiful spring!" We are naturally led, at this season, when such manifold forms of beauty are thrown around us with such rich and endless profusion, to reflect on beauty, as an attribute of the Divine mind—an attribute for which technical theology, perhaps, has no name, but which every true heart feels. It is something more than power, and more than wisdom. It is something else than love, which might have wrought its ends by means less diversified, and in a less attractive universe. It is something which bears the same relation to taste in man, or artistical invention to susceptibility. Its source in the Divine mind must be the human idea of beauty, refined, exalted, carried out into infinity.

There is a devout contemplation of the works of God that is most salutary upon mind and heart. It ennobles the moral nature and spiritualizes the whole man, thus to commune with God in his own forms of beauty. The soul that begins to perceive the beauty of creation yearns for communion in its solitude, for the living spirit in its stillness. To enter into the heart of nature is to talk face to face with its Author.

A thing of beauty is the minister of love, as well as a joy forever. It im-

measurably enhances our sense of the Divine goodness. Its every ray is edged and fringed with mercy. Its every form bears the inscription, "*God is love.*" Whatever phase it assumes, and wherever it glows or gleams, it reflects the benignant smile of our Father. Who can watch the course of a bright spring day, from the song that ushers in the misty dawn, till twilight of evening, without feeling that the eyes of God are all around him—that the Divine presence is on every hand, reflected into his soul from field and sky, from cloud and star!

And then there is, in scenes of beauty, a voice of tender sympathy and consolation for the sad and sorrowful. In a world thus full of beauty, thus suffused by the smile of the universal Father, there can be no sorrow, sent as sorrow. The griefs that flow at his bidding, severe and desolating as they may sometimes seem, can be to the pious soul, only what dreary vernal rains are to the upspringing grass and the unfolding blossoms—what the cloud big with thunder is to the sultry atmosphere of summer.

Let us welcome these revelations of Divine love. It can be only those whom God loves that he chastens. It is to train the earthly vine about the tree of life, that the heavenly husbandman cuts its lower tendrils, so that it may cling ever closer, and climb ever higher, till in his own good time he unearths its root, and transplants it to

"Those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens,
Where every flower brought safe through death's
dark portal
Becomes immortal."

T. S.

TWO little girls conversed in low voices on various matters of childish policy; among the rest, of tricks and secrets in school.

"For my part," said one, "when the girls get into any scrape, I think we are bound in honor not to tell."

"What will you do when the teachers ask you?"

"Oh, get off as you can; just in the best way you can, without telling outright lies."

"When they question strictly, how can you escape without sacrificing the truth?"

"Well, I don't know. Tell just as few falsehoods as will possibly answer."

"Now, never tell one. If you do, you'll get yourself into great trouble."

"Why, if we don't save the girls, they won't save us."

"You need not act so as to want to be saved. But if you do, and then add a lie to it, I reckon you only make it ten times worse. First, there will come over your whole face such an awful, dark red. That is the lie telling itself out. It han't got the sense to keep hid. And I reckon that red color comes from the best blood dropping out of the heart, and never getting back into it any more."

"**G**RANDMAMMA," said a little girl, "did you tell me that God made us out of dust?"

"Yes, the Bible says so."

"Has he got any more such kind of dust left?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because, grandmamma, if he has, I want very much that he should take some of it, and make me a little brother to play with."

THE moon is prone to attract the attention and excite the imagination of young children. A very little girl, on the arrival of a still younger one in the nursery, was advanced to the honor of sharing the chamber with an older sister. It happened that the full moon cast abroad its rays with a breadth and brilliance which she had never before witnessed.

"Oh! what a mighty great candle," said she.

She was told it was the moon which God had made to give light to the earth. Still, she seemed to adhere to her original thought, and called it:

"God's great candle."

MUSIC.

"O, human heart! thou hast a song
For all that to the earth belong,
When'er the golden chain of love
Hath linked thee to the heaven above."

EVER since Job spake of the song of the morning stars, there has been the idea of the music of the spheres. It was a favorite idea among the ancients. Pytha-

goras and Plato were of opinion that the Muses constituted the soul of the planets in our system. *Sir Isaac Newton* believed that the principles of harmony pervade the universe. From a number of experiments made on a ray of light with the prism, he found that the primary colors occupied spaces exactly corresponding with those intervals, which constitute the octave in the division of a musical chord; and hence he has shown the affinity between the harmony of colors and musical sounds. And the greatest of poets has expressed this very idea in those familiar and immortal lines:

"There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdest,
But in his motion, like an angel sings."

We are all of us, at some time, singers; and however dull our ears, or poor our voice, we cannot help singing forth, in some way, the feeling that is in us. We go through our infancy to the sound of nursery rhymes, and as we enter the grave, faith sings her requiem over our dust.

There are some, however, who say they cannot sing. And yet even in such, the instinct of song lies in their very nature. And if he cannot vocalize the music in his soul—he will, nevertheless, if a Christian, make melody in his heart to the Lord. But every Christian should learn to sing—to vocalize that silent melody in his soul—in "psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs." Let children be taught to sing. Let there be music in the family. It will quicken the social virtues, and strengthen and harmonize home attachments. We read of a clergyman, whose family was noted for harmony and happiness, on being asked the secret of his home-education, replied, "That when anything excited the temper of his children, I say to them 'sing;' and if I hear them speaking against any person, I call them to sing to me: and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal." Yes! let there be music—the song of praise around the home altar. And thus, parents and children learn to sing together redemption's song on earth, in anticipation of the music of heaven—where

"The ransomed shout to their glorious king,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;

But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
And their voice of prayer, is eternal praise."

T. S.

The following is a translation from *Chateaubriand's* "Genie du Christianisme." It illustrates the influence of Christianity on music, and will be read with interest by every lover of music. I have examined the original, and can say that the translation is a faithful transcript of the very mind and language of the author.

T. S.

"Brothers of poetry, the fine arts will now be the subject of our studies; following naturally in the progress of the Christian religion, when she appears in the world, she is at once recognized as their mother; they lend to her their terrestrial charms, and she inspires them with her Divinity; music writes her hymns, painting describes her mournful triumphs, sculpture meditates with her over the tombstones, and architecture builds for her temples as sublime and mysterious as her own thought.

"Plato has wonderfully defined the nature of music: 'We ought not,' he says, 'to judge of music by pleasure, nor should those seek after her whose only object is pleasure, but those who contain within themselves a resemblance to the beautiful.' In effect, music considered as an art is an imitation of nature; it is then her perfection so to represent *her*, as to make her surpassingly beautiful, or to reproduce her in the most *beautiful manner possible*.

"Or if pleasure is a thing of opinion merely, which varies with the times, manners, and people, and which cannot be *the beautiful*, since the *beautiful* is forever the same, it is unity, and exists absolutely.

"Hence every institution which has sought to purify the soul, and to eschew tumult and discord, has sought to revive *virtue*, and is by this quality alone a propitious offering to the most sublime music, or to a most perfect imitation of the *beautiful*. But if this institution possesses besides this a religious character, she then contains within herself the two essential conditions of harmony, the *beautiful* and the *mysterious*. Chanting comes down to us from the angels, and the true origin of harmonical concerts is heaven.

It is religion which breathes out her sighs upon the night-winds, from the youthful heart, beneath the tranquil dome of heaven; it is religion which sings so sweetly at the bedside of the unhappy. She utters through Jeremiah her lamentations, and she inspires the sublime penitential psalms of David. More stately under the ancient covenant, she describes only the sufferings of monarchs and of prophets; more modest and not less loyal under the new law, her gentle breathing agrees equally well with the powerful as with the weak, because she has found united in Jesus Christ, humility with greatness. Let us add, that the Christian religion is essentially melodious, and for this single reason, that she loves solitude. It is not that she is the enemy of the world, but on the contrary, she carries herself very complaisantly towards it; but this heavenly Philomel prefers obscure and hidden retreats. She is chilled by a crowd, and is a retiring stranger among men; she rather loves to dwell amid the forests, which are the palaces of her father, and her ancient dwelling-place. It is there that she elevates her voice towards the heavenly firmament, from the midst of nature's harmonies; nature publishing without ceasing the praises

of the Creator, and there is nothing more religious than the hymns which she sings with the winds, the oaks, and the reeds of the desert. Thus the musician, who would follow religion in her affinities, is compelled to learn to imitate these harmonies of solitude. It is necessary he should know the language of the trees, and of the waters; it is requisite that he should have heard the sound of the wind through the cloistered aisles, and the murmurs which reign in the Gothic temples, and around the churchyard-fens, and throughout the ivied vaults of the dead. Christianity has invented the organ, and has breathed her sighs even over brass. It has preserved music even in the barbarous ages of the world; and wherever she has placed her throne, there the people are taught to sing naturally like the feathered songsters. When savages have been civilized, it has been accomplished through her hymns; and the wild Indian who will yield nothing to her dogmas, is subdued by her sacred symphonies. Religion of peace! you have not, like other creeds, imposed upon mankind precepts of hatred and discord; you alone have taught them love and harmony."

E. B. S.

Biblical Miscellany.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."—JESUS.

THERE is no question that has been so often asked, and asked with so little to satisfy the mind, as "What is death?"

"What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?"

Some of the ancients had the idea that sleep and death were sisters. The greatest poet of antiquity represents the lifeless form of a warrior, as borne

"By sleep and death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace."

But a greater than sage or poet is here, and he says, "Death is a sleep." But let

no one lose the truth, in grasping the resemblance. Infidels, who describe death as an eternal sleep, violate the very figure they use. The inscription of infidelity in France, over the gates of the dead—"Death an eternal sleep,"—was the epitaph of fools. It was a self-contradiction, as foolish as it was false. Sleep is not annihilation. So death is not. Those infidels evidently did not know the meaning of their own inscription. Sleep is a rejuvenating of all our powers. It is lying back on the bosom of God, and by contact with the fountain of life, receiving a fresh impulse of life and power, so that we wake in the morning from the arms of God as a child from the bosom of its mother,

with renewed life and animation. So that death, to the good, is but passing to a higher state of being and activity.

A quaint Christian writer wisely fancies, that this life is but a sleep, compared with the intense life to come—calling these his drowsy days, and looking for the time when he shall

“Never sleep again, but wake forever.”

What a consolation are these words of Jesus, when we think of dear and good ones gone, to be able to say that the arms of death are but the arms of sleep, and to sing,

“Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest.”

Oh! it spreads light and hope alike through the enclosures of the dead and the homes of the living. It lifts the pall, rends the shroud, and rolls away the stone from the door of the sepulchre. Death to the little child, or the believer, is only a sleep—just as the weary bird at nightfall sleeps amid the branches of the tree, and mounts with the morning light, and soars and sings through the heavens. O, let us so live by faith on the Son of God, that we may go to this last sleep

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

T. S.

CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN.

IT was a lonely village girl with hills,
Beyond the banks of Jordan, where our Lord
Turned from the city, to forego awhile
The toils and tumults of Jerusalem.
Nature had quietly and quaintly wrought
In that wild haunt. The gray, primeval rocks
Made solemn contrast to the tender green
That mantled timidly around their base,
And to the slightly-rooted shrubs, that sprang
From rift and crevice.

There, a multitude
Followed his footsteps, eager to lay down
The burdens of their mortal misery,
And he, with touch divine, had healed them all.

But then, another differing train drew near,
Whose tread, gazelle-like, told no mournful tale
Of paralytic lore, and whose bright eyes,
Wide open, in their simple wonderment,
Revealed unbroken league with health and joy.

Some had been wandering o'er the pasture fields
With the young lambs, and in their tiny hands
Were the blue flax-flower and the lily-buds,
While through the open portal of their hearts,
Sweet odors led sweet thoughts in tireless play.
Others, from shady lanes, and cottage doors,
The dark-eyed Jewish mothers, gathering, brought
Unto the feet of Christ.

“Ye may not press
Upon the Master; he is wearied sore:
Hence! Go your way.”

So the Disciples spake,
As, with impatient gestures, they repelled
The approaching groups.

But Jesus, unto whom
The smile of guileless, trusting innocence
Was dear, reproved their arrogance, and said,
“Suffer the little ones to come to me:
Of such as these, my Father’s kingdom is.”

With what high rapture beat the matron heart,
When those fair infants in his sheltering arms
Were folded, and amid their lustrous curls
His hand benignant laid.

Oh, blissful hour!
None save a mother’s thrilling love can know
The tide of speechless ecstasy, when those
Whom she hath brought with pain into the world,
Find refuge with the unforsaking Friend.
Like holiest dews upon the opening flower,
The Saviour’s blessing fell.

So sweet its tones
Breathed on the ear, that men of pride and strife,
Started to feel a balm-drop in their souls
Softening the adamant; while humble Faith
Exulted, as, through parting clouds, she saw
The children’s angels near the Father’s throne.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

POOL OF BETHESDA.

JUST to the east of the Turkish garrison, and under the northern wall of the mosque, is a deep excavation, supposed by many to be the ancient pool of Bethesda, into which the sick descended “after the troubling of the water,” and were healed. (John 5:1, sq.) It is three hundred and sixty feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, and seventy-five deep. The Evangelist says that this pool was near the sheepgate, as the Greek probably signifies, rather than sheep-market, as rendered in the English version. That gate, according to Nehemiah 3:1, sq., was on the north side of the Temple; and hence the situation of this reservoir would agree with that of Bethesda. The present name, Birket Israil, Pool of Israel, indicates the opinion of the native inhabitants in regard to the object of the excavation. It is no longer used as a reservoir; though I noticed that the ground was wet along the bottom at the west end, and that drops of water were trickling through the stones of the wall. It is lined with cement, and constructed in other respects, in such a way as seemed to me to resemble entirely the ancient pools or tanks, of which the traveller

finds so many in all parts of the country. Yet some reject this view, and contend that it was part of a trench or fosse, which protected the Temple on the north.—*Hackett.*

REAL COURTESY.

“THIS is real courtesy,” said Mr. Giles, in his lecture on Don Quixotte, “that which has reverence for womanhood in the sex—the courtesy which has respect for others than the rich, than the young—it is distinct from the courtesy which blooms only in the smiles of love and beauty, and withers and cools down in the atmosphere of poverty, age, and toil. Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age—who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years has deprived of charms—show me the man who is as willing to help the deformed who stands in need of help, as if the blush of Helen mantled on her cheek—show me the man who would no more look rudely at the poor girl in the village than at

the elegant and well-dressed lady in the saloon—show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress, surrounded by the powerful protection of rank, riches, and family—show me the man who abhors the libertine’s gibe, who shuns as a blasphemer, the traducer of his mother’s sex—who scorns as he would a coward the ridiculer of womanly reputation—show me that man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy, the respect that is due to woman as woman, in any condition of class—show me such a man, and you show me a gentleman—nay, you show me better, you show me a true Christian. There are some men who think that persons lose in manners as they gain in liberty—one grace belongs to the spirit of liberty, and where the spirit of liberty is the most active this grace prevails the most, with this grace it expands—that grace is respect for woman, not for her rank or elegance, but for woman. And when this sentiment becomes enlarged, when it is stable, a social structure may be raised upon it more glorious than mankind has ever seen.”

Church Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

PROTESTANT CHURCHES IN GERMANY.—The Reverend Dr. SHAFF is writing a series of articles for the *New York Evangelist*, on the religious state of Germany. The following is his account of the cause and character of the forced union of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, by the King of Prussia.

“The Protestantism of Germany, with the exception of a few cities on the confines of Switzerland, was originally all of the Lutheran type; and if the high Lutheran party had not attempted to annihilate the milder and more liberal Melancthonian school, the Reformed Church would probably never have taken deep root in German soil. But the violent Lutheran controversies in the second part of the sixteenth, and the beginning of the seventeenth century, resulted in the transition of the Melancthonians to the Reformed Confessions. This was the case in the Palatinate, Zweibrücken, Nassau, Hessa, Witgenstein, Solmes, Wied, Hanau, on the lower Rhine, Tulich-

Cleve Berg, Westphalia, Lippe, East-Friesland, Anhalt, Dessau, and Brandenburg. The electors of the Palatinate and Brandenburg (subsequently the Royal House of Prussia), became the principal protectors of the Reformed Church in Germany, which after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, received considerable accession from the Huguenot refugees of France.

“In 1817, at the third centenary celebration of the Reformation, the King of Prussia, Frederic William III, united the Lutheran and the Reformed Churches in his kingdom under one government and worship, under the name of the Evangelical Church. This example was followed by most of the countries where the two denominations are represented, viz.: Nassau, 1818, Bavaria, on the Rhine, 1819, Baden, 1821, Hesse-Cassel and Hesse-Darmstadt, 1822, Saxony, Weimar, and Hildburghausen, 1826, and Wurtemberg, 1827. But Bavaria proper, Austria, and Saxony Hanover have not introduced the Union.

“This amalgamation of the two sister

churches of the Reformation has been a source of infinite trouble and controversy, of which we shall speak when we come to Prussia. The real object of movement has not been attained yet. For instead of making one out of two, it has resulted so far in the addition of a third church.

"German Protestantism then is divided at present into three branches, the Lutheran, the Reformed, and the Evangelical or United Churches. The last are the strongest; but symbolical and exclusive Lutheranism is at present making considerable progress, especially in Bavaria, the Eastern Provinces of Prussia, Mecklenburg, and Hanover."

DOMESTIC.

LUTHERAN MISSION IN AFRICA.—Rev. MORRIS OFFICER, who is now prosecuting the enterprise of an African Mission School in the Lutheran Church, states that the object is well received in all the charges he has thus far visited, and that there is no reason to doubt its success.

A NOBLE LITTLE FLOCK.—The English Lutheran Congregation at Farm Ridge, La Salle County (Ill.), in charge of Rev. J. P. HIESTER, have erected a new and beautiful church, which is almost ready for dedication. It will cost \$1,800. The congregation consists of "some nine persons, including male and female, none of whom are rich, and without having received one cent's worth of aid from abroad." The devotion, zeal, and self-denial involved in this brief and simple statement, speak much in praise of that noble little flock.—*Olive Branch.*

Rev. Mr. CICERO has been elected pastor of the Lutheran Church at Whitmarsh and Puff's, Montgomery County (Pa.), recently vacated by the resignation of Br. D. Swope. We learn that Br. Cicero has accepted the call, and we congratulate these congregations on having secured the services of so able and faithful a pastor. H.

PROFESSOR OF GERMAN THEOLOGY.—Rev. C. F. SHAEFFER, D.D., formerly of Easton, was, on Wednesday, the 16th of April, inaugurated as Professor of German Theology at Gettysburg. The exercises of inauguration took place in Christ's Church, and were of a highly solemn and impressive character. H.

CHURCH EXTENSION.—W. M. HEYL, Treasurer of the Church Extension Society, acknowledges the receipt of \$100 from the congregation of Br. W. M. BAUM, at Barren Hill, Montgomery County (Pa.) If each congregation, in proportion to its means, had contributed as liberally as the foregoing, the \$50,000 would be in the treasury. H.

DAMAGE TO ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.—We regret to state, that during the prevalence of a terrific hurricane, which occurred on the evening of Saturday, April 12, the new and beautiful Lutheran Church of Rev. J. C. BAKER, located on Fourth Street, above Franklin Avenue, in the district formerly known as Kensington, was seriously damaged. Nearly the entire roof was lifted off, and scattered in fragments over the adjoining lots. A portion of the front wall was thrown into the Church, covering up the organ, and so seriously damaging it, that it had to be taken apart, and is undergoing repairs. The loss by this accident is variously estimated at from \$2,500 to \$3,000, and as the congregation is not composed of a wealthy membership, but are mostly poor, and were before burdened with a heavy debt, it falls upon them with oppressive force. We trust they will meet with many kind and sympathizing friends, both in the city and country, who will assist in repairing the injury. Any contributions for this purpose, sent to the address of Rev. Dr. BAKER, corner of RANDOLPH and WAGER Streets, will be thankfully received. H.

Rev. D. SWOPE, late of Whitmarsh, Montgomery County, has received and accepted a call to the Lutheran Church at Johnstown, Columbia County (Pa.), and desires to be addressed accordingly.

Rev. J. Z. SENDERLING, the Corresponding Secretary of the Lutheran Foreign Missionary Society, we learn from the *Observer*, intends shortly to take charge of the Lutheran Church at Johnstown, Fulton County (N. Y.)

We learn from the *Observer*, also, that the Rev. Prof. A. ESICK, late of Wittenberg College, has received and accepted a call from the Evangelical Lutheran Church at Winchester (Va.), vacated by Rev. C. P. KRAUTH, now of Pittsburg.

The Lutheran Church at Reedsburg, Wayne County (Ohio), is without a pastor. The field is one of much promise to an active, energetic minister.

The Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Central Pennsylvania is to meet in Millflinburg, Union County (Pa.), on the 15th of May. Rev. F. Ruthrauff is the pastor *loci*.

IDOLATRY!—The Vienna papers state, that the Archbishop of that city has refused to allow a monument to be erected to MOZART in one of his churches, on the ground that the worship of genius is a species of *idolatry*! Such fastidiousness comes with a bad grace from a Church that bows the knee to images and pictures.

There are 253 students in the College at Princeton, New Jersey.

Editorial Miscellany.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

"Wilt thou not revive us again, that **THY PEOPLE** may rejoice in thee?"—PSALMS 85 : 3.

"Saviour! visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again!
Lord! revive us!
All our help must come from thee."

NEWTON.

WITH heartfelt gratification we find in the columns of our church papers, notices of extensive and cheering revivals of religion, which it hath pleased the Great Head of the Church, in answer to fervent and supplicating prayer, to vouchsafe to many of the Lutheran congregations in various portions of the country. It would afford us pleasure to publish the statements, in detail, but they would occupy more space in the *Home Journal* than it is in our power to spare from its general literary and miscellaneous contents. Besides, they are reported, at length, in the columns of the *Observer*; and, we presume, are there perused by most of our readers.

Much has been written, and will doubtless continue to be written, on the subject of revivals; and diversified are the views entertained in reference thereto. In our opinion, in this, as in all other matters of spiritual *experience*, the sure, the safe, and *only* guide, is to be found in the Sacred Scriptures. There is no harm, unquestionably, as we perceive from the words of the Psalmist, in the application of the term *revival* to the raising of the dead to life—to the conversion of sinners, who have never been alive to God—provided we ever keep in mind that a revival, in the stricter sense, and that which Christians should most immediately seek, is the raising of a higher flow of spiritual life in *their own* hearts. This was what the congregations of Israel, through the Psalmist, supplicated from the Throne of Grace. "Wilt thou not revive us again, that **THY PEOPLE** may rejoice in thee?" The same truth was taught by Christ, in saying that the Kingdom of God is *within* us. According to these definitions, then, a revival of religion consists in an increase of the spiritual fervors and affections of God's *own* people, and hence this is the field which *first* of all, is to be refreshed by the descending showers.

Thus invigorated and intensified in their spiritual longings, from their own hearts efforts will necessarily issue, as by an irrepalable law, for the conversion of *others*, whether by prayer, exhortation, entreaty, warning, or other appliances, suggested by the Holy Spirit, incident to the occasion. Are our own impres-

sions of eternal realities, through intimate communion with God, vivid and intense? The desire to move *other* minds becomes irrepensible, and our longings for *their* salvation force themselves in intercessory utterances from the heart. We hold, then, that the most direct and effectual method for a church to put in motion a train of influences, to bring even bold and hardened transgressors under the melting influences of the Gospel, is, for each Christian to supplicate fervently and perseveringly, as the Psalmist did, for a refreshment and increase of *his own* interior life. For how shall a stream descend over a plain from a fountain that is itself arid? How shall ministers or laymen serve as mediums for the conveyance of spiritual fervors and affections unto *others*, until from the great fountain above, even from the Throne of the Almighty, living water has descended in copious effusions over *their own* souls? The Truth must be preached, it is true, with energy and application; but it is only when the mind of the preacher is *itself* under an intense realization of Eternity—it is only when *his own* heart is the seat of those fervors and longings, and that strong faith which attends the unctious from the Holy One—that an *effectual* impulse and direction are imparted to personal or congregational effort. But let a whole congregation become inflamed with the fear of hell, and hope of heaven—with hatred of sin, and love of holiness—then it will not be necessary to inquire what are the best expedients to arouse the indifferent and awaken the sleeping. For when the baptism of the Holy Ghost is thus realized, from the fulness of the heart's own gracious supplies will sacred influences emanate, glowing and burning, and finding their way into *other* hearts, as certainly as that the electric fluid, once started from the junction-battery, never stops, until *ALL* that stand within the magic circle have felt its potent presence.

There is, without doubt, with many, a semi-profane way of talking about "*getting up*" revivals of religion; a term which serves to designate certain processes of action, which it is supposed can be studied and practised as an art, or as are the different parts of a piece of ingenious mechanism. Instrumentalities are to be employed, it is true. The Gospel is to be preached with pungency and power. Line is to be piled upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. Spiritual hymns are to be sung. Fervent and importunate prayer is to be offered. The Lord is to be waited upon, day after day, night after night. Every rebellious **ACHAN** is to be despatched, in each individual heart. Right

hands are to be lopped off, right eyes cut out. But any measure, or system of measures, process or series of processes, that do not look to the raising of the hearts of God's *own* people from the sloughs of inactivity and indifference, into which, through the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of sin, they have sunk, is not looking for the beginning of a revival in the *right* quarter; and, whatever its external phenomena, must inevitably be spurious. But let this be done—let each one build the wall over against his own house—let each member of the congregation, *in himself*, secure an intense indwelling of the Spirit of Life, and then, without any theatrical or startling expedients, the communications of Divine Truth poured into a *solitary* heart, will be as sure to *spread*, as a fire enkindled on the prairies. The sum of the matter then is, that in order to a revival of religion, obstructions to close communion with God must be removed from the *individual* heart, for religion is an *inner* light. There it begins, spreading itself from thence over the *outer* man, and from thence still further, in holy communications to *others*.

And the genuineness of a revival of religion, must be authenticated by a correspondence of good fruits. If a minister reports an extensive revival in his church, and the addition of 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, and even as high as one hundred souls to his flock, the Church has a warrant to look to that people for a proportionate increase of contribution to all its educational, missionary, and benevolent organizations. And if such a minister, reporting such an accession, comes to synod *empty-handed*, with no *fruits* meet for a revival, no enlarged and extended co-operation in the extension of Christ's kingdom, we question whether the work has come from God. The glow of Divine love, and the fervor of Christian zeal, which we have affirmed to be the *main* element of a genuine work of Grace, were here evidently wanting. H.

PERSEVERANCE.

"Our doubts are traitors;
We often lose the good we otherwise might win,
By fearing to attempt it."—SHAKESPEARE.

Do not fail to "read, mark, and inwardly digest" the capital article in the present number of the *Home Journal*, on PERSEVERANCE. It is from the pen of a gifted writer, whose illustrations are all taken from *real* life, and presented with singular appositeness and power. Than a firm and determined spirit, in the prosecution of a wise and noble aim, we are persuaded no element of character is more potential. It is, indeed, wonderful to contemplate what stupendous results a resolute and unyielding spirit is competent to achieve. Whilst he who is "unstable as water" excels in nothing, before the irresistible energy of a

determined purpose, the most formidable obstacles are brushed away as cobweb barriers in a giant's path. Difficulties which cause the pampered sons of luxury to shrink back with dismay, provoke from the man of lofty determination only a smile. The whole history of our race, indeed, teems with examples to prove that the most extraordinary results may be achieved by resolute perseverance and patient toil. Limits there are to human effort, of course. God has said to the march of man, as to the waves of the sea: "Thus far mayest thou come, but no further." Yet this limit is not near so narrow and circumscribed as we are often apt to conceive. Many are the instances, as our friend has shown, in which the career of the timid and desponding ends in inglorious defeat, whilst in the prosecution of the same purpose tenacious toil and untiring perseverance are crowned with triumphant success. We ourselves are well acquainted with a prominent personage, who in early life was a very poor boy, and filled the situation of an *ostler*, who, by dint of patient perseverance and unceasing toil, enriched his mind with useful knowledge, and became a man of influence and wealth, and, not many years ago, occupied an honorable position in the Senate of the United States. It was no disgrace to be an *ostler*, for

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

But a less resolute and energetic man, an *ostler once*, would be an *ostler still*. Aim at a lofty and ennobling greatness! Seek *great* things, not on earth, but in heaven! Aim, through humility, faith, and love, at attaining to the blessedness of Christ's eternal kingdom, and in the pursuit of this high aim, suffer no obstacles to impede, no hindrances to embarrass you! H.

Rev. SHEELEIGH will please favor us with a continuance of his "Sketches of the Poets." They are read with interest, and will specially attract the attention of the young.

A distinguished clergyman of our Church, who spent the last summer in Wales, has kindly given us sketches of his travels in that country. They are full of humor and instruction. We shall begin their publication in the next Journal. T. S.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.—An interesting series of sketches, entitled "*Travels in Switzerland*," by a gentleman who has not *before* written on this subject, have been received, and will enrich the future numbers of the *Home Journal*. The excellent and well-written article on a "*Spiritual Ministry*," by one of our ablest and most beloved Lutheran divines, was likewise unavoidably crowded out of the present number. Both these articles will be forthcoming in season. H.

THE
Lutheran Home Journal.

JUNE, 1856.

GEORGE NEUMARK.

A LIFE-PICTURE FROM THE TREASURY OF
EVANGELICAL HYMNOLOGY.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF WILDENHAHN.)

TRANSLATED BY REV. G. A. WENZEL.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT two years after peace had put an end to the bloody and disastrous Thirty Years' War, there lived in the most abject poverty and seclusion, in a very small and unseemly house, located in a very narrow alley, in Hamburg, a young man, whom no one knew, and for whom nobody seemed to care. All that his fellow-lodgers could say of him was, that he was engaged, the greater portion of the day, in playing upon the Viola de Gamba, with such consummate skill and exquisite sweetness, that they were often lured to his door by the enrapturing sounds. He would usually absent himself from his room about the hour of noon, and repair to an humble restaurant, frequented only by men of the poorer class, and procure a shilling meal. What he did for a living, they knew not; only they had several times noticed him leave the house in the dusk of the evening, with something concealed under his well-worn cloak, when he would on the day following regularly pay his rent. On one of these occasions, his landlady, Mrs. Johnson, induced by curiosity to follow him, was greatly surprised to see him enter the shop of a pawnbroker, who was also a usurer and dealer in second-hand clothing. This circumstance at once plainly

indicated to her, that the poor man had been pawning one article after another of his already scanty stock of furniture, in order to be able to pay his rent.

This deeply affected good Mrs. Johnson, and though unwilling to release her tenant from paying his rent, she yet felt anxious, in some way, to render assistance to the young man in his embarrassed situation.

When, with this view, she some days after entered his room, she was greatly surprised to see it stripped of every article of furniture, except a few pieces put there by herself. All, save the well-known Gamba, had disappeared; and this was standing in one corner of the window; whilst its owner, with his head resting upon his hand, and looking the very picture of dejection, was seated upon a low stool in the corner opposite.

"Mr. Neumark," began the woman, "pardon my intrusion. But as I did not notice you going out for several days, and, moreover, have not heard you play on your instrument, I feared you might be sick. And if so, I thought, perhaps, I might be of some service to you."

"I am very much obliged to you, my good woman!" replied the young man, almost in the tone of a mendicant who had just received alms: "It is true I am not confined to my bed, neither do I feel feverish, and yet I am sick, very sick!"

"Then you should by all means go to bed!" said the woman.

"No!" replied he, blushing deeply.

"But you *must*," continued the landlady imperatively. "And since you have no one to attend to you, allow me, an old woman, old enough to be your mother, to see whether your bed is in order."

"Do not trouble yourself," interposed the young man hastily, rising at the same time to prevent her entering the adjoining chamber, towards which she had already directed her steps, "it is all right." She would not be kept back, however, but entered, and met with a second surprise. There, on the bedstead was nothing but a straw sack, and the same threadbare old cloak in which he was accustomed to go out at night.

"Dear me, Mr. Neumark, what has become of your feather bed?" asked Mrs. Johnson in astonishment.

"My good woman," replied Neumark, "I know you are apprehensive I shall not be able to pay my next quarter's rent. But fear not,—I am indeed poor, but honest. It is true, adversity will, at times, overtake us, when we are obliged to meet it as best we can; but I repeat it, I am an honest man."

It now became fully apparent to Mrs. Johnson, in what way and for what purpose his feather bed had disappeared. She, therefore, ventured to say: "Mr. Neumark, though we do not enjoy great abundance, it nevertheless sometimes happens that something remains after our wants have been supplied. This was, for instance, the case with us to-day, and as you have not been out, and probably have not partaken of any food as yet, I take the liberty of asking you to accept a morsel from me."

This brought the blush again to the young man's face, and turning away, he drew his hand across his eyes, as if brushing away a tear. Then he said: "You are right, good Mrs. Johnson, I have had nothing to eat to-day, and if you have no one else to whom—"

"Well, well, only wait a little," interrupted the landlady, and hurried away, soon returning with a well-filled dish. "Here, sir," said she now, "eat, and may it prove more palatable to you than it really is. Perhaps you have been accustomed to something better."

"Oh no!" replied Neumark. "You are very kind, my good woman. May God reward you for it!" And with this he began to eat, not like an invalid, but like one on the point of starvation. Mrs. Johnson was rejoiced to see him eat so heartily, and it was not long before the contents of the dish had disappeared. But now the noble giver felt as though she ought to receive some little recompense for the favor bestowed, not, indeed, in silver and gold, but in answers to a few questions which, in her kindness, she felt constrained to propound.

"I hope you will not take it amiss, Mr. Neumark," she now began; "but you were certainly not born in Hamburg. Have you no acquaintances or relatives in this city?"

"None!" replied the young man. "I am a stranger in your city; and, to be candid with you, my good woman, you are the first and only person who has ever shown me an act of Christian kindness, for which may our Heavenly Father abundantly bless you."

"Well," said the woman, pleased with his commendation, "if you will accept it, we shall now and then have something to spare. But, if it will not be asking too much: Who are you? What is your name? Where are you from? What is your business? Are you a musician? Are your parents living? Have you any brother or sisters? And what has brought you to Hamburg?"

The young man smiled at this string of questions, yet in such a way as to give her the assurance that they would all be answered. "My name," he began, "is GEORGE NEUMARK. My parents are, or rather were, for they are both dead, poor people, and lived at Mühlhausen, a small but free town in Thuringia, where I was born, twenty-nine years ago, or, to be precise, on the 16th of March, in the year of our Lord 1621."

"Then you are a real child of war," interposed she.

"Yes," said Neumark, smiling, "I am a child of war, but not because I have any pleasure in it, for I fled from its horrors wherever I could, but because destiny has ever waged war with me, and would not suffer me to be at peace. Dear woman, it is hard, very hard to be obliged to eat our daily bread amidst sorrow and tears—yes

often, even first, to be compelled to seek it. And yet I do not repine at my lot, nor indulge in sinful murmurings and complaints. I know God will, in his own good time, send me deliverance. Therefore will I wait upon him patiently."

"Your lot is, indeed, a hard one," said Mrs. Johnson; "but have you no business or profession, by means of which you might earn your daily bread?"

"I have studied law," replied the young man, "but in this, it seems to me, I made an unfortunate choice. I am naturally, and from love to the Saviour, a man of peace, and consequently where brawls and litigations are carried on out of place. Had I at the time when I entered upon my studies understood the will of God, I should have fared differently and better. I spent ten years at the Latin School in Schleusinger, a small town near my native place, where I suffered nothing but privation and want, which might, indeed, have convinced me that the wisdom of this world would not supply me with my daily bread. I was twenty-two years of age when I entered the law-school at Koenigsberg."

"Is not this a considerable distance from your native place?" asked the landlady.

"It is," answered Neumark. "But I went there in order to escape the slaughter and carnage which at that time, about seven years ago, were raging in my own country. Yes, I succeeded in escaping the horrors of war, but not the destruction caused by fire. About four years ago a great conflagration raged in that place, by which I lost all I possessed, even to the last penny, and thus became reduced to beggary."

"Poor man!" exclaimed the landlady compassionately. "Did not that make you disconsolate?"

"Disconsolate!" repeated Neumark. "Yes, I will not deny it, by making myself appear better and more of a Christian than I in reality was. When I thus found myself a stranger in a strange city, a beggar, without a friend to assist me, I grew weary of life, and often prayed God to release me, and take me to himself. How often, O, how very often, did I not know where to lay my head, and where or how to obtain a crust of

bread to satisfy the cravings of my appetite. But a gracious God mercifully strengthened and consoled me, and though my sufferings and privations still continued, the health of both my soul and body remained unimpaired."

"But how did you support yourself?" asked the landlady.

"With what God was pleased to give me," replied Neumark. "You must know that I am somewhat of a poet, and by no means an unskilful performer on the Gamba. These advantages and accomplishments were the means of gaining me some friends and patrons, who ministered to my support, sparingly, it is true, but nevertheless sufficiently to sustain life."

"And did you," continued the landlady, "come from Koenigsberg directly to this place?"

"No!" replied Neumark. "After having remained there about five years, I went to Dantzic, with the expectation of meeting with better success. But finding myself disappointed, I repaired to Thorn, where I led a most happy and agreeable life. There, by Divine guidance, I became acquainted with many dear souls, who welcomed and treated me like a friend and brother; so that I regard Thorn as my second home. Yet, with all this I found no employment, a circumstance which determined me to return to my own country. My way led me through this place. When I arrived here, a voice seemed to say to me: 'Tarry and wait, for God will now furnish you with employment,' but I well know that it was not God's voice, but only my great anxiety to be employed, which prompted me to stay; for I need not tell you, my good woman, that I find myself in a most miserable condition."

"Tell me," said the landlady; "you speak of employment. What *kind* of employment do you seek?"

"I might," replied Neumark, "if God would so order it, perform the duties of clerk in a court of justice, but all my efforts seem to be fruitless. I have tried everything in vain."

"You are then no musician," said the landlady.

"I am, and am *not*," answered Neumark.

"I am able to perform on the Gamba, yet I never acquired the accomplishment with a view of turning it into a means of livelihood, but because I am exceedingly fond of music; and you must know that this, my Gamba, is my only friend in this world to whom I communicate, without constraint, all my sorrows and my griefs, and whose responses convey the sweetest and most refreshing consolation to my heart. Had I not *this* friend to cheer and comfort me, I would have long since pined away and died."

"But," timidly interposed the landlady, "how and by what means do you support yourself?" "My good woman," replied Neumark, "I might say, by the goodness and mercy of God, who has hitherto wonderfully sustained me in all my misery. It is true, as you are aware from personal observation, I have been obliged to pawn one piece after another of my scanty household furniture; yet I think time will bring relief. God may for a season withhold His aid, yet I feel assured that He has not utterly forsaken me."

"But what do you intend doing," continued the landlady, "when you shall have nothing more to pawn?"

Neumark appeared troubled at this question, and said, in a tone indicating the deepest sorrow, "Such is, alas, already my case. I have nothing more, save this my beloved Gamba. Should it come to such a pass, however"—and interrupting himself, he assumed a more cheerful look, and said, "Surely it will not come to *this*. You, yourself, my good Mrs. Johnson, have this day ministered to my necessities, and I therefore am fully persuaded that the worst is past. Your eminent townsman, Mr. Seiberts, has promised me his influence in procuring a secretaryship, for which I have applied; and as this is about the hour he has appointed for me to call on him, you will allow me, madam, to leave you."

Mrs. Johnson therefore took her leave with a doubtful shake of her head; whilst Mr. Neumark took up his hat and cane, and started on his visit to the wealthy merchant, Mr. Seiberts.

CHAPTER II.

ON one of those small, narrow streets,

running towards the harbor of Hamburg, lived NATHAN HIRSCH, the Jew, a well-known broker and usurer, who was ever ready to engage in any business, whatever its nature and extent, and never failed in turning everything to advantage. Being both buyer and seller, tenant and lessee, his house resembled a bee-hive, where there was a constant going in and coming out, from early dawn till late at night; but more especially at night.

On a certain night his spacious cellar, stored with an almost endless variety of objects, of almost every description, was entered by a young man, bearing under his cloak a five-stringed instrument, resembling, in its construction, the violoncello of our day.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Neumark," said the Jew, with an air of such familiarity as showed that he recognized in the individual addressed an old acquaintance. "What brings you here so late? I was just in the act of shutting up! Will it not do as well to-morrow?"

"No, Nathan!" replied the young man. "If I should wait till to-morrow, it might so happen that I would not return again. How much will you advance me on this Gamba?"

"Dear me," exclaimed the Jew, "what am I to do with this monster of a fiddle? Am I to hold myself responsible in case of accident, if, for instance, these tiny strings should break? This place is very damp, and I have often heard it said that instruments of this kind are injured by dampness."

"You can place," replied Neumark, "the Gamba in yonder corner, concealing it behind those clothes, so that it may not be seen by any of your customers. Should, after that, any injury befall it, you shall not be held responsible. Say, therefore, how much you will advance me on it. In a few weeks, if it please God, I will redeem it."

The Jew now took up the instrument, and after having subjected it to a very minute examination, said: "How much will I advance on it? A few shillings' worth of wood and some sheep-guts is all it contains. I have seen such fiddles richly adorned with

plates of silver and mother of pearl, which at least imparted to them some value; but here we have nothing, nothing whatever but wood."

"Nathan," said the young man, "were you to pay me for the labor and anxiety it has cost me, ere I could call this beloved Gamba my own, you might with safety give me your glittering necklace in exchange, and still be the gainer. For five long, wearisome years have I been adding penny to penny. For five long years have I labored and toiled, and suffered privation and want, before I could accumulate the sixty dollars which I was obliged to pay for it. Advance me only twenty dollars; you will be the gainer of thirty dollars by the operation, if I fail to redeem it."

"*Twenty dollars!*" exclaimed the Jew, with astonishment. "*Twenty dollars for a shilling's worth of wood!* What am I to do with this ungainly thing, in case of your inability to redeem it?"

"Nathan," interposed the young man, with profound and melancholy earnestness, "you, of course, do not know how my whole soul is bound up in this Gamba; and to part with it is nearly equal to pawning you my soul. It is to me the only remaining source of consolation in this world, the only friend and companion of my life. And can you suppose that I would commit my *soul* to your keeping?"

"Why not?" exclaimed the Jew. "If you should pawn your soul to me, and failed to redeem it, it would be mine. But what should I do with *that*?"

"As true as it is," Neumark continued, "that I believe on the Saviour of my soul, whom *your* nation once nailed to the Cross; so sure am I that I will again redeem this Gamba; I know that I must first yield up the last and most-loved earthly object, before a merciful God will interpose His aid in my behalf."

"Mr. Neumark," interposed the Jew, "perhaps you wish to pawn this hope to me, also. I remember of your telling me, on your last visit, that a rich and influential man had promised to assist you; but I see no indication of his having made good his promise."

"I am sorry to say that I was deceived," replied the young man. "You refer to Mr. Seiberts. When I called he informed me that I had come too late; that the place had already been given to another, and that I should have called sooner, and yet I called at the time appointed by himself. Am I to be blamed for whatever wrong others may have committed?"

"I have to do with you, and not with others," coldly replied the Jew. "Take this big fiddle of yours out of my sight; I am afraid of it."

"Nathan," said Neumark intreatingly, "you know that I am a stranger in this city, that I have no one but yourself to help me out of my difficulties. Do not drive me to despair. If twenty dollars are too much, give me fifteen."

"What, twenty dollars!" exclaimed the Jew, with well-feigned astonishment. "Did you say twenty dollars? Did you not say fifteen at first, and did I not tell you that I could not give you so large a sum for only two shillings' worth of wood?"

"You are a hard-hearted, cruel man," Neumark now exclaimed indignantly. "You glory in the misfortunes of Christians. But my Lord and God will be your judge. My misery be upon your conscience. And though you may revile the God whom I adore, He will nevertheless find you out."

Having said this, Neumark took up his Gamba, and with it hurried towards the door.

"Well, well, sir," called out the Jew after him, "business is business, and no one likes to be the loser. I will give you *ten* dollars."

"Fifteen dollars!" replied Neumark, coming back. "I must pay a debt of ten dollars to-morrow, and surely I ought to have something to support myself for a few weeks, until I find employment. Nathan, have pity on me."

"I have vowed," said the Jew, "that I will not give you fifteen dollars. And is it not written in your law, that a man should pay his vow unto the Lord? I will give you twelve dollars, for old acquaintance sake; that is for eight days, at the rate of one shilling on the dollar. If, at the end of that time, you fail to redeem your fiddle,

you will pay two shillings on the dollar; and if it is not redeemed at the expiration of two weeks, it shall be forfeited to me. This is greatly to my disadvantage, but what will a man not do for the love of his fellow!"

"This is hard, very hard!" exclaimed Neumark, "and yet I will accept your offer, provided you allow me fifteen dollars."

"Not one shilling more than twelve dollars," replied the Jew. "You can do now as you please."

Neumark continued silent for some time, and then said: "*May God be merciful to me!* Here, take the Gamba, and give me the twelve dollars."

The Jew now took up the instrument, and after having again examined it all over, said: "I have been too hasty, for I see that there is a small piece broken out of this button. Did I really say twelve dollars?"

"Twelve dollars," responded Neumark.

"Yes, twelve dollars," continued the Jew; "and the first week two shillings on the dollar, the second three; was not that our agreement?"

"No," replied Neumark; "the first week one, and the second two."

"Was that our bargain?" asked the Jew.

"Money is very precious. Yet be it so! The God of my fathers is full of goodness; He doeth good unto all that keep his commandments. Twelve shillings and twenty-four shillings make thirty-six shillings. I will deduct them now, to save you the trouble of hereafter bringing them to me."

Although Neumark plainly saw that this deduction would considerably diminish the amount he so greatly needed, he also knew, from past experience, that any attempt to make the Jew yield the point would be utterly useless. He, therefore, made a virtue of necessity, and took the money. When Nathan placed the Gamba in the corner of the room, Neumark's countenance became overcast with a shade of the deepest sorrow. He seemed as one who is about tearing himself away from his dearest friend. He had already approached the door, when suddenly he turned back and said:

"Nathan, I have one request to make of you. You do not know with what reluc-

tance I part with my beloved Gamba. During a period of ten years it has been my only source of consolation, my sweetest joy. I have been sorely tried, my sufferings have been very great, and often have I been obliged to retire to my bed at night without knowing how or where to obtain a morsel of bread on the morrow; but then I had my Gamba, which would speak to me so tenderly and kindly, that I forgot all my troubles and cares, and hope again returned to my soul, to cheer and encourage me. But now, alas, I am utterly forsaken! I am like a shipwrecked mariner, who has been cast upon a barren and uninhabited isle in the midst of the sea! Take good care of my Gamba. Keep it concealed, that none may see it, much less handle it. However valuable some of the articles in your possession, there is none in which the whole heart is so entirely bound up, and upon which the hope of better days so utterly depends, as this, my Gamba. Were it possible, I would ten times rather pawn to you my very heart's blood than this sweetener of my poverty. Believe me, Nathan, among all the unfortunate whom stern necessity has compelled to pawn to you their little all, I am the most so."

Here his voice became so choked that he could speak no further. He covered his eyes with his hands, and turned his steps once more towards the door. But again he turned back and said, "Nathan, one favor you must grant me before I go. You must permit me to play once more upon my Gamba."

And having said so, without waiting for an answer, he hastened towards the corner where the instrument had been placed.

"You detain me," said the Jew, angrily. "It is time to shut up. Come again tomorrow, or the day after."

"No, no!" interposed Neumark, vehemently. "To-day—now! I must bid farewell to my sweet friend."

And with this he took hold of the Gamba, sat himself upon a deal-box, which occupied nearly the centre of the room, and commenced to play in such a soft and plaintive strain, that even Nathan could not resist its power, but sat down and listened atten-

tively. Neumark now opened his lips and sang:

"I am weary, I am weary,
Take me, dearest Lord, away;
In this world so bleak and dreary,
I would fain no longer stay!
For my life is nought to me,
But one scene of misery!"

"I'm almost consumed with sorrow,
I am sowing nought but tears,
And on each returning morrow,
The burden of the Cross appears.
Oh my life is nought to me,
But one scene of misery!"

"That 'll do, that 'll do!" growled the Jew. "Why this complaining? Have you not twelve dollars in your pocket? Twelve dollars is a precious sum; a capital with which something considerable may be done."

Neumark did not hear this remonstrance. He was too intent upon his playing. Suddenly, however, the melody which he was playing took another turn. The melancholy and plaintive notes ceased. A smile lit up his hitherto gloomy countenance; his movements upon the instrument became more rapid, his voice grew louder, and he continued in a more cheerful strain:

"Yet who knows, but all this sadness,
Will be made in joy to end;
And this heart be filled with gladness,
Which is now with sorrow rent.
For the pleasures here we gain,
Often cause eternal pain!"

When he concluded, Nathan said: "This sounds more cheerful. Continue in this mood, Mr. Neumark, and do not forget that you have a large capital in your pocket. As for the rest, you are aware, two weeks from this date this fiddle will be mine, provided you till then fail to redeem it."

These words, too, were uttered unheard by Neumark. His eyes and heart were occupied with the beloved Gamba. Having now returned it into the corner, he still retained a hold of it with his hand, as if bidding it a final adieu, and said, as if speaking to himself: "*Ut fert divina voluntas!*" Then turning away quickly, without speaking another word, he left the shop.

When he stepped out into the darkness he encountered a man who had been standing at the door listening to his song.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, in a timid and humble tone of voice: "are you the gentleman who was playing and singing so charmingly in there?"

"Yes," answered Neumark, making a move to pass on. But the stranger detained him by his cloak, saying: "Pardon me, sir; I am, it is true, a very humble man, but the hymn which you have just now sung, has deeply affected me. Can you not tell me where I may find it? Though only but a poor servant, I will cheerfully give a dollar for so beautiful a hymn, which seems to have been composed expressly to meet *my* case."

"My good friend!" said Neumark, touched with his earnestness, "your wish shall be granted, and that too, without charge. But may I ask, who you are?"

"I am," replied the man, "the servant of the Swedish Ambassador, Herr von Rosenkrantz."

"Call at my lodgings then, to-morrow morning," said the other. "My name is George Neumark!" And, after having given him his address, he bid him good night, and hurried away.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT a week after the occurrences above related, the servant of the Swedish Ambassador entered one morning, for the second time, George Neumark's apartment, and said: "Most noble sir, pardon my intrusion, for the love and gratitude I bear you. It may be, that what I am about to tell you is very foolish and trifling; but I have been making it all night a subject of earnest prayer, and my heart has been filled with so much joy in consequence, that I thought it was God's will that I should do it."

"Well, what is it, then?" inquired Neumark, in a friendly manner. "Do you, perhaps, wish me to give you another copy of that hymn?"

"O no!" answered the servant. "I have the one you so kindly presented me at home, carefully laid away in my Bible, like a dear, precious treasure. And even though I should have lost the copy, it would not be necessary for me to ask you for a second

transcript. I know your precious hymn as well by heart, as I know the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. But I wish to communicate something to you, which happened yesterday at our house, which may, perhaps, be of advantage to you. Pardon me, a poor servant."

"Only say on," exclaimed Neumark, in a familiar manner.

"See here," continued the servant. "My master, the Swedish Ambassador, had a man in his employ, whom we called his secretary, because he had to write all his letters for him. This secretary left our house yesterday, very suddenly, and it is not known exactly why. But we servants believe that our master discharged him on account of some misdemeanor, or it may be for some crime. Last night, whilst assisting my master to undress, I heard him say to himself, 'Yes, the ungrateful wretch is gone; but where shall I obtain another more trustworthy?' And as he was saying this, Mr. Neumark, I immediately thought of *you*, for the post is by no means an inconsiderable one. The secretary had board and lodging free, and a hundred dollars besides. And as you are an educated man, as well as the former secretary, I have no doubt you are a suitable person for the station. I, therefore, took courage and said to my master, 'Sir, I know a gentleman who would suit you.' 'You!' he exclaimed smilingly. 'Have you then among *your* acquaintances and friends, an individual *fit* to be *my* secretary?' 'Pardon me,' I replied, 'I am not worthy to claim companionship with the gentleman of whom I speak.' And then I related to him everything."

"*Everything?*" interrupted Neumark. "Also that you made my acquaintance at the house of Hirsch, the Jew, and that I pawned my Gamba to him?"

"Yes, and that too," replied the servant despondingly. "And if, in so doing, I have erred, I am very sorry; but my heart was too full. However, my master did not seem offended with it, but requested me to show him your hymn, that he might see a specimen of your handwriting. When he had seen and read it, he said to me: 'I am well pleased with both the hymn and the writing;'

and added, 'If the young man will call on me, I will see what may be done.' After I had retired to my room, however, I felt somewhat troubled on account of having said and done so much in reference to you, without your knowledge and consent, and I hesitated whether I should, after all, inform you of it. Yet the more I thought of it, the happier it made me feel, and the more I felt convinced, that I had been doing right, and I could scarcely wait till this morning dawned, so impatient was I to tell you. If, therefore, you have no objection to taking the post, I would advise you to dress yourself, and come with me immediately; my master is a very early riser, and does not object to receive company at this hour. Moreover, I will see to it, that you are properly announced."

When the servant ceased speaking, in anticipation of a reply, Neumark paced his room in deep thought, saying to himself: "Yes, the ways of the Lord are wonderful; whosoever trusteth in Him, shall not be forsaken."

Then turning to his companion he said: "May God reward you for what you have done. I will go with you."

He immediately put on his best clothes, that is to say, the only coat he had with difficulty saved from the general wreck of his fortune, and followed the servant.

A short time afterwards, Neumark stood in the audience-chamber of the Swedish Ambassador, Herr von Rosenkrantz, an opulent but very benevolent gentleman, who returned his salutation with much affability. Presenting a paper to him, he said, "Are you the young man who has composed and written these verses?"

Neumark replied in the affirmative, and added, "It is only a hasty transcript. If you desire it, I am prepared to execute it more neatly."

"You are a poet, then?" asked the Ambassador, without seeming to notice his proposition. "Do you confine yourself only to sacred poetry?"

Neumark hesitated a moment, and then replied, "It is written, 'to the poor belongeth the kingdom of heaven.' The blessed Cross excites to supplication and prayer, to praise

and gratitude. For myself, I have never met with any one who, surrounded by earthly prosperity, and amidst the enjoyments of this world, ever thought of composing a sacred song. It is only under the heavy burden of the Cross the heart ascends to God, and the lips become vocal with his praise."

The Ambassador regarded the young man with admiration, and said, "Although your language does not contain anything very flattering for the rich and mighty of this world, and although you are not altogether correct, inasmuch as you are aware that our blessed king, Gustavus Adolphus, knew, amidst all his power and splendor, both how to compose and sing and play a sacred hymn—you are poor, very poor—at least so I conclude from what I have heard in regard to your circumstances. Has not poverty made you weary of life?"

"Thank God, no!" replied Neumark. "Though my heart did at times grow very heavy and sad, I would always find peace. Our life on earth is, at best, only a life of labor and sorrow, privations, sacrifices, and selfdenials. One is deprived of this world's goods, and without honor amongst men, another is deprived of consolation and peace. One has no light, and is destitute of the true knowledge of the will of God; another of health and temporal prosperity. The Lord said to his disciples, 'the poor ye have always with you;' and in another place he calls them blessed; and Christ himself became poor for our sakes, and has especially commanded the Gospel to be preached to the poor, and one of his Apostles declares that they shall make many rich. Honored sir, who would not, after all this, be reconciled to poverty?"

"You put me to the blush, Mr. Neumark," replied the Ambassador, with unmistakable sincerity. "Your cheerfulness explains to me that declaration of our Lord, 'It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Yet," he quickly interrupted himself, "perhaps an opportunity will present itself when we may resume this subject. I have been informed that you have studied law. Are you competent to prepare writings which require an acquaintance with juris-

prudence, the history of states and nations, as well as some experience in civil intercourse?"

"If your grace," replied Neumark, "would give me a trial task, I would, with the help of God, endeavor to perform it."

"Very well," said the Ambassador, and took from his desk a number of papers. "Take these, my young friend. In this paper you will find what the Chancellor, Count OXENSTIERN, has written to me, and on what particular subjects he requests special information. From the other you will learn what has been written concerning me, and what results my efforts have brought about. Now I wish these several subjects included in one report. If you consider yourself competent to the performance of this task, you may at once take your seat at my writing-desk. I will leave you to yourself, requiring nothing further on your part than that you will keep whatever you may find contained in these papers a profound secret. Are you willing to make this promise?"

"I am," replied Neumark confidently.

"Very well," continued the Ambassador, "you are not limited in your time. First, however, I will see that you receive some bodily nourishment. When you have finished, you may either knock at yonder door, or pull that bell, when my servant will appear, and receive your answer. And now God be with you!"

With this the Ambassador made his exit, and left our poet alone.

CHAPTER V.

On the evening of the same day, Neumark left the hotel of the Ambassador, his whole countenance radiant with joy; and so blind did he appear to all that was passing, that he either ran against nearly every individual he met, or awkwardly hurried by them, speaking to himself in short and abrupt sentences, but ever repeating the same words, "YES! YES! THE LORD OUR GOD FOREVER REIGNETH!" Then he would smile complacently, nod his head in self-satisfaction, and repeat what he had said before.

At length he entered the cellar of Nathan Hirsch, the Jew. "Give me my Gamba," he shouted; "here is your money—twelve

dollars, and *one over!* Yes, do not be surprised, Nathan! You have by no means deserved it, for you have taken advantage of my poverty, and I give you, besides, the credit, that, had my Gamba remained in your possession only one hour over the stipulated time, you would have sold it for fifty dollars, and not have given me one shilling by way of compensation! Yet I am grateful to you for having lent me twelve dollars. Had you refused me, I would have been obliged to resort to begging, leave Hamburg, and wander about, no one knows where, without bread, without employment, without friends, and without hope! All these things I now possess, and I owe their possession to *you*; but, mark me well, not to your philanthropy, but rather to your *person*, inasmuch as you became the unconscious instrument in God's hand to benefit me. For this I reward you, as well as I am able, with this dollar, extra interest, which reward is, after all, more acceptable to you than anything else I might offer. For of the joy a Christian experiences when he has saved a brother from want and misery, *you* can have no conception. Therefore, here is money for you, Nathan—thirteen shining, smiling dollars, all sound, and of lawful weight. But one thing I will tell you: remember these words: 'the Lord our God forever reigneth,' and he can, and often does, use even a hard-hearted, miserly Jew as an instrument to bring relief and happiness to those who confide in him." And having said this, without further ceremony he took up his Gamba, an act in which the Jew had neither the power nor the will to oppose him, and hastened with rapid strides out of the cellar, bearing his rescued treasure in triumph through the streets.

Having reached his room, without allowing himself a moment's rest, he sat down and began to play and sing so sweetly, that his landlady, Mrs. Johnson, came running and began to ply him with numerous questions. But Neumark neither heard nor saw anything. He only played and sang; and the words, as they fell from his lips, sounded so gratefully to the ear, and the accompaniment on the Gamba mingled with them in such delightful harmony, now

moving slowly and softly in strains of sweetest cadence, and then again bursting forth in such clear and quick tones of joyousness, that one might easily have been led to believe that he was performing a carefully studied piece of music, with which he intended to charm his audience into admiration and delight.

At least Mrs. Johnson seemed riveted to the spot as if by enchantment. She did not attempt to speak, but only occasionally raised her apron to her eyes to wipe away a tear. At length Neumark ceased.

"Are *you* here, Mrs. Johnson!" exclaimed he in surprise. "If you will do me a favor, go and call in all the people in the house, and as many from the street as you can find. Bring them all before me. I will sing you a hymn, the like of which you have not heard before—for never has there been, in all Hamburg, a man as happy as I am. Go, dear woman, go and collect a congregation, that my Gamba may preach them a sermon. My heart will burst if I do not soon give vent to its emotions."

When the landlady perceived that her tenant really was in earnest, she hastened away, and in a few moments returned with a congregation so numerous, that the room was too small to contain them.

Neumark now took up the Gamba, and after having played a short prelude, began to sing:

The Lord our God forever reigneth:
Who'er in him will put his trust,
He with a father's care sustaineth,
In every need and sore distress.
Whoever makes the Lord his stay,
Builds not on sand that glides away.

What gain we by our anxious longing?
What by our constant cries of woe?
What profit that each coming morning,
Our hearts with deepest grief o'erflow?
Complaints can ne'er afford relief,
But only add fresh grief to grief.

Be patient only for a season,
And wait His wise and holy will;
And you will find abundant reason,
To say His will the best is still.
For He who chose us for his own,
To Him our cares are fully known.

He knows the proper time for joying;
And when to send prosperity.
If He but find us e'er obeying
In truth and in sincerity,
He'll come, before we are aware,
And dissipate our anxious care.

When Neumark here ceased, so overcome by his feelings that the tears were coursing down his cheeks and his voice began to tremble, his audience maintained for a time the most breathless silence. At length, however, Mrs. Johnson, unable longer to restrain her feelings, exclaimed, whilst drying her eyes, "Dear, good sir, to hear you sing makes one feel like being in church, so deeply affecting is your hymn; and, oh, how it drives away care, and fills the heart with joy and gladness. Do tell us how all this has happened. Only this morning you looked so sad and dejected, although I must say you never indulged in such unchristian complaints, like one of us, when the cross begins to press a little heavier than we like it. But pardon my inquisitiveness; we are apt to rejoice when others do; and, moreover, it is written, 'Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.' Has it, perhaps, pleased the Lord to show you some special favor?"

"Yes, that is just what He has done, my kind, my merciful God," replied Neumark. "All my misery is now at an end. I am secretary to his Highness the most noble Lord of ROSENKRANTZ, the Swedish Ambassador, resident in Hamburg, who pays me one hundred dollars annually, permits me to eat with him at his table, reside in his house, and enjoy his confidence. And to complete my happiness, the Ambassador has paid me twenty-five dollars in advance, to enable me to redeem my beloved Gamba. Is not our Lord a most wonderful and gracious God? Yes, yes, my dear friends, THE LORD OUR GOD FOREVER REIGNETH."

"But this beautiful hymn, so full of consolation," asked the landlady; "where did you get that? I am sure I am acquainted with every hymn in the hymn-book, but with this I have never met. Have you, perhaps, composed it yourself?"

"I!" asked Neumark, smiling like one whose cup of happiness is running over. "Well, yes, I was the instrument, the harp, but the Holy Spirit was the poet. I knew nothing but the commencement: 'The Lord our God forever reigneth.' These words were ever in my mind. I had to repeat them again and again, until finally and

suddenly this hymn flowed from them. I am myself at a loss to know where the words came from. I commenced to compose and sing at one and the same time; and it appeared as if I was only reciting from memory, so quickly followed one word upon the other, like the droppings of water as it falls from the spring that issues from the cleft of the rock. But," interrupting himself, "the Spirit's work is not yet finished. Listen once more."

Here he again took up his Gamba, and after striking a few pleasing cords, continued to sing:

When in the furnace of affliction,
Think not God has forsaken thee,
That he alone boasts His protection
Who tastes nought but prosperity.
The future comes, and then the Lord
Will give to each his due reward.

God can this hour with ev'ry dainty
The poor man's table amply spread,
And strip the rich of all his plenty,
And send him forth to beg his bread.
God can do wonders, if he please,
Humble the one, the other raise.

Sing, pray, and in God's ways walk ever,
And all your duties well perform;
Distrust him for his blessing never,
And He will shield you from all harm.
For he who in the Lord confides,
Upon a solid rock abides.

When Neumark had concluded, he was so deeply moved that he placed his Gamba in a corner, and requested the assemblage to retire.

This request they readily complied with, only Mrs. Johnson begged in the name of all present, a copy of that beautiful hymn, which the poet kindly promised to give them.

And now, dear reader, you are acquainted with the history of the origin of that glorious old German hymn, "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten."

It now only remains to be said, that Neumark continued not quite two years at his post of Secretary to the Swedish Ambassador. The noble Lord von ROSENKRANTZ soon obtained for him the far more lucrative and permanent situation of Keeper of the Archives and Librarian at Weimar, where he died on the 8th of July, 1681. He composed a number of other sacred hymns, but not one of them has found its way into the heart of Evangelical Christendom like

"WER NUR DEN LIEBEN GOTT LÄSST WALTEN."

A SPIRITUAL MINISTRY.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

WHAT is it? How shall one, who feels his own want of spirituality, describe it? Yet, such is the order of God's providence, that the imperfect and sinful are to teach their brethren, who are encompassed with like infirmities. A spiritual ministry is under the control of the blessed Spirit; and the degree of their spirituality will be the degree in which they permit themselves to be controlled by the Spirit: and the measure of that degree is the number of the fruits of the Spirit, wrought in the soul, and the extent to which they are cultivated and developed. PAUL to the Galatians, contrasting them with the works of the flesh, enumerates "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." To which we might add, from the same Apostle, "humility, penitence, hope," &c. We read of those who are led by the Spirit, and who, therefore, are called "the sons of God;" and of those who resist the Spirit, and harden themselves through the deceitfulness of sin, and perish.

My attention was recently directed to the influences of the Holy Spirit, and the power of man to yield to them, or resist them, in the following manner. I was seated in the parlor with a few friends listening to the performance of an accomplished musician on the piano. Whilst we conversed on different topics, we heard, indeed, the music, but it was by snatches, and during the pauses of the conversation. We perceived that there was harmony, and that the execution was brilliant. But the impression was all intellectual. The music did not enter into our souls. We did not yield ourselves up to the *Spirit* of music. The conversation was arrested. The harmony and melody of song continued. It entered into the soul. It dwelt there unobstructed. It captivated the affections and led them whither it would. It cheered, it saddened, it mellowed, it strengthened, in a word, it *reigned* in the soul, and for the time controlled the whole man. When the music ceased, the impression still remained, locked up in the secret chamber of memory. But when it ceased, we seemed

to be let down from heaven to earth, for other and harsher and more earthly influences pervaded the soul. "Thus," I said to myself, "does the blessed Spirit dwell in our souls, and elevate and purify them, and raise them to heaven, when we open our hearts to his gracious influences, and do not resist them. Thus does he touch the chords of affection in our souls, and bring forth the harmony and melody of a godly conversation and holy life. And thus, when we are inattentive or careless, or indifferent, does Christianity become to us a mere intellectual expression, awakening, indeed, admiration, but not entering into the secret chambers of existence, nor controlling the character and life."

A spiritual minister, more than his people, is led by the Spirit. His soul is filled with one ardent desire to win souls to the Redeemer. He is wholly devoted to this work. The love of Christ constrains him, and with the Apostle PAUL, he "thus judges that, if one died for all, then were all dead, and he died for all, that they which live, henceforth should not live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again." This desire is permanent, and just in so far as it is interrupted by the world, by the love of pleasure, or applause, or the desire of filthy lucre, is he deficient in spirituality. It goes with him into his closet, enters into his study, animates his thoughts, and dwells upon his pen. It ascends with him to the sacred desk, and throws the glow of its own earnestness over his whole delivery. It descends and goes with him into the family-circle, among his parishioners, and leads to that conversation and course of procedure which tends to salvation. Difficult as the work of pastoral visiting is acknowledged to be, the difficulty which is the greatest, is the want of spirituality in the minister. The faithful discharge of this duty is so self-denying and self-sacrificing, that it cannot be performed with any success without a high degree of spirituality. Difficult it is to introduce the subject of personal piety to a formalist in his own house, and particularly if he be an influential man, and an especial friend of the pastor. Difficult it is to enter into a gay pleasure-loving family, and convert all their gayety into the

sober earnestness of souls seeking salvation. Difficult it is to reprove the backslider, to warn the careless professor, and to sound in the ears of the impenitent, the terrors of God's law, in such a manner as to be faithful to their souls, and to convince them that the motive urging to this course is *love* to their souls.

Yet all this is not only possible, but duty. The desire of popular applause, the love of literary ease, and the repose of wealth, sink into infinite insignificance before the priceless value of an immortal soul. Before the towering importance of such an interest, shall I waste my time with my parishioners in idle gossip about the town, or common-places about the weather; or shall I seek to gain their good-will by telling pleasing anecdotes, or destroy the *force* of religious conversation by discussing generalities? Shall I select for my theme in the pulpit, some new striking thought, whether theological, philosophical, or æsthetical, and present it in such a manner as to display my intellectual attainments, whilst the *souls* of my hearers are famishing for want of spiritual nourishment? In a word, must I be the idol of self, and the idol of the people, and cover up with the mantle of selfishness the glory of my Master? Forbid it, gracious Saviour! As thou hast counted me worthy to be intrusted with this highest earthly office, may thy cross and thy crown, the glories of thy character and thy work, and a world lying in iniquity and redeemed, be the themes of my discourses. And may my heart and life, my tongue and pen, and all my powers, be bathed in thy Spirit, and be wholly consecrated to thy service. There is in progress, in the Christian Church, a revolution, growing out of increased wealth and knowledge, out of the improvements in science and the useful arts, tending to subvert the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ. It is seen in costly and luxurious churches, artistic and brilliant music, and striking and splendid sermons. The result is a wrong and perverted religious taste, leading the soul away from the contemplation of itself and its relations to God, to that which is *external* and *formal*, substituting the æsthetical for the religious feeling, sentiment for obedience, and *self* for the Saviour.

A spiritual ministry is eminently a ministry of prayer. Not stated, but constant prayer, giving evidence of constant dependence upon God for success. Here is to be found the power of the pulpit and the press. 'Tis not learning, however varied and profound; 'tis not genius, however exalted and versatile; 'tis not eloquence, whether of the voice or of the pen, however commanding. All these have their influence. But it is the voice of prayer ascending to the Throne of God, which is the channel of blessing, and constitutes the power of the preacher and the man. It is the electric current which energizes the heart, invigorates the intellect, and starts into existence "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Thus prayed LUTHER, and the Reformers, ARNDT and SPENERS. Thus prayed WHITEFIELD, WESLEY, EDWARDS, and PAYSON, and they wielded a power such as we look for almost in vain in the *present* generation. May the Great Head of the Church mercifully grant unto his ministers and unto those aspiring to this holy office, A BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT.

MEMORANDA FOR BOYS.

SEVEN classes of company to be avoided.

1. Those who ridicule their parents or disobey their commands.
2. Those who profane the Sabbath or scoff at religion.
3. Those who use profane and filthy language.
4. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness.
5. Those who are of a quarrelsome temper, and are apt to get into a difficulty with others.
6. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing.
7. Those who are of cruel disposition: who take pleasure in torturing and maiming animals and insects, and robbing birds of their young.

THREE WONDERS.—"If I ever reach heaven," said Dr. WATTS, "I expect to find three wonders there. First, the presence of some that I thought not to be there. Second, the absence of some whom I expected to meet there. Third, the greatest wonder of all will be to find *myself* there."

A REMINISCENCE AND A COINCIDENCE.

BY REV. C. W. SCHAEFFER.

ABOUT one hundred years ago, the Rev. JOHN FREDERICK HANDSCHUH was pastor of St. Michael's German Evangelical Lutheran Church, Philadelphia. For the abundance of his labors, his patience in tribulation, the deep devotion of his spirit, and his manifold success, he deserves to be held in lasting remembrance. The good work, which has already presented the character of MUHLENBURG in such a truthful and attractive form, will be pushed forward, we hope, by the same able hand, and the church shall soon learn more clearly than she has yet known, what a Christian hero HANDSCHUH was.

As an illustration of his times, we furnish for the readers of the Journal the following interesting incident:

In a letter, under date of September 30, 1757, addressed to Rev. Dr. ZIEGENHAGEN, Court preacher in London, HANDSCHUH says: "Four weeks ago, a young man called upon me, with a conveyance, ready to take me to the house of a pious widow, ten miles from the city. She is a worthy member of our congregation, and after a long confinement to the sick chamber, she earnestly desired to enjoy the privileges of Christian communion at the table of the Lord, in her own house. Three minutes had scarcely elapsed after my arrival at the house of the widow, before I was greeted by a gathering throng of apparently devout and thoughtful neighbors. The majority of them were English Quakers, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians, and a few were German Reformed. During the time of prayer, the conversation with the sick woman, and the administration of the Holy Supper, an unusual solemnity seemed to pervade the whole assembly. In the midst of these exercises, there arrived at the house quite an aged man, who was a Baptist, with his wife, also far advanced in years, who was an Episcopalian, having in company with them three adult children. Upon the conclusion of the exercises of the communion, these old people came to me with the request that I should baptize their three children. Having

examined both the parents and their children upon the fundamental doctrines of our faith, I saw that I could not, with propriety, refuse complying with their request. Now it was most interesting to see, that in making the preparations necessary for the administration of the baptism, the Quakers themselves were as active as any of the company. One Quakeress, who had four children with her, was affected to tears. Her agitation continued during the whole progress of the solemnity, and it was long before her feelings were subdued.

"Upon taking my leave, every one seemed to vie with all the rest in indications and expressions of good will and Christian love. I can truly say, that nothing has happened to me of so agreeable a character for a long time. Such incidents are peculiarly refreshing in this country, where sectarianism and party spirit are so prevalent."

Nearly one hundred years have elapsed since the occurrence of these events; and it would be a most refreshing sight indeed to witness a repetition of them in the present age. Who has ever seen anything like it? The administration of the ordinances of the Gospel, according to the doctrine and usages of the Lutheran Church, commending itself, in the sight of God, to the heart and conscience of members of every other church, Baptists, Quakers, Episcopalians even, present, not in the spirit of contradiction and of idle curiosity, but heartily participating in the spirit of devotion, as though, after all, they could well unite with the Lutherans in having "one Lord, one faith, one baptism."

The writer of this article can present, in conclusion, what might be called a coincidence. Confined to the house a few months ago by the storm of a Sunday evening, he was engaged in reading aloud for the benefit of his family. He had scarcely finished the foregoing account of Handschuh, when he was called upon by a young man to visit an aged father, a devout and humble Christian, who, after a long and wearisome sickness, seemed to be about entering into his rest. The dying man also longed for the refreshment of the Lord's Supper once more before his end. There were Baptists, Methodists, and Lutherans present, and the exercises, under

the solemn circumstances, were such as to impress the hearts and quicken the devotion of all.

These two events happened about one hundred years apart, but their localities, there is much reason to believe, were within two miles distance; and the apparently incidental reading of the one in an old German volume was immediately followed by the transaction of the other.

"MY SAINTED MOTHER."

THE mother of JOHN RANDOLPH taught his infant lips to pray. This fact he could never forget. It influenced his whole life, and saved him from the dangers of infidelity. He was one day speaking on the subject of infidelity, to which he had been much exposed by his intercourse with men of infidel principles, to a distinguished Southern gentleman, and used this remarkable language:

"I believe I should have been swept away by the flood of French infidelity, if it had not been for one thing—the remembrance of the time when my sainted mother used to make me kneel by her side, taking my little hands folded in hers, and caused me to repeat the Lord's Prayer."

Every mother who reads this anecdote may read an important practical lesson, which she ought to put to use in the case of her own children. No mother can ever know how great will be the influence on her son, in all his future life in this world and in the world to come, of teaching him to pray. How appropriate, how beautiful the conduct of that mother who teaches her little son to kneel by her side as he retires to rest, to lift up his young heart to the God that made him, and on whose care and mercy he must rely in all the future years of his existence. If all mothers would teach their children to pray with and for them, how soon would this world's aspect be changed, and bud and blossom as the rose! And the mother who does not teach her children to pray has no ground to believe that she shall ever meet her children in heaven, or that she will ever reach there herself. Prayerless mothers never find admission to heaven. H.

MY WIFE'S GOLD RING;

OR, JOHN GASPARD LAVATER AND THE POOR WIDOW.

IT was a practice with Lavater (an eminent clergyman born in Zurich, Switzerland, 1741), to read, every morning, one or more chapters in the Bible, and to select from them one particular passage for frequent and special meditation during the day. One morning, after reading the fifth and sixth chapters of the Gospel of Matthew, he exclaimed, "What a treasure of morality! how difficult to make choice of any particular portion of it!" After a few moments' consideration he threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for Divine guidance.

When he joined his wife at dinner, she asked him what passage of Scripture he had chosen for the day. "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away," was the reply.

"And how is this to be understood?" said his wife.

"Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away,—these," rejoined Lavater, "are the words of him to whom all and everything belongs that I possess. I am the steward, not the proprietor. The proprietor desires me to give to him who asks of me, and not to refuse him who would borrow of me; or, in other words, if I have two coats, I must give one to him who has none, and if I have food, I must share with him who is hungered and in want; this I must do without being asked; how much more, then, when asked."

This, continues Lavater in his diary, appeared to me so evidently and incontrovertibly to be the meaning of the verses in question, that I spoke with more than usual warmth: my wife made no further reply than that she would well consider these things.

I had scarcely left the dining-room a few minutes, when an aged widow desired to speak to me, and she was shown into my study. "Forgive me, dear sir," said she, "excuse the liberty I am about to take; I am truly ashamed, but my rent is due tomorrow, and I am short six dollars; I have

been confined to my bed with sickness, and my poor child is nearly starving; every penny that I could save I have laid aside to meet this demand, but six dollars yet are wanting, and to-morrow is term-day." Here she opened a parcel which she held in her hand, and said, "This is a book with a silver clasp, which my late husband gave me the day we were married. It is all I can spare of the few articles I possess, and sore it is to part with it. I am aware that it is not enough, nor do I see how I could ever repay—but, dear sir, if you can, do assist me."

"I am very sorry, my good woman, that I cannot help you," I said; and putting my hand into my pocket I accidentally felt my purse, which contained about two dollars; "These," I said to myself, "cannot extricate her from her difficulty, she requires six; besides, if even they could, I have need of this money for some other purpose." Turning to the widow, I said, "Have you no friend, no relation, who could give you this trifle?"

"No, there is no one!—I am ashamed to go from house to house, I would rather work day and night; my excuse for being here is, that people speak so much of your goodness: if, however, you cannot assist me, you will at least forgive my intrusion; and God, who has never yet forsaken me, will not surely turn away from me in my sixtieth year!"

At this moment the door of my apartment opened, and my wife entered. I was ashamed and vexed; gladly would I have sent her away, but conscience whispered, "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." She came up to me and said, with much sweetness, "This is a good old woman; she has certainly been ill of late; assist her if you can."

Shame and compassion struggled in my darkened soul. "I have but two dollars," I said in a whisper, "and she requires six; I'll give her a trifle in the hand and let her go."

Laying her hand on my arm and smiling, my wife said aloud, what conscience had whispered before—"Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

I blushed, and replied with some little vexation:

"*Would you give your ring for the purpose?*"

"With pleasure," answered my wife, pulling off her ring.

The good old widow was either too simple or too modest to notice what was going on, and was preparing to retire, when my wife called on her to wait in the lobby. When we were left alone, I asked my wife, "Are you in earnest about the ring?"

"Certainly—how can you doubt it?" she said; "do you think that I would trifle with charity? Remember what you said to me but half an hour ago. Oh, my dear friend, let us not make a show of the Gospel; you are in general so kind, so sympathizing, how is it that you find it so difficult to assist this poor woman? why did you not, without hesitation, give her what you had in your pocket? and did you not know that there were yet six dollars in your desk, and that the quarter will be paid to us in less than eight days?" She then added with much feeling, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Behold the fowls of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them."

I kissed my wife, while tears ran down my cheek:—"Thanks, a thousand thanks for this humiliation!" I turned to the desk, took from it the six dollars, and opened the door to call in the poor widow. All darkened around me at the thought that I had been so forgetful of the omniscience of God as to say to her, "I cannot help you." Oh, thou false tongue! thou false heart! If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, oh Lord, who shall stand! "Here is what you need," I said, addressing the widow.

At first she seemed not to understand what I meant, and thought I was offering her a small contribution, for which she thanked me, and pressed my hand; but when she perceived that I had given her the whole sum, then she could scarcely find words to express her feelings. She cried, "Dear sir, I cannot repay: all I possess is this poor book, and it is old."

"Keep your book," said I, "and the money too, and thank God, and not me, for verily I deserve no thanks, after having so long resisted your entreaties; go in peace, and forgive an erring brother."

I returned to my wife with downcast looks, but she smiled, and said, "Do not take it so much to heart, my friend; you yielded at my first suggestion; but promise me, that so long as I wear a gold ring on my finger, and you know that I possess several besides, you will never allow yourself to say to any person, 'I cannot help you.'" She kissed me and left the apartment.

When I found myself alone I sat down and wrote this account in my diary, in order to humble my deceitful heart—this heart which, no longer ago than yesterday, dictated the words, "Of all characters in the world, there is none I would more anxiously avoid than that of a hypocrite;" yet to preach the whole moral law and to fulfil only the easy part of it, is hypocrisy. Merciful Father, how long must I wait, and reflect, and struggle, ere I shall be able to rely on the perfect sincerity of my profession!

I read over once more the chapter which I had read in the morning with so little benefit, and felt more and more ashamed, and convinced that there is no peace, except where principle and practice are in perfect accordance. How peacefully and happily I might have ended this day, had I acted up conscientiously to the blessed doctrines I profess! Dear Saviour, send thy Holy Spirit into this benighted heart! cleanse it from secret sin! and teach me to employ that which thou hast committed to my charge, to thy glory, a brother's welfare, and my own salvation!

THE GRAVE.—It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him.—*Irving.*

IN AND OUT OF A DIFFICULTY.

BY REV. J. G. MORRIS.

A MARRIAGE license in Maryland costs the bridegroom four dollars and a half. In Pennsylvania, and some other States, men may get married without paying this tax. It may be avoided, even in Maryland, by having the bans proclaimed in church, and this may be heard every Sunday in the city German churches; but Americans are too modest, or too proud, to submit to this ordeal, and hence they always procure a license. The consequence is, that in the case of the marriage of poor persons, the minister's fee is small, for after the State is paid, in many instances, there is little left for the parson.

This matter of publishing the bans in Maryland is rather curious. The law requires it to be done on three successive Sundays, but this is seldom complied with. Most men, who are called on to do it, are contented with one proclamation, and a few recite the proclamation three times on the same occasion. I know one minister who evades the law by requesting his council to remain after the congregation is dismissed, and then making the announcement to them alone. It is sufficient for him that it is done *in church*. The law is considered so unjust, that men make no conscience of getting round it.

Though the State receives the tax for the license, yet the minister is held responsible for marrying minors, and is liable to a severe penalty. I know several who have suffered heavily. It is not so in Virginia. There the State is responsible; and hence the Clerk of the Court makes an applicant, or other person, swear that both he and his bride are of age.

Some years ago, I acted as groomsman for a friend. We rode twenty miles to the court-house for the license. The clerk demanded an oath from my friend, that he was of age. He took the oath, but he did not know whether his bride had arrived at her majority. The license was refused. We were in a dilemma. Twenty miles from home, and the wedding was to come off that night! What was to be done? Fortunately,

my friend thought of an old lady in the village, who was acquainted with the bride's family, and she would certainly help us out of the difficulty. We went in search of her, and found her. But lo! the uncertainty of human hopes! The old lady was willing to swear that a *younger* sister of the bride was nineteen, but would not swear that the *bride herself was eighteen!* She knew the former of a certainty, for she well remembered her birth; she was present at it; but the latter she did not know, and would not swear to. Now here was a case. All our argument and entreaty could not move her, but the compassionate clerk was satisfied with her oath, that Mary's younger sister Elizabeth was nineteen, and he *presumed* that Mary must be *eighteen!* He gave us the license, and we suffered no grass to grow under our horses' feet on our way home.

I was near getting into a scrape some time ago. One evening, a large, stalwart young man, with a buxom, coarse-looking girl hanging on his arm, entered my parlor. He "wanted to be hitched," as he expressed it. He showed me a genuine license, and he was accordingly married.

Next day, a countryman came in, and without any previous salutation, roughly asked: "Did you marry Friederich Kessler to Barbara Hoffner last night?" "Yes! and what is that to you?" said I, about as roughly as he had spoken. Now, here I did wrong. I should not have committed myself, and should have thrown the proof on him, for there were no witnesses present. I suspected what the old fellow was after, but I was not cautious. "Well," continued he, "he is my son, and is under age, and I'll make you pay for it. He ran off from home, and stole the money from me to buy the license, and I'll make you sweat for marrying a minor." "Why," says I, "he looked as old as you. I didn't know he was a minor." "That's no difference," he replied, "I have the law on my side. Are you rich, parson?" he then insolently asked, "Can you pay much?" This roused me, for I saw that he expected to make a grand speculation. I rose from my chair in a high state of assumed excitement, and dared him to do his worst. Said I, "I'll employ the

best lawyers in the State. I'll bother you to death. I'll have the trial postponed from court to court. I'll make you come to the city a dozen times. I'll expose your character. I'll put you to enormous expense. I've got more money than you have to spend in the suit. I'll make the people laugh at you. I'll put you in the papers. I'll, I'll——" "Stop, parson, stop!" he implored, "I didn't think it would cost so much. I say, just tell me one thing!" "And what is that?" I roared out, and looked on him with a most ferocious countenance. "Well, I say, did my son give you anything for marrying him?" he asked. "Yes, he gave me a dollar!" said I. "Well, I say," he continued, "if you give me that, I'll say no more about it!" "Most cheerfully," I responded, "and another in the bargain, to buy the old woman a new cap' for I dare say she needs it." And much quicker than this sentence is read, did I return him the money, which he said his son had stolen, and the present of a dollar, glad to get out of the scrape at so small a cost.

FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE.

FATHER, thy will be done!

Teach me to bless thee, though the cheering light
Of hope hath faded from my yearning heart;
Send thou a star to gild the gathering night,
And bid doubt's shadow from my soul depart!

Father, thy will be done!

Thou, who didst hear my wildly pleading prayer,
When Death's dark wing o'ershadowed one loved
brow,
From the lone grave my treasure thou didst spare;
A dearer boon I yield unto thee now!

Father, thy will be done!

Take back the heart I fondly deemed mine own;
The one dear flower, in silence cherished long;
I ask no more, to hear the once kind tone,
That breathed for me at eve the thrilling song!

Father, thy will be done!

No more will I recall the vanished hours,
"With heart all sunshine, and with cheek all
bloom;"
Alas! the beam that warms the budding flowers,
Can shed a blight amid their rich perfume!

Father, thy will be done!

Lay thou the wearied head upon thy breast,
Thou, who didst still the tempest-tossing sea—
Whisper sweet peace, and give the weary rest;
The o'erburdened heart would fain find peace with
thee!

LUTHERVILLE SEMINARY, May 1, 1866. VIOLA.

THE LITERATURE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY E. C. COGSWELL.

IN simplicity and purity of style, and in originality of sentiment, the Bible stands unrivalled. Its purity and eloquence are unsurpassed by any production, ancient or modern. Its material for the exercise of deep thought, for cultivating the taste, for invigorating the imagination, and for eliciting the best feelings of the soul, is rich and exhaustless. Its weighty doctrines, the hopes it enkindles, the fears it allays, alike prove its divine original.

No *human* composition is so exquisite as *always* to please. Its stores of wisdom are quickly exhausted; the eye soon perceives the end of created perfection; but the beauties of the Bible are none the less lovely, though the charm of novelty may have passed away.

He who can read the inspired narration of Moses with diminished interest, can have no beauty in his own soul. Cold must be that heart which does not kindle at his eloquence, and melt at his pathos!

Moses' account of the Creation is unique. It is abrupt, simple, sublime. The volume of destiny is suddenly thrown open; time is proclaimed; creation arises; and a new race of intelligences appears on the scene. The Almighty voice is addressed to Chaos: "Confusion hears it, and wild Uproar stands ruled." The waters subside; the verdant landscape is seen; songs burst from every grove; and stars, bright rolling, silent beaming, are hurled forth from the Almighty's hand.

The style of Moses as an historian is the best model, both in the vigorous and the sublime, the pleasing and the tender. His history is clothed with the grace of eloquence, the charms of poetry, and the fascination of fiction.

The Bible is replete with poetry. The Hebrew poets rouse, warm, and transport the mind, in strains the sweetest and boldest that bard ever sung—in numbers the loftiest that imagination ever dictated. No poetry extant equals that which comes to us from the rapt patriarch of Idumea, and the in-

spired prophets of Salem; from the school of Bethel and Jericho. The Bible is the prototype, the unrivalled model and inspirer of all that is elevated in poetry. It has been a fountain, from which later poets have drawn their richest thoughts, their boldest figures, their grandest imagery.

The Psalms of David are an elegant specimen of poetic literature. The character of their diction and expression is vivid, the thoughts animated, passionate. They communicate truths, which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which uninspired poetry can never equal. The Hebrew literature itself contains nothing more lovely.

Among the prophetic writers, Isaiah stands unrivalled. His language possesses surpassing beauties. His triumphal song upon the fall of the Babylonish monarch is replete with imagery, diversified and sublime. The conception is bold, the characters are introduced with wonderful art. Nothing is wanting to defend its claims to perfect beauty. In every excellence of composition, it is unequalled by any specimen of Greek or Roman poetry.

The strains of Ezekiel break forth like the gushing of a mighty fountain. He is deep, vehement, tragical. He rouses every energy of the soul; overwhelms the mind by his bold figures, abrupt transitions, fervid expressions. But he who astonishes us by his graphic images, possesses, at the same time, the loveliness of the sweetest poet. For invigorating the imagination, for giving energy of thought and boldness of expression, the writings of Ezekiel are unequalled.

Such is the Literature of the Scriptures. Written by its numerous authors, during the space of fifteen hundred years, in the sands of Arabia, in the deserts of Judah, in the rustic schools of the prophets, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, in the bosom of pantheism and its sad philosophy, the Bible comes to us the oldest offspring of sanctified intellect, the highest effort of genius, the effusions of truth and nature, the overflowings of genuine feelings, the utterance of undisguised sentiments. It is essential truth, the thoughts of heaven. This volume was conceived in the councils of eternal

mercy. It contains the wondrous story of redeeming love. It blazes with the lustre of Jehovah's glory. It is calculated to soften the heart; to sanctify the affections; to elevate the soul. It is adapted to pour the balm of heaven into the wounded heart; to cheer the dying hour; and to shed the light of immortality upon the darkness of the tomb. The force of its truth compelled the highly-gifted but infidel Byron to testify that,

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
O! happiest they of human race,
To whom our God hath given grace
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

DEATH THE UNIVERSAL LOT.

BY MRS. MARY S. WHITAKER, OF CHARLESTON,
SOUTH CAROLINA.

LOOK out upon the thoughtless earth,
And see the ravages of death—
The men of crimes, the men of worth—
How soon they yield their fleeting breath.

Some in red battle glorious die,
Where rings the clarion's warlike sound;
Where banners wave and swords flash high,
And neighing chargers spurn the ground.

Ah! sadly silent, 'midst the strife,
The gory soldier breathless lies—
For whom then reck's his single life,
Or who can pause to close his eyes?

Some perish where the bounding wave
Rolls thundering on the stormy deep,
All dark and cold their ocean grave,
Nor tempest more shall wake their sleep.

The loud winds howl their funeral dirge,
And o'er them foaming billows sigh;
But, heedless of the rushing surge,
Forever heedless low they lie.

And gently in the hour of Spring,
When balmy gales refreshing blow,
When buoyant hope is on the wing,
Some to the house of silence go.

Around them were the joys of home—
The voice of love fell on their ear;
They little deemed dark death would come
To dim the cloudless sunshine there.

And he who wears the kingly crown,
And sways the sceptre of his might,
Bereft of all must lay him down,
In humble silence and in night.

INDUSTRY.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

“A LIFE of full and constant employment,” says KIRKE WHITE, “is the only safe and happy one.” There are no pleasures so sweet as those acquired by effort; no possessions so valuable as those which are the result of labor and toil. Much of the happiness of this life consists in the vigorous exercise of those powers and faculties with which God has furnished us. Thus we find that greater enjoyment is generally experienced in the *acquisition* of property than in its actual *possession*. How frequently does it happen that the man of wealth, surrounded by every luxury his heart can desire, or his expectations claim, looks back from the eminence he has attained with sincere regret to those happy days of toil; when he was compelled to struggle in his efforts to acquire gain!

Man is formed for activity. Exertion is his proper aliment. Without exercise, the body becomes weak and feeble, and speedily sinks into the grave, or lives only to be a burden to the individual himself, or a source of concern to others. So the mind, unless habituated to effort and inured to labor, becomes incapable of strong and vigorous effort. It soon loses its power and runs to waste—its very fertility hastening its progress to unrestrained wildness; the noxious weed springs up luxuriously, the tangled underwood thickens, and the rising trees interweave their roots below the surface, until that which once gave promise of distinction becomes a neglected desert. Many a rich diamond has thus been permitted to remain imbedded in the mine, and many a beautiful flower

“To bloom unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.”

Nothing so much impairs the mind and destroys its strength as indolence, which has been pronounced the leprosy of the soul; nothing so much increases its power as well-directed and earnest effort. An idler resembles the sloth, which is said by naturalists to pine and perish on the very tree from which it has eaten all the foliage.

But more than this. The morals of an idle man must necessarily suffer. Indolence is never long innocent. We must do something, and if that which we do be not good, it will certainly be bad. As we learned in our infancy,

“Satan finds some *mischief* still
For idle hands to do.”

Or, as Baxter quaintly expresses the same idea: “An idle man’s brain is the Devil’s workshop.” Exposed to temptation, we are likely to yield to its power, and will engage in that which is ruinous to ourselves and destructive of the highest interests of our fellow-men. The lower tendencies of our nature will strive to gain the supremacy, and we may degrade ourselves to the level of the brute. These tendencies can only be repressed by pre-occupying the mind and the heart with loftier aspirations and nobler employments. The most sordid passions will spring up within the bosom of man, and as Pandora’s box will ever open to let out the plague, when deprived of the healthful exertion which his nature seems to require. Money is sometimes said to be the parent of mischief; so far as it contributes to render us indolent and supine it may be true; but this is only one head of the Hydra. Idleness is the Hydra itself, the “direst foe of virtue, the fastest friend of vice.”

It is the duty of every one to lead an active and industrious life. No one can claim an exemption from labor as his prerogative. No privileged class of drones ought to be tolerated in the community. No one, even if fortune has profusely lavished her gifts upon him, has a *right* to be idle, or useless to society. His time, talents, wealth, and influence he is bound to improve. We are all required to give an account of our stewardship to God. The habit of industry should be formed in early life. The individual who cannot, from a sense of duty, overcome slothful reluctance to perform what may be unpleasant, is only half educated, and carries with him an infirmity which must interfere with his success in every vocation of life, and prove fatal to the accomplishment of great designs and noble purposes.

Motives the most powerful are often

necessary to induce us to labor. We find in the Sacred Volume various encouragements presented, and the duty urged by a reference to the rewards which ensue. “The hand of the diligent maketh rich.” “Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.” This principle we also find confirmed in the daily occurrences of life. The industrious, the energetic, and the enterprising are successful, whilst the inactive, the slothful, and the supine seldom rise above their original condition, and most generally fall below it. Newton, Brougham, Franklin, Washington, and others who have occupied prominent positions, owed, in a measure, their greatness to habits of industry formed in their youth. Hundreds in our own land, and in other lands, whom poverty had inured to hardship, and necessity forced to exertion, acquired in the early school of adversity habits more desirable than all the gifts bestowed by fortune upon their superiors. *There is no excellence without great labor.* *Nil sine sudore** was an adage of the ancients, and the sentiment is correct in the physical, the intellectual, and the moral world. “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.”† Everything in this life that is worthy of acquisition is the reward of virtuous, well-directed, patient exertion. All that is truly valuable can be gained only by severe labor. The same principle prevails in nature. The flowers of summer are as transient as the heat that produces them: but the oak, the growth of centuries, is as permanent as time itself—it survives the maturity and the decay of kingdoms and empires. EUCLID, the distinguished mathematician, once being asked by a monarch if he could not explain his art by a more compendious way, replied, “That there was no royal favor to geometry.” The same is just as true now as when it was uttered, two thousand years ago. Dr. JOHNSON observes, that every one who proposes to become eminent in learning, should remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompense of labor, and that labor, vigorously

* Nothing without sweat.

† Pater ipse colendi,

Haud facilem esse viam voluit.

VIRG. GEORG. I. 121.

continued, has not often failed in its reward. We know not of what we are capable, until we make the trial, until our powers are tasked.

Without industry, all the endowments of nature are like the steward's buried talent, they produce nothing, and moulder in their native soil. The heart, of which they were designed to be their ornament, becomes their sepulchre—their garden is their grave. There is an original difference in the minds of men. We do find a disparity in nature's gifts. But how often do those who are less highly favored, or who are deprived of any extraordinary advantages, attain a position seldom reached by those gifted in a greater degree. Many who are endowed with the finest talents, frequently, by their own indifference and neglect, sink into oblivion and contempt. To the indolent and supine, it is, perhaps, a pleasing doctrine, that nature does everything, and without her assistance, nothing can be accomplished. If we are favorites, we are excused from exertion—if we are proscribed, no exertion will avail. The man who adopts either view of predestination, usually predestines *for himself*. The mind must be disciplined by continuous and strenuous efforts, if it would produce great results. If we would be successful in any vocation of life, we must be industrious. We must gird up our loins, and go to work with the indomitable energy of HANNIBAL crossing the Alps, or with the untiring energy of Sir WILLIAM JONES, mastering the languages of the globe. We must not give ourselves up to repose. That moment we abandon success! No temptations must entice us from the object before us—no difficulties must frighten us. Neither the golden apples of Hippomene, nor the formidable spectres of Ulysses, must divert us from our purpose. The serene features of Minerva must be preferred to the seductive power of the goddess of pleasure. We must resist the influence of indolence, which sometimes entwines itself around us as closely as did the serpents around the body of Laocoon and his two sons.

Let it not be forgotten, that every moment of time wasted, or unprofitably employed, sows seeds of sorrow and remorse for future years, whereas, every opportunity carefully

improved, every hour devoted to faithful and earnest effort, will yield fruit of mature and heartfelt satisfaction. Our existence will thus be rendered more happy, and we will be better prepared to discharge the duties of life. We will become more useful in the world, and will treasure up no regrets for the future, unless in our various gettings we should omit the wisdom which the revelation of God enjoins, as important above everything else.

GENIUS AND CONFIDENCE.

HE who first laid down the hackneyed maxim, that diffidence is the companion of genius, knew very little of the workings of the human heart. True, there may have been a few such instances, and it is probable that in this maxim, as in most, the exception made the rule. But what could ever reconcile genius to its sufferings, its sacrifices, its fevered inquietudes, the intense labor which can alone produce what the shallow world deems the giant offspring of a momentary inspiration; what could ever reconcile it to these but the haughty and unquenchable consciousness of internal power; the hope which has the fulness of certainty that in proportion to the toil is the reward; the sanguine and impetuous anticipation of glory, which bursts the boundaries of time and space, and ranges with a prophet's rapture the immeasurable regions of immortality? Rob genius of its confidence, of its lofty self-esteem, and you clip the wings of the eagle, you domesticate, it is true, the wanderer you could not hitherto comprehend, in the narrow bounds of your household affections; you abase and tame it more to the level of your ordinary judgments—the walled-in and petty circumference of your little and commonplace moralities—but you take from it the power to soar; the hardihood which was content to brave the thunder-cloud, and build its eyrie on the rock, for the proud triumph of rising above its kind, and contemplating with a close eye the majesty of heaven.—*Bulwer*.

KNOWLEDGE is proud that he has learned so much, wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

DR. CHEEVER'S LIFE AND INSANITY OF COWPER.

CONDENSED AND REVIEWED.

BY EMMA B. STORK.

IN reviewing Cheever's Cowper, we know not which most to admire, the discriminating, evangelical author; or England's model Christian poet. As an American, we are proud of this accomplished writer; under his magical hand, *all things seem to bud and blossom*; and we gladly hail this heavenly poet, "walking in darkness," in his lingering trial and mysterious pathway, with its illuminated lessons, thus faithfully interpreted by our cherished and venerated Cheever.

We do not *presume* to do justice to this fascinating and instructive volume (of more than 400 pages); our only object is to introduce it to those who may not be equally fortunate with ourselves in possessing it for their own enjoyment. Meanwhile, we shall proceed to give a condensed sketch of Cowper's childhood, education, trials, and especially "the divine discipline with this *child of God walking in darkness*;" drawing such extracts from this work, and from the Poet's writings, as may best illustrate the Lord's dealings with this afflicted disciple, and interest and profit the Christian reader.

In his Introduction, Cheever remarks, that "Southey, in his Memoir of the Poet, has done injustice both to Cowper and Newton," through his own ignorance of the operations of the Spirit of God upon human hearts: attributing his insanity to his religious notions and enthusiasm of character. Whereas, Cowper himself says, "*religion cured him*" of his first attack; and we are led to believe, considerably moderated and alleviated his succeeding spells. This morbid tendency was contracted during his prayerless, godless state, and doubtless became *periodical* and aggravated, by his peculiar and highly organized nervous temperament, and was prolonged by his nervous fevers from his *unwise* student habits, and from unwholesome air, damp, vaporish atmosphere, during his thirteen years' residence with the Unwins, at Olney. "Cowper himself thought, that the

nervous fever so oppressive to his spirit, was much exasperated by the circumstances of his abode at Olney." Encumbered with raw vapors, issuing from flooded meadows; "and we in particular," says he, "perhaps have fared the worse, for sitting so often, and sometimes for months, over a cellar filled with water." His change of habitation to Weston was therefore a lasting benefit.

The volume before us is remarkable in bringing out the state of religious feeling in Cowper's time—contrasting the comfortable formality of Church and State religion, with the *living* heart-warmth of the more evangelical classes, ridiculed as "the enthusiasts," "methodists," and "pietists," of that period. Not to be wondered, was it, that "some said his madness was owing to his religion; some said his religion was owing to his madness; some intimated both, and *would not even receive his own testimony*, not even after the production of a poem of such consummate bright perfection as 'The Task,' had proved his mind was as transparent and serene, in *its faculties* of genius and of power, almost as an angel's. His prevailing insanity, so far as it could be called insanity at all, in those long intervals of many years, during which his mind was serene and active, his habit of thought playful, and his affections more and more fervent, was simply the exclusion of a personal religious hope, to such a degree, as to seem like habitual despair. His despair was his insanity, for it could be only madness that could produce it, after such a revelation of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ, as he had been permitted in the outset to enjoy.

"The whole of his early education was certainly, in some respects, most unfortunate."

This most admired and equally beloved poet, was born in 1731, in Great Birkhamstead, in Hertfordshire County, in England. His great affliction was the loss of his mother, when he was but six years old. "Yet at this early age, her tenderness and love made an impression upon the whole heart and nature of her child, never to be effaced." Near fifty years after his beloved mother's death, Cowper wrote, "that not a week

passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day), in which I do not think of her." Between three years old, and seven or eight, a mother loves her children more tenderly, and does more for the formation of their character, than in any other equal period. Oh, the power of a mother's love and prayers!

Cowper ever remembered the day of her burial:

"Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned, at last, submission to my lot,
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot."

Had this gentlest of mothers been spared to him, he had, perhaps, been a happier man—but there must also have been a *shrouding* of this most exquisite poet. The "crushing of the flower" began even in childhood. And its choice fragrance, like Mary's box of ointment, has been *wafted o'er a world*. This sensitive plant, removed from a peaceful, paradisiacal home, to the cold, sharp blast of boarding-school life, soon withered under the tyrannical influence of a rough elder spirit, and for two years suffered without redress. He was thence removed to the care of an eminent oculist, without much success. But this disorder of the eyes was entirely cured by an attack of small-pox when he was fourteen years old.

He was placed at Westminster when ten years of age, and remained there until he was seventeen. Hayley tells us that Cowper had been frequently *heard* to lament the persecution he sustained in his childish years, from the cruelty of his school-fellows, in the two scenes of his education. His own forcible expression represented him, at Westminster, as not daring to raise his eyes above the shoe-buckle of the older boys, who were too apt to tyrannize over his gentle spirit. Thus was gathering, even at this early age, "the cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, which was at length to overshadow his whole being with the blackness of a settled madness and despair."

Cowper was thrown upon himself too early for the habit of self-reliance to grow out of such discipline. De Quincey, in some reference to the years of his childhood, says: "By temperament, and through natural de-

lication to despondency, I felt resting upon me always, too deep and gloomy a sense of obscure duties, attached to life, that I never *should* be able to fulfil; a burden which I did not carry, and which, yet, I did not know how to throw off." This is a common experience with reflective minds—increased to a morbid degree by circumstances it might predispose to permanent gloom, assuming the type of madness. "And this feeling, at a later period, was absolutely one of the *exasperating* causes of Cowper's insanity." He was rudely and awfully thrown upon himself, and found himself the greatest of all burdens that the mind could bear; yet, not till despair came, absolute despair, was he thrown upon his Saviour, and not till then did he find rest. Cowper, in his review of his boyish days, says, "that about the age of fourteen, I became such an adept in the infernal art of lying, that I was seldom guilty of a fault, for which I could not invent an apology capable of deceiving the wisest." In these *menageries* (public school) 'twas only school-boy pranks, but the father of lies was at the bottom of them. There "I acquired Latin and Greek, at the expense of knowledge much more important."

At the age of eighteen he left Westminster, a good grammarian, but as ignorant of religion as the satchel upon his back. He then addressed himself to the study of law, and for this purpose entered an attorney's office, where, he says, for three years he passed his hours from "morning till night, in giggling and in making giggle," instead of studying law. After which, twelve years were spent with pleasant, jocular companions, like himself, in what Cowper calls *an uninterrupted course of sinful indulgence*. But it pleased Almighty God to awaken him from this careless worldly state, and "despair and suicide were made the providential angels that snatched Cowper from destruction." After the insane attempt upon his own life, his brother had him removed to St. Albans, and placed him under the care of Dr. Cotton, a humane, experienced, and excellent physician, and a man of letters and of piety, with whom Cowper had already some acquaintance.

During a period of eight months, he was

groaning under conviction of sin and despair of mercy, but at length "God's time of mercy in Christ Jesus had come."

"The spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight."

Seating himself in a chair near the window, and seeing a Bible there, Cowper once more took it up, and opened it for comfort and instruction. And now the very first verse he fell upon was that most remarkable passage in the 3d chap. of Romans, that blessed third of Paul, as Bunyan would have called it, "whom God has set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness through the remission of sins that are passed, through the forbearance of God." Immediately on reading this verse, the scales fell from his eyes, as, in another case, from Paul's, and, in his own language, "he received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon him."

"I saw," says he, "the sufficiency of the atonement He had made, my pardon sealed in His blood, and all the fulness and completeness of His justification. In a moment I believed, and received the Gospel. Whatever my friend Madan had said to me so long before, revived with all its clearness, with demonstration of the Spirit, and with power." "Now this was a most complete and wondrous cure. Not more wondrous was that of the poor wild man of the mountains of Judea, of old, possessed with devils, when brought to sit, clothed, and in his right mind, at the feet of his Redeemer. Oh, it was worth going mad many years, to be the subject of such a heavenly deliverance. The Hand Divine of the Great Physician, gentle and invisible, was in all this; the veil was taken from Cowper's heart, and the Lord of Life and Glory stood revealed before him; and when his soul took in the meaning of that grand passage in God's word, it was a flood of heaven's light over his whole being. It was as the sun's clear shining after rain. It was creative energy and beauty in the spiritual world, transcending the glory of the scene, when God said, 'Let there be light' in the material world. It was one of the most marvellous and interesting cases of this Divine illumination in

the whole history of redemption." It was the Spirit's teaching, the promised Comforter, taking of the things of Christ, and showing them unto him. It was joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Thus he received full assurance of faith. Cowper says, "He should have been glad to have spent every moment in prayer and thanksgiving! For many succeeding weeks tears were ready to flow if I did but speak of the Gospel, or mention the name of Jesus. To rejoice day and night was my employment. O, that the ardor of my first love had continued!" What a history of passing hours within the apartments of an insane hospital! Oh, if this were the theme of communion, and this the instrumentality of healing oftener employed, how many distressed, diseased, and wandering spirits, might have been restored, that neglected still, have wandered on till the wreck of reason became confirmed and hopeless! The voice of Christ is the voice of true science to every lunatic, "Bring him hither to me."

Newton speaks of him as most lovely in his disposition and character, as well as entertaining and humorous in his letters and conversation. To him, in their twelve years' friendship, Cowper unburdened his soul-griefs, and though truly their tenor was often melancholy enough, yet, at some seasons, his naturally playful humor would break out with some ludicrous blunder, such as that of the preacher, who, quoting a passage of Scripture, said to his hearers: "Open your wide mouths, and I will fill them."

In one of his earliest letters to Newton, he makes this most impressive remark in regard to his own experience, as teaching him the vanity of earthly pursuits and pleasures: "If every human being upon earth could *think for one quarter of an hour*, as I have done for many years, there might perhaps be many miserable men among them, but not an *unawakened one* would be found from the Arctic to the Antarctic Circle." This is exceedingly striking. It is like opening a door in the side of a dark mountain, where secret and awful procedures of nature are going on, and bidding you look in.

"Thoughtless and inconsiderate wretch that I was! I lived as if I had been my own creator, and could continue my existence to what length and in what state I pleased; as if dissipation was the narrow way which leads to life, and a neglect of the blessed God would certainly end in the enjoyment of him. Oh, how had my own corruptions and Satan together, blinded and befooled me! I thought the service of my Maker and Redeemer a tedious and unnecessary labor. Would I were the only one that had ever dreamed this dream of folly and wickedness! But the world is filled with such, who furnish a continual proof of God's almost unprovokable mercy."

And whatever men may think or say as to the cause of Cowper's insanity, there is a most instructive lesson from its manifestation. It is a very solemn picture of the misery which may and must be consequent on the destruction of all hope in the eternal world. It cannot be borne. The best constituted and the strongest mind cannot endure it. If ever any man had a combination of faculties and feelings, of genius and affection, which could enable him to bear up under the pressure of sorrows, it was Cowper. Naturally, he had an elastic, buoyant spirit, a native power of humor, and an exquisite relish of true wit and drollery, that could seize the elements of laughter even amid care and pain, and for the moment forget everything but the ludicrous. He loved to look on the bright side, not on the dark, and was not to be imposed upon by the exaggeration of difficulties. The spirit of such a man could sustain his infirmity; but take away hope, and a spirit so wounded, who can bear? No man, even in this life, can endure even the *delusion* of despair, the moment it approaches much resemblance to the reality. The very image is so terrible that it takes away the reason. And faith in Christ, humble, affectionate confidence in him, is the only true keeper of the reason of a fallen man. We are saved by *hope*, and it is only through the might of faith's watchword, by the earnest of the Spirit in the heart, *looking unto Jesus*, and exclaiming, "Who loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*!" Sad sufferer! yet not so sad

as happy, being under the care of God; for he was with thee, though thou knewest it not. It was as if he had set out from the celestial city, and taken all Bunyan's vivid delineations backward, from the Land Beulah to the Valley of Humiliation, and the conflict with Apollyon, and the smoke and darkness of that other dread valley, which proved to him the River of Death, the end of his pilgrimage, the last of his gloom and sufferings forever.

In January, 1773, the threatened access of his malady came with great suddenness. While walking alone in the country, a dim mysterious presentiment came upon him, and he returned home and composed that holy and admirable composition,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

For nearly seven years this was the only effort of his genius. He "was suddenly reduced from his wonted state of understanding, to an almost childish imbecility." The Olney hymns were a bequest to the Church, worth a life of suffering to accomplish. And if ever a saint on earth knew the whole meaning of that expression, *a first love*, it was Cowper." It was this heavenly experience upon which he looked so mournfully back,

"Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?"

"The atmosphere of Divine mercy is all around him, but there is a vacuum also between his soul and it, so that, as he conceives, it cannot touch him, and the congruity of God's attributes forbids that it should.

"Water! water! everywhere,
And never a drop to drink."

"But in Cowper's mind, despair and wit, melancholy and delightful humor, went hand in hand, weeping and laughing at each other." The whisperings of despair which were ever around him, no more perverted these happy ebullitions, "than the thunder of the Cataract of Niagara, hinders the pine forests from waving, or the flowers from blossoming, or withholds the birds from their melodies, or the grass from its greenness." They sprung up spontaneously, like "fragrant flowers that hang blossoming and smiling on the edge of a glacier." No man

who ever wrote English ever excelled Cowper in his humorous sketches. His letters were inimitably beautiful. "The study of Cowper's prose as well as his poetry, would be one of the best disciplinary processes for the acquisition of a habit of ease and purity, and at the same time strength and point in the use of the English tongue." His criticisms are equally valuable, pointed, and just.

"God will hide pride from man," and tempers his most precious gifts with the seal of humility. Cowper felt more than any other poet, his *entire* dependence upon the Divine aid. He was fifty years old ere fame's laurel wreath was set upon his brow. Though naturally infinitely ambitious, he felt that God was burning out this serpent-nest in his heart. His soul often fainted within him, "Yet," he exclaims, "I would rather be the humblest, poorest, most deserted individual with the Redeemer's smiles upon me, and the feeblest aspiration that would reach my Saviour, than earth's most honored, eloquent, or admired one, without this most blessed impress. My petitions are reduced to three words, 'God have mercy.'"

Cowper's madness was nearer truth and reality, than either Milton's poetry, or Madame Guion's mysticism; which both seem forbidden in the word of God. It is a *false* submission, to imagine that we please God in *resigning* ourselves to eternal despair. He will have all men to be *saved*. It is Satan working us to despair and damnation. Cowper, on the contrary, would rather die forever than be separated from God. Some years ago, a celebrated divine uttered in our hearing, the same sentiment, viz., "That he could be happy even in hell;" we pondered and wondered what this *could mean*.

"In 1794, the dreadful malady increased upon Cowper, with all its early force, and his situation, owing to the illness of his beloved Mrs. Unwin, was terrible indeed. What David, amid the distractions of his terrors, could say, was not less true of Cowper, even when despair was too absolute to admit of his receiving the consolation. 'When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou knewest my path!' The cycle seemed to have been run, and he has come round

to the point where he started. In both cases he seemed to himself to have possession of his senses, only that he might know and calculate more certainly his coming doom. In March, 1800, the physician in Norwich being called in, asked him how he felt. 'Feel!' said Cowper, 'I feel unutterable despair!' Though he was just on the verge of heaven, and the day of his deliverance at hand; yet the darkness of this strange delusion still veiled his spirit." He died as calmly as a sleeping infant, in the afternoon of 25th of April, 1800, and from that moment, the expression into which the countenance settled, was observed by his loving relative, "to be that of calmness and composure, mingled as it were with holy surprise."

Our theological philosophers, who assert that for a child of God, truly fearing the Lord, and desiring in all things to please him, there can never be any such thing as spiritual darkness, are the worst of all comforters. These cases seem provided for in the word of God: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." "We have seen a child of God, under an experience for years of almost the profoundest despair, yet so kind and so sympathizing, so conscientious, so benevolent, that others could not doubt, though he himself could never believe that God was with him as his everlasting Saviour and friend." Cowper could, even in the depths of despair, comfort others, and encourage them with delightful Christian wisdom, tenderness, and truth. He considered the doubts arising from a self-condemning spirit as a most favorable symptom of a spiritually-renewed nature. But these distresses of mind are the most difficult to deal with. God alone can relieve them by his own immediate impression, *as, after an experience of thirteen years' misery, I can abundantly testify.* His chief pleasure was derived from the happiness of others. He loved the poor. His love to God, though *unassisted by a hope* of the Divine favor, was invariably manifested by an abhorrence of everything he thought

dishonorable to the Most High, and a delight in all that tended to his glory.

"It is a sweet thing to behold how the words of poets passed into the skies become the resort of Christian hearts, for the utterance of their deepest and holiest feelings. And yet through how much suffering (as a crushed rosebud, or a trampled daisy) in the instance of Cowper's genius, was this great privilege accorded! We thought of his earthly gloom and desolation, and his rapture in the world of light and glory, on the last occasion when in America, the missionary, Dr. Duff, poured forth his fervor of Christian eloquence. There was but one page in one poem in the world, that assisted him in his soaring flight, and concluded his thrilling address and its unrivalled climax—it was those magnificent lines:

"One song employs all nations, and all cry,
Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!
The dwellers in the vales and in the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy,
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round!"

The effect was sublime, overwhelming (as the last line was repeated again and again),

and it seemed as if the vast audience would break forth into the same shout simultaneously!

Cowper's autobiography was written in the unclouded exercise of his reason, and with all the animated fervor and affection of a grateful heart enjoying and praising God. We prefer to close this skeletonized effort with Cowper's account of himself:

"I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infix'd,
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew,
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and badé me live."

Thanks to the noble Cheever! Valiantly hast thou achieved thy work, and disenchanting the giant which so long sealed the immortal bard.

Thou hast broken his spell, and justified the ways of the Spirit of God unto men.

As with the "candle of the Lord," thou hast pierced into his dungeon, and thou hast brought him forth with a yet brighter radiance, and thou hast encircled his brow with a more sparkling and hallowed diadem!

Home Circle.

EVE.

"And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him."—MOSES.

"To be man's tender mate was woman born,
And in obeying nature, she best serves
The purposes of Heaven."—SCHILLER.

MAN had just come from the creative hands, in the perfection of humanity, with his noble form and majestic brow, and soul enstamped with the moral image of God, clothed with honor and glory. Around that first man was the beauty of Eden; the very air was laden with the fragrance of flowers, and the song of birds. But he was *alone*. There was no human face into which he could look, and see the reflection of his own—there was no heart to beat re-

sponsive to his new-born joys; no human being to whom he could whisper the grateful wonder of his soul, and say, "How beautiful is this our home, how good our Father who made it thus."

Adam was not complete without Eve. There was a vague feeling of want, as if he were but half a man, an undefined consciousness that something was wanting to consummate his blessedness—

"In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight, charmed the silent air,
In vain the wild bird carolled on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep.
Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray;
The world was sad—the garden was a wild,
And man the hermit sighed, till woman smiled."

"It is not good for man to be alone; I will make a help meet for him."

"And the Lord caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof. And the rib which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man."

Why the Almighty adopted this particular process in the creation of woman, we are not told. A young lady once asked a distinguished surgeon, "Why woman was made from the rib of man, in preference to any other bone?" He gave the following gallant answer: "She was not taken from the head of man, lest she should rule over him; nor from his feet, lest he should trample upon her; but she was taken from his side, that she might be his equal; from under his arm, that he might protect her; from near his heart, that he might love and cherish her."

The particular method of woman's creation had a mystical meaning, symbolical of the marriage-relation — "She shall be called woman (man-ness), because she was taken out of man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh."

Thus, what seems to the sneering caviller a childish fable, is to the thoughtful student a beautiful symbol of marriage, and the true relation of the sexes to each other.

We have no account of the personal appearance of our primeval mother; but we know that she was the *outwrought divine ideal of a perfect woman*. A true artist's ideal of female form and figure is beautiful, as we see it developed in the Venus of Titian and the Greek Slave of Powers. Eve existed as a thought, an ideal, in the divine mind before she was made. And how glorious must have been the embodiment of God's ideal of woman. With what ecstatic wonder the first man must have gazed on the first woman, radiant with transcendent loveliness, who was to be his companion, his bosom-friend—his wife.

Milton's description of Eve is as true as it is beautiful:

"Her heavenly form
 Angelic, but more soft and feminine
 Her graceful innocence. . . .
 Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love."

He represents Adam, in the outburst of his feelings, exclaiming:

"O, fairest of creation, last and best
 Of all God's works."

In this record of Moses, we have the divine origin of marriage; "we see the first human pair united in marriage bonds — EARTH'S FIRST BRIDAL."
 T. S.

THE LEVER THAT MOVES THE WORLD.

THE whole philosophy of human conduct and character can be reduced to a very few simple ideas. Thought produces feeling; feeling, volition; volition, action; and action consists of talking and doing. All, therefore, in a human character, depends upon thought. But the soul is born without a thought, and all moral or immoral thought is communicated, by means of the tongue. Here, then, in this little member, you have the lever that moves the world. The lives of all men correspond with their general language; hence you can see the character of a people through their speech better than through any other medium. We read Greece and Rome in their mother tongue; and were the English, the French, and the Germans to be swept from the earth, yet, if their language remained, other nations would have a distinct idea of their science, philosophy, history, biography, politics, trade, liberty, morality, and religion. We may, therefore, assert that talking is everything to man. Strike him dumb, and close his ears, and you most effectually stop the progress of truth. The building of Babel, which was so well understood by all the architects, masons, carpenters, and laborers, could not go on after the confusion of tongues. Plans, spades, hammers, trowels, ladders, bricks, mortar, &c., were of no use when the speech of the people became unintelligible. Language, then, is the most powerful agent in our world.

For men to resolve to be of no religion, till all are agreed in one, is just as wise and rational as if they should determine not to go to dinner till all the clocks in town strike twelve together.

Church Intelligence.

CHURCH EXTENSION.—The Executive Committee of the Lutheran Church Extension Society, held a meeting in the rooms of the Board of Publication, on Thursday afternoon, May 15, 1856. There were present, MARTIN BUEHLER, Chairman; Isaac Sulger, Secretary; A. T. Chur, Samuel Schober, A. G. Reichert; and as advisory members, Rev. E. W. Hutter, Corresponding Secretary, and William M. Heyl, Treasurer.

Being the day of the anniversary of the Publication Society, by invitation of the Executive Committee a number of Lutheran clergymen were present. Opened with prayer by Rev. C. W. Schaeffer, of Germantown.

A large number of letters were read and acted on. At the conclusion of their business, on summing up the past labors of the Board, it appeared that the total amount received into the treasury, to the above date, was about \$6000. This sum has been loaned, on good security, without interest, reimburseable in one, two, three, four, and five years, to the following congregations:

Actually paid out.

To complete church at Liberty, Union County, (Indiana), Dr. David Beaver,	\$500
To complete church at Logan, Hocking County (Ohio), Rev. George Sinsabaugh,	500
To complete church at Indianapolis (Indiana), Rev. E. R. Guiney,	500
To erect a German Church at Toronto, Canada West, in connection with Pittsburg Synod, Rev. Gustav Reiche,	500
To complete church at St. Paris, Champaigne County (Ohio), Rev. A. Helwig,	300
To complete church at Columbus, Bartholomew County (Indiana), Rev. Jacob Keller,	300

Sums pledged by the Committee, as soon as the parties comply with their requisitions.

To the erection of a church at New Castle, Henry County (Indiana), Rev. S. M. Reynolds,	500
To complete church at McClellandstown, Fayette County (Pa.), Rev. J. K. Melhorn,	400
To complete church at Galveston (Texas), Rev. H. Wendt,	300
To complete church at Castroville (Texas), Rev. J. C. Oefinger,	400
To complete church at Quili (Texas), Rev. J. C. Oefinger,	400
To erect a church at Davenport (Iowa), Rev. D. S. Garver,	500
To erect a church at Newtonburgh, Manitowac County (Wisconsin), Rev. William Streissguth,	300
To erect a church at Watertown, Jefferson County (Wisconsin), Rev. C. Sans,	250
To erect a church at Manitowac (Wisconsin), Rev. C. F. Goldammer,	250
To complete church at Columbus (Texas), Rev. G. Scherer,	100

Total amount appropriated, \$6000

It will be perceived, that the amount received into the treasury is now *exhausted*. There are still other important applications for aid on hand, which can only be met when the treasury shall be replenished. The Executive

Committee earnestly call upon the pastors and congregations, therefore, to remit their quotas at the earliest possible convenience. They have distributed the money received conscientiously, in such sums, and at such places, as they supposed it was most needed, and calculated to effect the greatest amount of good. The applicants, who have received no favorable response, will now have to wait until more money is received.

E. W. HUTTER,
Corresponding Secretary.

(Lutheran Observer and MISSIONARY please copy.)

NEW LUTHERAN CHURCH.—On Whit Monday, May 12th, in the presence of a numerous auditory, the corner-stone of a new Lutheran church was laid, with appropriate religious exercises, at the southeast corner of New Third and Columbia Streets, Philadelphia. The stone was laid by Rev. Dr. Demmé, according to the forms and ceremonies provided in the new liturgy of the Pennsylvania Synod, which are highly appropriate and impressive. Addresses were delivered on the occasion by Rev. P. F. Mayer in English, and Rev. W. J. Mann in German. The congregation for which this church is to be erected, was collected and organized by the Rev. B. KELLER, who is its pastor; and the preaching is to be altogether in the German language. With the exception of a specified amount, collected by and among the members themselves, the cost of the building and lot is mainly to be borne by St. Michael's and Zion Churches. The dimensions of the building are to be 95 by 60 feet, with a steeple and spire. The new organization was chartered as a self-existent congregation by the Supreme Court, at its late session in this city, under the name, style, and title of: "The German Evangelical Lutheran Congregation of St. James's Church, late District of Kensington, now City of Philadelphia." The congregation have for some time past held their meetings in Central Hall, on Frankford Road, opposite Master Street, where they intend to continue them, until they shall be able to occupy their church. May the blessing of God rest upon this church, their venerated pastor, and all connected with it. H.

REV. A. C. WEDEKIND.—In answer to the numerous inquiries made in regard to the health of this dear brother, we are happy to state, that by the kind mercy and goodness of God, he has fully recovered from his recent dangerous and alarming illness. May it please God long to spare his precious life to the church, in which he is such a faithful, zealous, and devoted laborer. H.

Editorial Miscellany.

AN INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

Truth is strange, stranger than fiction.—OLD PROVERB.

WE commend to the attentive perusal of our readers the highly instructive and interesting narrative of GEORGE NEUMARK, which appears in the present number of the *Home Journal*. The sketch possesses this merit, that it is not a mere romance or fiction, but is derived from *real* life. It has been translated, with much accuracy, from the German of WILDENHAHN, by Brother WENZEL, to whose useful labors in this respect the Church is largely indebted. It will be seen from the narrative that NEUMARK was a valuable contributor, in his day, to the stock of hymns sung in the Lutheran and Reformed Churches in Germany. Some of these sacred songs are still sung in them with increasing interest, and will doubtless continue to be sung, until the Church militant on earth is merged in the Church triumphant in heaven; if, indeed, they do not constitute part of the perfected praise of the saints, even there. They are all the richer and more valuable, too, from the fact that some of them had their birth in the remarkable personal experiences of the composer.

The predominant trait in the character of NEUMARK was a most vivid and unflinching confidence in a *special* superintending Providence. This he carried to an unlimited extent, and yet not wider than is taught by the Word of God. Some would call such confidence in God a *blind* faith, and would reject it as both superstitious and absurd. But the history of NEUMARK establishes it as no more than is the Christian's duty and privilege to cherish. It demonstrates that God has not given to his rational creatures life, and then abandoned them to themselves; but that along with freedom of the will, and direct accountability, in a manner consistent with both, he watches over their every step, controls their every thought, and directs to their ultimate issues every succeeding pulsation of their hearts. He not only marshals the planets in their courses, governs the nations in righteousness, and sways the sceptre over all heavenly hierarchies, but he has numbered all the hairs of our heads, and exercises a direct providential purpose in the fall of every sparrow. His glance is in every beam of the sun, and his voice in every sighing zephyr.

This great Scripture truth, it seems, NEUMARK realized with such an intense and unflinching confidence, that it sustained him amidst all the deep distresses and trials which it was his lot to suffer. Come what would, he never once, in the slightest degree, abated one jot or one tittle of his confidence in God.

With JOB he said, "Though God *slay* me, yet will I trust in him." With HABAKKUK: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines—the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat—the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls—yet I will rejoice in the Lord, and I will joy in the God of my salvation." And in this confidence, doing and suffering God's will (cheering fact!) NEUMARK was not disappointed! God *did* deliver him, in most wonderful ways, out of all his troubles. God *did* exercise a most marked and obvious guardianship over him, and led him, as by the Pillar and the Cloud, out of the dark waters and deep meshes of adversity! He proved himself faithful and true in all that He had promised—a God in whom there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning, whose wisdom none can impugn, whose power none can resist, and whose goodness and mercy are freely offered to all. Happy faith! Blessed trust! To it only the *truly* pious and good can attain!

No one, we think, can read this sketch of the German poet, GEORGE NEUMARK, without receiving from it a livelier appreciation of the truthfulness and beauty of the hymn so prominent in our Lutheran collections, by COWPER:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain,
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

H.

OUR SPHERE.—It would seem, from recent indications in some sections of the Church, that the sphere and mission of the *HOME JOURNAL* is not fully apprehended. Some, who have taken exceptions to recent decisions of the Board of Publication, have given expression to their feelings in a way prejudicial to the Journal. This procedure we regard as unkind, as it is undeserved. The *Journal* is not responsible for the actions of the Board, and should not be implicated in any of its decisions. It is the exponent of no doctrinal stand-point, and the representative of no party, but seeks to promote, with Christian catholicity,

the general interests of the whole Church, without regard to name or party.

The introductory article in the first number of the Journal defines our position and aim in language so explicit as to preclude all misapprehension. In that article, the principles and aims of the Journal are indicated in the following language:

"In designating it a Lutheran Journal, we do not wish to indicate any intention of making it a medium for polemical discussion or sectarian exclusiveness. Without any such purpose, we assume the name, as expressive of our design to make it a Journal of the Church. With no local or confessional phase, and yet breathing a true and liberal church spirit in its current tone and utterances, having special adaptations to our own Church, and yet with a noble Christian Catholicism that would make it a welcome and an unobtrusive visitor to any Christian fireside."

Now we ask, in all honesty, has the Journal ever departed from this policy and purpose, as thus avowed in the beginning? Has it ever assumed a confessional phase or stand-point, obnoxious to any portion of the Church? Has it touched any of those salient points of controversy that have been so unhappily disturbing the peace and harmony of our communion? In none of these points have we offended. Why, then, should the effervescence of feeling, generated from other sources, be expended upon the innocent and unoffending Journal which, amidst all commotions, has kept the even tenor of its way, fulfilling its peaceful mission to the families of the Church?

We ask our readers calmly and dispassionately to consider these things. And if any one, in a momentary ebullition of feeling, or sudden impulse of prejudice, has repulsed this friendly visitor from his household, let him make the *amende honorable*, and for the unmerited discourtesy welcome it back with a more cordial good will, and a friendlier recognition.

It seems to us that, amidst the clash of beligerent parties, and the din of controversial logomachies, the Journal, coming as it does with no technical shibboleths, but with the words of gentleness and love, should be doubly welcome to every household in our Church. We speak as unto wise men, judge ye what we say.

T. S.

WE would gratefully acknowledge the kind interest of Mrs. E., of Winchester, Va., in the Home Journal, in sending ten new subscribers. May such an example stimulate other friends to make similar efforts to extend the circulation of the Journal.

T. S.

AN "OLD" LUTHERAN.—Mr. Conrad Hoyer, a veteran of the Revolutionary war, aged 106 years, 10 months, and 9 days, died recently in

the town of Waldoboro, State of Maine. He was of German parentage, the first white child born in the town; had voted at every Presidential election since the adoption of the Federal Constitution; and had never been confined a day by sickness. In his religious preferences he was a very devoted Lutheran.

H.

REV. C. J. EHREHART, formerly of Shamokin, has been chosen the successor of Brother SADDLER, in the Lutheran Church at Middletown (Pa.), and has accepted the call. In consequence of his removal out of the bounds of the Susquehanna Conference, Brother EHREHART has resigned his post as Assistant Editor of the *Home Journal*, to which he had been chosen under an arrangement with the Board. We sincerely regret to lose the services of Brother E. from this latter connection, but trust he will continue one of the contributors. In his new field of labor, may the blessing of God rest abundantly upon him and his people.

H.

A WELCOME VISITOR.—We have been recently highly gratified with a visit from our beloved friend and Christian brother, Mr. SIMON GEBHART, of the flourishing and beautiful town of Dayton (Ohio). No one, who was in attendance at the meeting of General Synod a year ago, in that place, has any need of being told what a kind, generous, and hospitable family are the GEBHARTS. They comprise nearly a dozen families, occupying some of the most elegant mansions in the place; and to their liberal and enterprising spirit is Dayton largely indebted, under God, for its prosperity in business, and its well-known hospitality to strangers. Among these, our friend SIMON ranks not the least. With other members of the body, we were his guest during the meeting of General Synod, and never can the recollection of the lavish kindness bestowed on us, by himself and family, be erased from our recollection. May it please God to infuse the spirit of the GEBHARTS into all Christians.

P. S. During his sojourn in our midst, our good brother, SIMON GEBHART, evinced his love for the Lutheran Publication Board in a substantial way. He handed us five dollars for the same, which we have paid over to Brother WENZEL, the Treasurer. We have been requested by the Board to return him their sincere thanks for his kindness.

H.

The following articles we have reluctantly been obliged to lay over until a future number. They were crowded out by the length of the NEUMARK narrative: "*Travels in Wales*," "*God in Nature*," "*The Three Dutch Doctors*," and "*Job's Comforters*." Our contributors will have to exercise patience.

H.

THE
Lutheran Home Journal.

JULY, 1856.

THE THREE DUTCH DOCTORS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY REV. E. W. HUTTER.

IN a certain town, in Germany, there once lived a Doctor. He was not a Doctor of Divinity, nor of Philosophy, nor of Jurisprudence, but a *bona fide* Doctor. He began his professional career, where all other men should begin theirs, at the beginning. For sundry long years he took degrees in the tonsorial art, that is, he studied the anatomy of the chin. In other words, he was a *Barber*. Then he studied Phlebotomy. That is, he drew blood. Then he studied Dentistry. That is, he drew teeth. Then he bought a German translation of Galen. Then he attended lectures in the celebrated Medical University at Prague. Then he graduated, and received a beautiful parchment diploma. Then he moved into one of the large European cities. Then he hired an office, and had his name inscribed on a piece of tin, and had it nailed to the shutter. Here he waited for customers—but, alas! they did not come! Unfortunately, the Doctor's practice stood a long time at low water mark, without any rise in the tide. He was a living personification of "a prophet without honor in his own country." Very many people were sick, dangerously sick, but not one of them expressed a desire to be cured by JOHN PETER PEFFERKORN—for that was his name. He did his best to mend matters. He had himself "puffed" in the news-

papers. He inserted advertisements, and paraded pompous certificates of remarkable cures, wrought by him and his medicines. He sent persons into the public places, when crowded to overflowing, to cry out: "Is Doctor Pefferkorn in the house?—He is wanted, *immediately*, at No. 299, Edelmanns-Strasze!" On Sabbath days, the sextons of churches had to answer many inquiries of the same sort. At night, too, when he observed a house, in which there was a large and gay assemblage, he would ring the bell, and when one of the servants came to the door, would inquire, loud enough to be heard within: "Am I right? Is Doctor Pefferkorn here?" To this interrogatory, of course, the answer was invariably returned: "No! It is a mistake—we are all in good health." Unluckily, one evening, misled by the dark streets, he went twice to the same house, and the second time rang the bell so violently, that the inmates supposed half the city was on fire. The servant recognized the Doctor, and his purpose, too, and punished him for his temerity, by inflicting on him a severe personal castigation, which confined him to his bed an entire fortnight.

It was not to be wondered, that the Doctor should gradually grow exceedingly feeble in pocket. The little he had left, after earning his diploma, melted away, like mist before a hot sun. His misfortunes had reached their climax. He was in danger of turning misanthrope. He cursed the porter that beat him, the people of the town, in fact, all

mankind, and himself to boot. He had one patient, however. That one was himself. He was occupied, for several weeks, in curing his own bruises, and thus gained some little professional experience, and this was worth something. But, it is a dark night to which there is no returning day. It is a long lane, that has no turn. It is an ill wind, that blows nobody good. One day, when our hero was almost on the verge of despair, he picked up a newspaper. His eyes were directed to the advertising page. It seemed providential. He there read the following announcement:

"WANTED—In the town of Schoppenstedt, a skilful physician. Hitherto the only practitioner has been an elderly nurse. The increasing population, and the prevalence of some very fatal diseases, render the acquisition of a physician indispensable. For further information applicants must apply to

"DIETRICH VON DOUSTERSWIVEL,

"Burgomaster of the town of Schoppenstedt."

This advertisement to the Doctor was a green spot in his wide waste of life. It was like a gurgling fountain in the sands of Arabia. It refreshed him both in mind and body. He felt ten years younger. Vigor and hope were at once resuscitated. He forgot the cruel porter, and his own bruises, and leaped out of bed with such intensity, as actually to overturn the table, on which lay his horn snuff-box, scattering its contents over the floor. Nothing daunted, however, by this mishap, he saved a pinch from the wreck, deposited the same with astonishing vehemence in his proboscis, and amidst a shower of exhilarating sneezes, exclaimed: "As I live, Schoppenstedt is the place for me."

No sooner said than done. It never takes a great man long to come to a conclusion. He resolves and acts simultaneously. So did the Doctor. In less than an hour, afterwards, he had acquired the necessary information as to the route, and the very next day was snugly ensconced in a covered vehicle, *en route* Schoppenstedt.

Arrived at the place of his destination, the very first thing he did was to hunt a clothing-store. He had a few dollars left, and by paying these on account, was enabled to secure sufficient credit to array himself in a

silver-laced coat, drab waistcoat, gray small-clothes, and a powdered perwig, to match. They were second-hand, to be sure, but no one, besides the seller, knew that. Thus accoutred, he took lodgings at the best hotel in the town, and had no difficulty in securing quarters.

Fatigued with his travels, the Doctor demanded of his landlord to conduct him to his room for the night. "Show this gentleman to No. 225," was the order to the servant. The order was obeyed, except that the servant committed a blunder, and took the Doctor to No. 226. He did not himself perceive the mistake. He entered, and was about to retire for the night, when the noise he made in drawing his boots caused an individual to awake from a gentle slumber, who was cosily reclining on a sofa. The Doctor was constitutionally peevish. Misfortune had served to increase the infirmity. Hence, in a tone approaching to bitterness, he asked:

"Who are you, sir, and what business have you in *my* apartment?"

The interrogated one arose, and displayed to the querist a person, habited in a blue coat, also edged with silver lace, studded with bronze buttons, and nether garments to correspond. Approaching the Doctor, in a tone little more amiable than his own, the stranger replied:

"I am under no obligations, sir, to gratify your curiosity; but, since you have asked me, allow me to inform you, that my name is SMALLDOSE; I am a Graduate of the University of Erlangen, a Homœopathist, and I have come to Schoppenstedt, to accept the place of town doctor, which the newspapers state is vacant."

"Are you, indeed?" replied *our* Doctor, with a significant leer of the eye, and a tone of voice exquisitely sarcastic. "I fear your errand will prove abortive, for I have come to Schoppenstedt on the same business, and I am an Allopathic Doctor, from the University of Prague."

Each stood silent for a moment. Now their looks were riveted on each other. Then on the floor. Then on vacancy. They were both excited.

"*Your* system, sir," at length, said Small-

dose, "is a remnant of the Canaanitish wars. It is borrowed from Samson, who cured his patients by knocking them on the head with the jaw-bone of an ass."

"And *your system*," retorted Pefferkorn, quickly and angrily, "is *the little end of nothing whittled down to a point*."

"Herr," exclaims the Homœopathist, "you are arrogant."

"Herr," retorts the Allopathist, "you are ignorant."

Now, when one Doctor calls another arrogant, and the other calls him ignorant, it is like the Allies meeting the Russians before Sebastopol. It involves belligerency. So it was here. Our heroes commenced a combat. They clinched. The Allopathist, being the stronger man, threw his antagonist to the floor, placed his knee on his chest, and drew from his pocket—not a pistol, but a weapon nearly as frightful—an *instrument for extracting teeth*! The vanquished, not fully discerning the character of the weapon, exclaimed: "For the love of life, colleague, what are you about? Do you intend to murder me?"

"Be quiet," said the Allopathist, "I merely wish to give you a proof of my skill, by extracting one of your molar teeth; or, if that will not suffice, I have a lancet with me, and it will do you good to lose some of your redundant blood. It will cool your temper, and improve your complexion."

Most eloquently did the Homœopathist declaim against either operation, saying he had neither blood nor teeth to spare. It is impossible to affirm, what the consequences of proceeding further would have been, had not, at this critical juncture, a third person interposed. A lodger, who occupied No. 227, was aroused by the belligerents, and quickly ran, and poured a huge pitcher of water over the heads of both, causing both victor and vanquished to spring simultaneously to their feet. "Good! Good! Good!"—exclaimed the stranger, "the paroxysm is over, the cure is quick and radical."

"What is over?" said the Allopathist. "Who is cured?" said the Homœopathist. "And who are *you*?" demanded both. The stranger, meanwhile, stood before them, apparently delighted with the happy result of his inter-

ference, and discovered to the others an elderly, short gentleman, attired in a gray frock coat, likewise silver edged, his hair combed very smooth, and altogether presenting a prepossessing appearance.

"Who are *you*?" demanded they again.

"I," replied the elderly gentleman, at length, "am AQUARIUS, the Waterman, whose profile you see among the zodiacal signs in the Almanac. I am a *Hydropathic Doctor*, from the great water cure establishment at Rotterdam. I have come to Schoppenstedt, to apply for the place of town physician, which is now vacant—and you see my appointment is certain, for my treatment is unailing."

The Allopathist laughed heartily. The Homœopathist did the same. The Hydro-*pathist* laughed, too. They all agreed that their coming to Schoppenstedt on the same errand, lodging in the same hotel, and in adjoining rooms, constituted a concatenation of curious coincidences, for which neither could satisfactorily account. To reconcile all differences, they shook hands, and ordered a supper. The Allopathist feasted on well-seasoned canvas-back ducks, and drank an entire bottle of Rudesheimer wine. The Homœopathist ate bran-bread and drank chocolate. The Hydro-*pathist* made his supper on cold water. They retired, friends.

The next morning, they presented themselves to the town council, the Burgomaster, *ex officio* chairman, and announced their respective claims for the appointment. The Burgomaster rose from his seat, and in a neat and pertinent speech explained to the three candidates the duties of the office. He spoke so much to the purpose, that one might suppose he had studied the healing art himself. He informed them, that it was the custom of the town, that candidates for office give proof of their capability. This rule would apply in this instance, and he whom they believed to be most skilled would be appointed. He moreover informed them, that there were now three patients in the hospital—one, a consumptive—the second, a fever-patient—the third, had the dropsy. The three candidates were to draw lots for the choice of the cure. The applicants assented. The Allopathist drew highest, and chose the man with the fever. The Homœo-

pathist came next, and chose the man with the dropsy. The Hydropathist received the man with the consumption.

They all went to work. The Allopathist sent prescription upon prescription to the Apothecary, until his stock of drugs had suffered sensible diminution. He supported his own animal economy, too, by copious imbibitions and solid repasts at the hotel, which he promised to settle out of his first month's salary as town physician. The Homœopathist gave medicines enough at a single call, to last a year, and needed no assistance from any quarter. The Hydropathist, on the contrary, kept a dozen nurses and attendants, day and night, employed in carrying pails and buckets full of water, to and fro, up stairs and down, until they were all heartily tired of their office.

At the end of three weeks—alas! such is the uncertainty of all sublunary affairs, it was announced to the Burgomaster and Council—THAT ALL THREE PATIENTS WERE DEAD!

The day of election came. Now, who can conjecture the issue? The merits of the candidates being equal, whom do you suppose did the authorities elect? You will say neither—but you are mistaken.

There were nine councillors. After the usual display of eloquence, in which the qualifications of the candidates were amply discussed, the votes were cast, with the following result: The Allopathist received, 3—the Homœopathist received, 3—the Hydropathist received, 3. There was a *tie*. The casting vote rested with the Burgomaster.

The Burgomaster was sorely puzzled how to decide. He placed his finger, with wise deliberation, on his nose, and seemed mentally to consider the matter over with magisterial gravity.

At this critical moment, the landlord of the hotel entered the council-room, and whispered to the Burgomaster: "I entreat thee, give the appointment to the Allopathist, for, unless he is chosen, he will never pay me for his board."

In came the Apothecary, too: "I conjure thee, Mr. Burgomaster, give the place to the Allopathist, for these infinitesimal doses, and wet blankets, and cold-water effusions, are sure to ruin my trade."

In came the clothes-man, too, and said: "Give it to the Allopathist, for, unless you do, my bill will never be paid."

In came the nurses and attendants, too, and begged, that the office be not given to the Hydropathist, for said they, "if he receives it, we will either have to resign our places, or die a premature death, from carrying water."

"Gentlemen," said the Burgomaster, at length, "I give my vote for Doctor JOHN PETER PEFFERKORN, graduate of the Prague University, Allopathist." The councillors bowed assent, and exclaimed: "*Recte, recte, Domini!*"

Thus the Prague Doctor gained the victory. MORAL: *Never despair! The darkest hour always precedes the dawn of day!*

MY SPIRIT-BRIDE.

INSCRIBED TO A. S. K., DAVENPORT, IOWA.

'TIS a year to-day, since from my side,

An angel took my spirit-bride;

'Tis but a year—yet it seems to me

Faint emblem of eternity.

'Tis a year to-day—and still I weep—

For sorrow's tears are hard to keep;

I weep as I oft have wept before,

Thinking of thee, sweet ELLANORE.

'Tis a year to-day—I wish to die,

And dwell with thee, beyond the sky!

'Tis a year to-day—I long to see

That world of light, and love, and thee.

'Tis a year to-day—Oh! Saviour, come!

These tears remove, and take me home;

'Tis a year to-day—again restore

My spirit-bride—my ELLANORE.

J.

AARONSBURG, PA.

How beautiful are the smiles of innocence, how endearing the sympathies of love, how sweet the solace of friendship, how lovely the tears of affection. These combined are all characteristic in woman. They are the true poetry of humanity, rich pearls clustering around the altar of domestic happiness.

I HAVE noticed that though the evil-doer may flourish like a "green bay tree," for a season, the hand of retribution is sure to overtake him—he *will* be made to suffer the penalties of his deeds.

THE VALUE OF METHOD AND THOROUGHNESS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

IN the formation of habits we should not be unmindful of the importance of system and accuracy in all our efforts. If there be no attention to these points, our labors may be comparatively of little value; their efficiency will be destroyed, or their influence greatly impaired. We should in our youth acquire the habit of doing methodically and thoroughly, everything we undertake. In this way we will accomplish more, and to much greater purpose, while at the same time our satisfaction will be increased, and our interest in the work, which claims our attention, enhanced.

Rigid attention to rule or method is necessary. If a man is systematic in his efforts, whatever may be his business, he will accomplish more by far, and with a facility and a pleasure, even to himself, wonderfully great. Our own experience teaches us, that we are much more successful in any pursuit, when we are most careful with regard to method. We have often been surprised how an individual could attempt any work, without having some plan previously marked out for himself, or engage in its prosecution without any reference to system! When all is carried on in confusion and disorder, how can he labor with zest! how exceedingly discouraging must be his toil! "This morning a man was digging a path through a deep snow-bank. It was most insupportably cold, and he seemed to make but little headway, though he worked as if upon a wager. At length getting out of breath, he paused and marked out the width of the path with a shovel, then marked out the width of each shovelful, and consequently the amount of snow at each throw of the shovel. In fifteen minutes he had done more, and it was done neater and easier, than in thirty minutes previous, when working without a plan."

The student cannot expect to attain excellence without attention to rule. He must have a fundamental acquaintance with all the minute details of the subject

which occupies his mind. The astronomer in calculating an eclipse is obliged to make use of the simplest principles of arithmetic, whilst the most acute reasoner is dependent at every step he takes, upon the most elementary rules of syntax, which he learned at school. We cannot ignore the prescribed routine, however humiliating to our pride, or embarrassing to the indolence of our nature. Genius may demur. She may bid defiance to restraint and be unwilling to submit to rule. But after all what has genius, when permitted to roam insubordinate, ever accomplished for the good of the race? "Man," it has been said, "was not made to fly, and he who trusts himself, like another Icarus, to the wings of an ill-regulated imagination, may chance to find a grave as deep, though less famous, than a bay of the Ægean." If the traveller would reach the summit of the pyramid, he must commence at the bottom and ascend step by step. Although the process may be slow, and at first even irksome, his progress will be steady, and his success certain.

We discover the value of system in reading. Unless there be a classification of what we read, we will derive but little advantage from the exercise. Cecil, we believe, it is, who says the ideas we gain in this way must all be put on their appropriate shelf, ready to be called forth when demanded by the occasion. The facts we gather must be properly labelled and placed into their regular depository. Those who read without method read to little purpose. They may read much, and yet know very little. Their knowledge is desultory, and of no real value. It is not the *hellus librorum*, crammed to repletion, with a heterogeneous mass of facts without any connection or arrangement, who is to be regarded as the accomplished scholar, but he whose mind is stored with knowledge, rightly arranged, and who can bring from its treasury for immediate use whatever may be required.

A striking illustration of this same principle we have in a discourse, the divisions of which are clearly marked, and the order carefully observed. Even a child may remember and give an accurate account of

the discussion. Unless our materials are methodically arranged, no matter how abundant or forcible, they will make comparatively little impression, and produce trifling results. If instead of a place for every thought, and every thought in its place, the ideas shall be formed, as the vagaries of a sick man,* without any connection or regard to rule, the production can neither afford pleasure, nor impart instruction.

But the habit of thoroughness is equally important. The old adage, "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," must not be forgotten. The principle is of general application. In all our attempts we should not be satisfied, unless we have performed the work to the best of our ability. The *bungler* always excites contempt, whilst the man who is master of his business, no matter what it may be, or is thorough in all that he undertakes, awakens universal admiration. It should be our ambition to become an adept in the vocation to which we have devoted ourselves.

The student should apply this principle, also, to all matters of inquiry. It is the only true method of arriving at the most extensive attainments. The Germans are wont to say, "Nothing is so prolific as a little known well." Some years ago a learned German, who visited this country, was asked how it was that his countrymen, at so early an age, obtained the mastery of so many languages. He replied, "I began to study the Latin at an early age; every book that I studied, I was made thoroughly acquainted with; I was taught to read and re-read—translate forwards and backwards—trace out every word and know everything about it. Before I left the book, it became so familiar as if written in German. *After this I never had any difficulty with any other language.*" In our investigations we should never pass over a single point, however minute or apparently of little moment, until understanding all that we can know in reference to it. If we thoroughly conquer every difficulty we encounter, victory will follow victory; but if we leave here and there a fort or a garrison unsubdued, as it has been correctly re-

marked, we will soon have an army hanging on our rear, and the ground will need reconquering. Regard should be had to the *quality* rather than the *quantity*. "How is it that you accomplish so much?" said a friend to the celebrated De Witt, of Holland. "By doing one thing at a time," replied the eminent statesman. "The chief art of learning," Locke has observed, "is to attempt but little at a time." The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by continued accumulations of single proportions. Many appear to imagine that large and profound views of the most difficult subjects are to be gained by one or a few mighty efforts, by an occasional spasmodic effort. A little, however, thoroughly done every day, will at the end of the year form a considerable aggregate. Isaac Newton, when interrogated concerning the powers of his mind, remarked that if he had any talent which distinguished him from the common mass of mankind, it was the power which he had acquired of slowly and patiently examining a subject; holding it up before his mind from day to day, until he could look at it in all its relations, and understand the principles by which it was governed. "Knowledge," it is said, "increases in a geometrical proportion. The total of the acquisitions of the mind is the continued product rather than the sum of all it contains." If the student gets into the habit of passing over a single point in his inquiries, without thoroughly understanding it, he will speedily become superficial and must lose all claim to accurate scholarship. He will feel only half confident on any subject, which may be the topic of conversation, and frequently will he be exposed to keen mortification. The habit of inaccuracy he formed in his youth, cannot be easily changed. It will cling to him through life and greatly diminish his usefulness.

An excellent exemplification of the value of the habit we are now recommending, we notice in the exercise of reading. One book, thoroughly studied, will do us more good than a dozen superficially read. The distinguished Grimke tells us he was six months reading a single volume, when he began to

* Velut tegri somnia.—Herc.

read to real advantage. "Those who read everything," says Locke, "are thought to understand everything too, but it is not always so. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not nourish or strengthen." Rumford once suggested to the Elector of Bavaria a scheme for feeding his soldiers at a much cheaper rate than formerly. His plan was simply to require them to masticate their food thoroughly. A small quantity thus eaten would afford, according to that famous projector, more sustenance than a large meal hastily devoured. "I do not know," says Macaulay, "how Rumford's proposition was received, but to the mind, I believe, it will be found more nutritious to digest a page than to devour a volume." Hobbes used to remark, "If I had read as many books as other people, I should probably know as little." And this philosopher is only one of many hundreds, who, by precept and example, teach us the importance of reading a little, and that little well.

If we are determined to grapple with the subject claiming our consideration, and give to its examination our undivided and fixed attention, we will experience in the effort a deep interest and a heartfelt pleasure. Truths which were at first obscure and unintelligible, will become clear and simple. Let us aim, in all we do, to be methodical and thorough. Let us make the most of our powers, kindly given to us by our Creator. Let us regard it as our sacred obligation to acquire such habits as will increase our usefulness, and enable us best to fulfil the great object of life. Let us realize that our responsibilities are great. Much has been granted to us, much will be expected! Let us strive to be faithful in the improvement of the manifold gifts with which we have been favored, ever keeping before our mind the fact, that the character acquired in youth, stamps itself upon the individual's whole subsequent career—the *daguerreotype* remains through life.

SLANDER.—He that utters slander, carries Satan in his mouth,—he that hears slander, carries him in his ear.

THE CLOUD.

HAD there never been a cloud, there had never been a rainbow. In Paradise there was none, in man's innocence there was no need of any. Had there been no sin, there would never have been any sorrow, any gloom; but one clear, bright day of unbroken sunshine. But then we never could have seen the Father—have beheld him in all his wisdom, power, and love, exhibited to us now in the face of Jesus Christ, nor ever have attained that eternal height of glory prepared for us by union with the Son of God. Without the tremendous darkness of the fall, the rainbow-crown had never circled the Redeemer's head; so now, without clouds, we cannot behold the rainbow, and the darker they are, the brighter it appears. "Through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom of heaven." Where could we have seen, what could we have known of our Father's mercy and our Saviour's love, the comforts of his Spirit, and the power of his grace, without those intervals of gloom and sadness, that put them to the proof, and bring forth their strongest coloring? Can we find it in our hearts to wish our clouds away? If ever, at the approach of sunset, we have seen the pure, bright disk without a vapor near it, while above it and around it, tipped with burnished gold, rolled the broken masses of a dispersing thunder-storm, and, in the opposite heavens, the rainbow arch drawn on the dark bosom of the receding shower; just so will be the aspect of our griefs and cares, when the ransomed soul is taking its departure to another world. An awful glory will light up the past; in deepened shadow, and in stronger light, each little circumstance of our past lives will be exhibited; things that went lightly over at the time, will gather substance and importance at the last; our escaped perils will be seen more fearful, our vanquished foes, more terrible, our sins a thousand thousand times more black—but it is not then that we shall wish our day of time had been lit up with Italian sunshine.—*Selected.*

THE first happiness of a man is not to sin—the second is to be conscious of his sin, and sorry for it.

UNIVERSAL FAME.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

IT is amazing to observe how little mankind know of each other, although the vanity of human nature whispers every distinguished person, that his fame is, or will one day be universal. The myriads of Asia and Africa, with a few solitary exceptions, never heard of the illustrious heroes, statesmen, poets, and philosophers of Europe: and a vast portion of the inhabitants of the latter, are ignorant of the very names of the great men of the East. But instead of an essay, we will give our readers a story to illustrate our meaning.

It happened once on a time, that an Israelite, an Egyptian, a Greek, a Turk, a Persian, a Chinese, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German, an Italian, and an American, met by chance at a caravansary, somewhere in the East, and being all great travellers, speaking many languages, entered into conversation with each other. As usual, they all differed in their estimate of human happiness; the comparative value of the various enjoyments of life—and, above all, in their own individual importance in the scale of nations. Each one held up his own country as the acme of perfection; and the utmost he would allow the others, was a degree of merit exactly corresponding with their approach towards the infallible standard of his own self-importance.

"The Israelites," said the Jew, "were the chosen people; therefore they must be the most true and virtuous of mankind."

"The Greeks," exclaimed the Athenian, "were the brightest race that ever adorned the world. Look at their laws, their literature, and their arts."

"Pooh!" cried the Egyptian, "you had nothing but what you stole from us. You were ignorant barbarians, and so would have remained, if your wise men, as you call them, had not come to Egypt to learn their A B C."

"By your leave," said the Persian, "the natives of Irak being the most ancient people of the earth, must have been the parents of all human knowledge."

"Hi Yah!" quoth the Chinese, "everybody knows my nation is the most ancient by at least forty thousand years, and that the foreign barbarians derived all their knowledge from them."

"Mashallah!" said the Turk, taking his pipe from his mouth,—“Mashallah! there is no religion but that of Mahomet, and no knowledge but that of the Koran. The Israelites are *tchoufouts*, the Christians are dogs, and there is no truth but among the followers of the Prophet."

"Peste!" cried the Frenchman—"there is nobody knows the true art of living but the French."

"There is no nation whose music is not intolerable, but the Italian," said the Neapolitan.

"The Germans are all philosophers," quoth the native of Weimar.

"Yes, but England, old England," cried John Bull, "is the country for roast beef and freedom, nobody can deny that."

"I do," exclaimed the Yankee. "The Americans are the only free people in the world."

"Mashallah! whence did you come?" asked the Turk.

"From the New World."

"I never heard of it before," said the Turk.

"Nor I," said the Persian.

"Nor I," said the Egyptian.

"Nor I," said the Chinese. "I don't believe there is any such place."

"Nor I," said the Turk. "There is but one world, one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

"What a parcel of ignoramuses!" exclaimed the Yankee.

As it is impossible to settle the claims of nations by these loose generalities, the company proceed to particulars, each bringing forward the greatest men and great achievements of his countrymen, in battle array, to support his pretensions to superiority.

"Was there ever so wise a man as Solomon, so great a poet as David, so brave a warrior as Joshua, who made the sun stand still, or such a prodigy of learning as Rabbi Ben Hammeskend, who wrote beyond the comprehension of all his readers?" asked the Israelite.

"Did the world ever produce such a hero as Napoleon, such a poet as Voltaire, such tragic writers as Corneille and Racine, such a comic one as Molière, or such a dancer as Vestris?" cried the Frenchman.

"Bah!" exclaimed the Englishman. "What do you think of Wellington, Nelson, Shakspeare, Bacon, Locke, Newton, and all that sort of thing?"

"They can't hold a candle to Arminius, or Kant, or Gall, or Schiller, or Goethe!" said the German.

"Nor to Julius Cæsar, nor Scipio, nor Virgil, nor Cicero, nor a thousand others, who were all my countrymen, though they called themselves Romans," cried the Italian.

"Pshaw!" said the Yankee,—“all your heroes and philosophers put together, would not make one Franklin, or half a Washington!"

"Gentlemen," said the Greek, "you may boast as much as you will, but had it not been for Greek warriors, philosophers, poets and sages, you would all have remained barbarians to this day. What think you of Homer, and Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Demosthenes, and Miltiades, and Themistocles, and ten thousand others, whose fame extends to the uttermost ends of the earth?"

"What are those blockheads talking about?" asked the Egyptian, the Chinese, the Persian, and the Turk, of each other.

"Talking of?" cried the rest, with one voice. "Of the lights of the world, the children of immortality, THE HEIRS OF UNIVERSAL FAME!"

"We never heard their names before, and therefore they must have been rather obscure persons," was the reply.

"But if you come to the Heirs of Universal Fame," cried the Persian,—“what are all these to the great hero Rustand, and the great poet Fordousi, who wrote a poetical history of Irka, in twenty thousand couplets?"

"Did anybody ever read it?" asked the Turk gravely.

"We never heard of either," answered all the rest.

"What ignorant wretches!" muttered the Persian.

"Hi Yah?" exclaimed the Chinese. "Hi Yah! Your elder brother Loo Choo, knocks head and worships. What do you say to the great Moon of poetry, the light of the universe, Kwang Chung, lord of the Celestial Empire, and head of the world, who wrote three hundred volumes of poetry, in the interpretation of which three thousand learned pundits lost their senses? The whole universe is filled with his verses."

"We never heard of him before," cried they all.

"What a set of foreign barbarians!" said the Chinese.

"And what do you think of our great prophet, Mahomet?" asked the Turk. "Mashallah! his sword was invincible against the enemies of the faith, and his wisdom more invincible than his sword. All knowledge is contained in the Koran."

"It may be, but we have never read it," said they all with the exception of the true believers.

"Dogs!" cried he, "may your heads be converted into shoe brushes, and your eyes become blind as your understanding!"

As is usual in these cases, contention succeeded argument, and abuse was answered by recrimination. Each being unable to establish his own claim to superiority, made himself amends by detracting from the claims of his opponents; and if all had been true which they said of each other, their heroes and great men would have been a parcel of miserable creatures, unworthy the gratitude, or even the remembrance of posterity.

"And this is Universal Fame!" exclaimed an old dervis, who sat smoking his pipe quietly in a corner, without taking part in the debate, "to be adored as a prophet in one quarter of the world, and abhorred as an impostor in the others;—to be a hero in one nation, an oppressor in the eyes of its neighbors;—to be held an oracle of wisdom on one side of a river, an apostle of error on the other;—to be venerated in one lace as the champion of liberty, and stigmatized in another as a rebel and traitor;—and to be either unknown to, or hated and despised by more than one-half of mankind. This, this is UNIVERSAL FAME!"

OUR WONDROUS ATMOSPHERE.

AN EXTRACT.

THE atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching towards the heaven, of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats as that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vision—"a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snow-flakes, to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it before we are persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous, that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soapball sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged climate. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its "triumphal arch," and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hail storm nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers, so that the shadows of evening are gathered by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow

their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose.

In the morning the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon, but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth till her eyelids open, and like man, she goeth forth again to her labor till the evening.

(Original.)

HYMN FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY REV. M. SHEELEIGH.

O SAVIOUR, who for me didst bear
Deep anguish, shame, and death,
With favor hear my earnest prayer,
And breathe on me thy breath.

Thy body, Lord, was bruised for me,
For me thy blood was shed:
That I might rise to life with Thee,
In death was bowed thy head.

The emblems of thy flesh and blood
Speak of thy agony,
Which, like a fearful, raging flood,
O'erwhelmed thy soul for me.

Do Thou thyself attend the feast,
Which Thou in love hast spread;
And make my soul a worthy guest
With Thee, my glorious Head.

Thy presence all my thoughts control,
And heavenward incline;
And cause each power of my soul
To grow in grace divine.

May living bread to me abound,
Until I hence remove,
And with the white-robed throng surround
The marriage-feast above!

VALATIE, N. Y., June, 1856.

OBeyed HIM TO THE LETTER.—An Englishman of recent importation, dropped into a restaurant in this city a few days since and made a hearty meal, topping off with a piece of pie. The latter upon tasting, he found to be cold, and calling the Ethiopian waiter, who stood near, he said to him, "Take this pie to the fire and 'eat it." His consternation was great when Sambo walked to the stove and quietly devoured the pie.

THE HEART.

BY REV. T. T. TITUS.

“The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?”—JEREMIAH 17: 9.

A FEARFUL thing is the human heart—
 A mystery none may know;
 'Tis a shadowy land where hidden stand
 Life's streams of bliss and woe.

'Tis a treacherous land of pits and snares,
 Where unwary footsteps slide,—
 Where the *ignis fatuus* luridly glares,
 And bewildering meteors glide.

And Dead Sea apples flourish there,
 That are ashes on the lip,—
 And Tantalus waters, fresh and clear,
 Receding from those who sip.

Gay flowers of love and friendship bloom
 With the tints of rising morn;
 But wither at touch, and leave no perfume,
 Save the odor by selfishness borne.

And demons stalk through that dreary land,
 And blast with their fiery breath
 The buds of truth that at times will expand,
 Despite the shadow of death.

But such was not ever the human heart,
 Nor such will it always be;—
 It was conquered once by the demon's art,
 But a Mightier makes it free!

For the demon's home is a purchased land,
 And a glorious price was paid,—
 Faith, hope, and love, a heavenly band,
 Have entered the gloomy shade.

And the conflict there is fierce and long,
 A battle-field is the heart,
 Where the slain are many, the foemen strong,
 And bitter the wounds they impart.

When the heavenly band for a while prevail,
 Joy echoes athwart the gloom!
 The demons of passion and lust grow pale,
 And truth's sweet flowerets bloom.

But now the heavenly band grow faint,
 And the foes within prevail,
 The flowers are crushed, and the soul's complaint
 Is borne on the passing gale.

How long, my God, shall the strife endure?
 When, when, will the demons flee,
 And the purchased land, to Thy Son made sure,
 Be sanctified to Thee?

“I quickly come!”—is the Saviour's word;
 O quickly come! we pray;
 Disperse this night of sin, dear Lord,
 And bring the perfect day!

Then, then, will the human heart remain
 A shadowy land no more;
 But a templed throne, where Christ shall reign,
 While rebel foes adore!

“THE WINTER IS PAST.”

(Song of Solomon 2: 11.)

BY REV. DANIEL GARVER.

ONE of the most interesting and beautiful parabolic representations of Scripture, is that whereby Christ and His Church are set forth amidst the relations of husband and wife. This is charmingly illustrated in this Song of songs. The Church is indeed “a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.” The author of this sublime poem in this chapter represents the bridegroom as coming, “leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills, like a roe or a young hart,” saying to his betrothed, “Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away, for lo, the winter is past,” &c. The Church has often been made to pass through cold and cheerless winters, as well as hot and scorching summers. Storms have gathered thick around her, almost shutting out hope from her despairing children, who were sighing and crying for the long-coming sunshine and spring. Often has she been encircled by the flames of persecution, so as almost to be unable to see her Lord and King, and by the cruel indignity to which she was subjected, she was made to cry out: “I am black.” Often, very often, has she felt the deadly hate of her malignant foes. The dragon and his angels have fought against her, but have *not* prevailed. Her sons overcame the dragon by the blood of the Lamb, and by the Word of their testimony, loving not their lives unto death. (Rev. 12: 11.) She has suffered not only from enemies, but, most unpreparedly, from false friends, and could exclaim with dying Caesar: “Even thou, Brutus!”—or in the words of the Song, “My mother's children were angry with me.” (1: 6.) The Church, the lovely, spotless Bride of the Redeemer, has been wronged and injured by her professed friends, who have pushed her forth into the political arena, and compelled her, against her own will, and the will of her spouse, to contend for honor and power. This wrong, perpetrated by well-meaning, but ill-counselling friends, has broken out, many ages ago, in a volcanic boil in the person of the

Pope of Rome, who, in the name of the Prince of Peace, would rule the world (and heaven too, if he could) with a rod of iron, writing his laws with the blood of martyrs, and washing his hands in the tears of anguish. Well might the Bride exclaim: "I am black, O ye daughters of Jerusalem. Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me." The Church was never designed to be married to the State. The Lord Jesus Christ is the only husband she can love. For Him alone her soul yearneth. Any other union must be forced and unnatural. He alone is the light of her eyes, and the brightness of her countenance. She says: "My beloved is white and ruddy, the standard-bearer among ten thousand," &c. (6 : 11 et seq.)

The Church has been injured by those who have been fed at her table of her rich bounty, whose souls delighted themselves in fatness, who going away slandered her, saying, "her bread was mouldy and her wine bitter—that her beauty was deformity, and her speech hateful." Such are they who have been baptized into the Christian faith, and have grown up amid Christian influences, but have denied the Lord that bought them with his own precious blood.

The most dangerous enemy is he who comes in the guise of a friend, as Joab to Amasa. (2 Sam. 20 : 9.) May God deliver the Church from false, treacherous friends! O, that the last duplicate of Judas might speedily either repent or hang himself!

When the Church had suffered unkindness, exposure, and persecution sufficiently long in the Old World, God opened up for her a way in the wilderness, whither she has fled, and has converted the forests into fruitful fields, and the waste places into gardens of beauty and loveliness. When the United States of North America were declared a "free and independent" Republic, in which the Church should be untrammelled by the State, the Bride was made to realize, more fully than ever, the charming power of the words, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, THE WINTER IS PAST." Oh, has not the Church enjoyed a cheering spring-time in this golden sun-

set-land? She has arisen, and put on her beautiful garments, her light having come, and the glory of the Lord having risen upon her! Since the settlement of this Western World, by the Anglo-Saxon race, Christianity has plumed herself for the noblest flight she has taken since the days of the Apostles. With the magic words of Jesus she has made "Kings and priests unto God" on the banks of the Jordan and the Ganges. Unwearied in her flight, sleepless in her watchfulness, she sweeps from country to country, from island to island, from ocean to ocean, from continent to continent, from mild to burning and freezing climes, proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ.

She sounds forth to almost every nation under heaven, in its own tongue, the wonderful works of God in the redemption of man. On the day of Pentecost, there were in Jerusalem devout men, Parthians and Medes and Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia, in Judea, Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, Egypt and the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, who were astounded to hear the humble apostles speak in every man's native language. (Acts 2.) But now who shall number them, and whence come the "sons of God, who were born, not of blood, nor the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God?" (John 1 : 12, 13.) We behold the sacramental host of God's elect streaming up the hill of the Lord. There go Indians from the East and Indians from the West, Laplanders and Bushmen, inhabitants of the isles and dwellers on the main land, marching on, hand in hand, singing the songs of Zion,—their different tongues chiming in a heavenly harmony, all rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. In full view of these things, why should not the bridegroom say: "Rise, come away—the winter is past." The missionaries of the Cross are diligently distributing the bread and water of life, whilst the Bible and Tract Societies are dropping and the winds are scattering leaves fresh from the Tree of Life. No pen can adequately describe, no tongue express, no finite mind conceive, the blessings of the procla-

mation of "the truth as it is in Jesus." The laborers in the Master's vineyard are not remunerated here for their toil and anxiety, but they have the promise of souls for their toil. They believe the words of the prophet (Dan. 12 : 3): "They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

"*The winter is past.*" The fields feel it, as their load of snow has gone, and their naked bosoms are again covered with a beautiful garment of green. The brooks babble it, as, loosed from the fetters of the Frost King, they hasten away. The trees echo it, as the sap rushes up and sends out the leaves, to furnish refreshing shade for the weary both of man and beast. The birds sing it, as with their artless notes they furnish us a relie of the felicity of Paradise, where *everything was good*. The flowers most eloquently speak it, in their sweet, wordless language, as they crown and beautify our sin-cursed earth. The cattle know it, as forth into the rich pastures to graze they go. The lambs skip and play it, as they gambol upon the knoll. The dear little ones (who *are*, as we all *were*), loving play, sunshine, and joy (God bless them!) exult in it, as freed from cumbrous coat and shoe, they run in frolicsome glee. Even the King of Day himself *seems* to warm up with the season, and lengthen his race-course through the sky.

Thus flowers and joyfulness should not only be witnessed in the fields, but in the lives of Christians. Inasmuch as *the winter is past*, let all be "trees of righteousness," stretching out their leafy branches to overshadow the weary and sun-stricken, and yielding abundant fruit for the nourishment of the hungering poor. The grace of God can make the *human* tree bud and blossom and bear fruit, such as is beyond all comparison with the trees of the field. Such a tree is the Christ-like, kind-hearted, merciful, beneficent man, who gives that he may get, and labors diligently that he may have to give.

Have ye ever had *dead* trees in your garden, that put forth no leaves, and yielded no fruit, but continually dropped down their

decaying limbs, crushing flourishing tenderer plants? Did ye not make haste to remove them? Many such trees cumber the ground in the Church. Oh! what a blessing when they are taken away!

"*The winter is past.*" Hence let all be stirred up to new life. Let the sacred fire of charity burn in every soul, for it is cold on earth when the breath of *love* moves not upon it—when only the withering, wasting wind of selfishness and meanness sweeps over graves and whistles through leafless trees; but it is warm on earth when the magnetic power of *kindness* attracts us to that which is pure and heavenly.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, JUNE, 1856.

A MORAVIAN FUNERAL.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

ONCE attended a funeral in a remote village of Moravians. It was in the depth of summer. Every little garden put forth beauty, and every tree was heavy with fresh, cool verdure.

It was a Lord's day afternoon, when a dead infant was brought into the church. The children of the small congregation wished to sit near it, and fixed their eyes upon its placid brow, as upon a fair piece of sculpture. The sermon of the clergyman was to them. It was a paternal address, humbling itself to their simplicity, yet lofty, through the deep sonorous tones of their native German. Earnestly and tenderly they listened, as he told them how the baby went from its mother's arms to those of the compassionate Redeemer. When the worship closed, and the procession formed, the children, two and two, followed the mourners, leading each other by the hand, the little girls clothed in white.

The place of slumber for the dead was near the church, where they had heard of Jesus. It was a green, beautiful knoll, on which the sun, drawing toward the west, lingered with a smile of blessing. The turf had the richness of velvet; not a weed or a straw defaced it. Every swelling mound was planted with flowers, and a kind of aromatic thyme, thickly clustering, and almost shutting over the small horizontal tombstones, which re-

corded only the name and date of the deceased. In such a spot, so sweet, so lowly, so secluded, the clay might willingly wait its reunion with the spirit.

Before the corpse walked the young men of the village, bearing instruments of music. They paused at the gate of the place of burial. Then a strain from voice and flute rose, subdued and tremulous, like the strings of the wind-harp. It seemed as if a timid, yet prevailing suppliant sought admission to the ancient city of the dead.

The gate unclosed. As they slowly wound around the gentle ascent to the open grave, the pastor, with solemn intonation, repeated passages from the Book of God. Thrilling, beyond expression, amid the silence of the living, and the slumbers of the dead, were the blessed words of our Saviour—"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."

He ceased, and all gathered round the brink of the pit. The little ones drew near, and looked downwards into its depths, sadly, but without fear. Then came a burst of music, swelling higher and higher, till it seemed no longer of earth. Methought it was the welcome in heaven to the innocent spirit, the joy of angels over a new immortal, that had never sinned. Wrapped, as it were, in that glorious melody, the little body was let down into its narrow cell. And all grief—even the parent's grief—was swallowed up in that high triumphant strain. Devotion was there, giving back what it loved, to the God of love, not with tears, but with music. Faith was there, standing among flowers, and restoring a bud to the Giver, that it might bloom in a garden which could never fade.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

"In honor prefer one another."

THE following beautiful Arabian legend we copy from the "VOICE OF JACOB."

The site occupied by the temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by two brothers. One of them was married and had several children; the other was unmarried. They lived together, however, in the greatest harmony possible, cultivating the property they had inherited from their father.

The harvest season had arrived. The two brothers bound up their sheaves, made two equal stacks of them and left them out in the field. During the night the unmarried brother was struck with an excellent thought. "My brother," said he to himself, "has a wife and children to support; it is not just that my portion of the harvest should be as large as his." Upon this he arose, and took from his stack several sheaves, which he added to those of his brother; and this he did with as much secrecy as if he had been committing an evil action, in order that his offering might not be rejected. On the same night the other brother awoke and said to his wife, "My brother lives alone without a companion: he has none to assist him in his labor, nor to reward him for his toils; while God has bestowed on me a wife and children; it is not right that we should take from our common field as many sheaves as he, since we have already more than he has—domestic happiness. If you consent, we shall, by adding secretly a number of our sheaves to his stack, by way of compensation, and without his knowledge, see his portion of the harvest increased." This project was approved and immediately put into execution.

In the morning, each of the brothers went into the field, and was much surprised at seeing the stacks still equal. During several successive nights the same contrivance was repeated on each side, for as each kept adding to his brother's store, the stacks always remained the same. But one night, both having stood sentinel to divine the cause of this miracle, they met, each bearing the sheaves mutually destined for the other. It was thus all elucidated, and they rushed into each other's arms, each grateful to Heaven for having so good a brother.

Now, says the legend, the place where so good an idea had simultaneously occurred to the two brothers and with so much pertinacity, must have been acceptable to God. Men blessed it, and Israel chose it, there to erect a house to the Lord!

BE HUMBLE.—It is a virtue taught by CHRIST himself. He published it by his doctrine, and taught it by his example.

SLAVERY AMONG INSECTS.

FROM NEWMAN'S HISTORY OF INSECTS.

THE most remarkable fact connected with the history of ants is the propensity possessed by certain species to *kidnap* the workers of other species, and compel them to labor for the benefit of the community, thus using them completely as slaves; and, as far as we yet know, the kidnappers are red, or pale-colored ants, and the slaves, like the captured natives of Africa, are of a jet black. The time for taking slaves extends over a period of about ten weeks, and never commences until the male and female are about emerging from the pupa state; and thus the ruthless marauders never interfere with the continuation of the species. This instinct seems specially provided; for, were the slave ants created for no other end than to fill the station of slavery, to which they appear to be doomed, still, even that office must fail, were the attacks to be made on their nest before the winged myriads have departed or are departing, charged with the duty of continuing their kind. When the red ants are about to sally forth on a marauding expedition, they send scouts to ascertain the exact position in which a colony of negroes may be found. These scouts having discovered the object of their search, return to the nest and report their success. Shortly afterwards the army of red ants marches forth, headed by a vanguard, which is perpetually changing; the individuals which constitute it, when they have advanced a little before the main body halt, falling into the rear, and being replaced by others. This vanguard consists of eight or ten ants only. When they have arrived near the negro colony they disperse, wandering through the herbage and hunting about, as aware of the proximity of the object of their search, yet ignorant of its exact position. At last they discover the settlement; and the foremost of the invaders, rushing impetuously to the attack, are met, grappled with, and frequently killed by the negroes on guard. The alarm is quickly communicated to the interior of the nest; the negroes sally forth by thousands; and the red ants rushing to the rescue, a desperate conflict ensues, which,

however, always terminates in the defeat of the negroes, who retire to the innermost recesses of their habitation. Now follows the scene of pillage. The red ants, with their powerful mandibles, tear open the sides of the negro ant-hills, and rush into the heart of the citadel. In a few minutes each invader emerges, carrying in its mouth the pupa of a worker negro, which it has obtained in spite of the vigilance and valor of its natural guardians. The red ants return in perfect order to their nest, bearing with them their living burdens. On reaching their nest, the pupa appears to be treated precisely as their own; and the workers, when they emerge, perform the various duties of the community with the greatest energy and apparent good will. They repair the nest, excavate passages, collect food, feed the larvæ, take the pupæ into the sunshine, and perform every office which the welfare of the colony seems to require. They conduct themselves entirely as if fulfilling their original destination.

LITTLE GIRLS.—There is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls. Lovely, pure, innocent, ingenuous, unsuspecting, full of kindness to brothers, babies, and everything. They are sweet little human flowers, diamond dew-drops in the breath of morn. What a pity they should ever become women, flirts, and heartless coquettes!

POISON IN COLORED PAPER.—Dr. Blake, of North Auburn, New York, mentions a case of poisoning by arsenic which occurred lately in his practice, the mineral forming an ingredient of the coloring matter used for staining paper. A child was taken sick after chewing a green pasteboard show-card. On examination it was found that the card was enamelled with a preparation of arsenic.

A WESTERN publisher lately gave notice that he intended to spend fifty dollars for the purpose of getting up "a new head" for his paper. The next day, one of his subscribers dropped him the following note: "Don't do it. Better keep the money and buy a new head for the editor."

MARRIAGE OF VULCAN AND VENUS.

BY LORD MORPETH.

AT a public meeting held in Sheffield (England), on the occasion of laying the corner stone of a new building for the "Sheffield Athenæum and Mechanics' Institute," Lord MORPETH made an admirable speech, in the course of which he made allusion to the fabulous story of Vulcan and Venus, in the following happy manner:

"Those of you who have the opportunity of consulting the old legends and classical mythology, are aware that among the fancied deities with which they peopled their world, one more especially was regarded as the god of labor and of handicraft, VULCAN by name, who was always represented as employed in huge smithies and workshops, hammering at heavy anvils, blowing huge bellows, heating furnaces, and begrimed with soot and dirt. Well, ladies and gentlemen, for this hard-working and swarthy-looking divinity they wished to pick out a wife! And they did not select for him a mere drab—a person taken from the scullery or kitchen-dresser; but they chose for him VENUS, the goddess of love and beauty.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, pick out for me the moral of this tale, for I believe that nothing ever was invented—certainly nothing by the polished and brilliant imagination of the Grecian intellect—which has not its meaning and its moral. I have no doubt that all the legends of our own country—that the one even of your own neighborhood, the Dragon of Wantly, itself, has some appropriate allegory and meaning, if we only knew how to find them out. But what is the special meaning of the marriage of Vulcan with Venus—of the hard-working artificer with this laughter-loving queen—of labor with beauty?

"What is it, ladies and gentlemen, but this: That even in a busy hive of industry and toil like this, even here, upon a spot which is in many respects no inapt representation of the fabled workshop of Vulcan—even here, amid the clang of anvils, the noise of furnaces, and the sputtering of forges—even here, amid stunning sounds and sooty black-

ness, the mind—the untrammelled mind—may go forth, may pierce the dim atmosphere which is poised around us, may wing its way to the freer air and purer light which are beyond, and may ally itself with all that is most fair, genial, and lovely in creation. So, gentlemen, I say, your labor, your downright, hard, swarthy labor, may make itself the companion, the help-mate, and the husband of beauty. I dare say, and have reason to believe, from the inspection which I am able even now to command, and I have no doubt a more intimate acquaintance with your wives, sisters, and daughters, would enable me to prove that I was not wrong in my illustration. But above this beauty, I say your labor may ally itself with intellectual beauty—the beauty connected with the play of fancy, with the achievements of art, and with the creation of genius—beauty such as painting fixes upon the glowing canvas—such as the sculptor embodies in the breathing marble—such as architecture develops in her stately and harmonious proportions, such as music clothes with the enchantments of sound. But there is a beauty of a still higher order, with which I feel more assured it is still open to it to unite itself. I mean with moral beauty—beauty connected with the affections, the conscience, the heart, and the life. It is most true that in the busiest and blackest of your workshops—in the most wearying and monotonous tasks of daily drudgery, as also in the very humblest of your own dwellings—by the smallest of your firesides—you may, one and each of you, in the zealous and cheerful discharge of the daily duty, in respect for the just rights, and in consideration for the feelings of others—in a meekness and sobriety of spirit, and in the thousand charities and kindnesses of social and domestic intercourse—even thus you may attain to, and exhibit the moral beauty to which I have spoken—beauty beyond all others in degree and excellence, because in proportion as it can be reached it makes up the perfection of man's nature here below, and is the most faithful reflection of the will of his Creator, and thus I close my explanation of the marriage of Vulcan with Venus, of labor with beauty."



THE FLORAL FAIR

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NORTHERN
HOME FOR FRIENDLESS CHILDREN.

BY REV. E. W. HUTTER.

IN a recent number of the *Home Journal* we furnished a statement of the rise and progress of the NORTHERN HOME FOR FRIENDLESS CHILDREN. We showed the humility of its origin, the comparatively feeble agencies by which it pleased God to prosecute it, the surprising success that followed, the principles upon which the institution is conducted, and what was yet required to place it on a sure and permanent basis. For the time and trouble expended in the preparation of that statement, we have been compensated to an unexpected extent. It has served to awaken in behalf of the Home a new interest. A number of philanthropic persons, who before had stood aloof from this noble charity, have assigned it a prominent place in their benefactions. Prominent newspapers, religious as well as secular, have noticed it favorably. And many have said that this Refuge for Friendless Youth had been begun and prosecuted in such a noiseless and unobtrusive manner, that but for our notice of it they had never known of its existence. For these excellent results we would again give God praise, without whose superadded bless-

ing the most gigantic efforts would have proved unavailing.

Since the publication of that narrative, the Northern Home for Friendless Children has passed through another epoch of its memorable history. We then stated that on the capacious and elegant building there still rested a debt of over FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS. They have a maxim in Great Britain that "a national *debt* is a national *blessing*." It may be so in the experience of that renowned nation, for the reason that her debt is mostly due her own subjects, and serves to bind her millions by ties of *interest*, as well as of affection, to the Throne. But we are satisfied that this must constitute an isolated exception to the general rule. In our opinion, no church, hospital, asylum, or kindred institution, prospers so well with a debt, as without one. Debt upon all public institutions we regard an incubus that cannot too soon be removed. It is a declaration of the Wise Man: "The borrower is servant to the lender," and the great Apostle enjoins: "Pay what thou owest," and again, "Owe no man anything except to love him."

Animated by such reasonings, the enterprising ladies connected with the Home resolved not to relax their efforts until they had removed this debt from their property. True, the public had already contributed liberally to its erection. True, the channel

of benevolence required to be largely turned into the Home to defray its current expenses; for, to feed, clothe, and educate, several hundred children, when provisions are so high, requires a large income. True, a storm had carried away the roof, at a loss of more than a thousand dollars, which amount was required to be made up, and *was* made up, in less than a week. And yet, what will not the indomitable will and persevering energy of a Christian sisterhood accomplish? The word "*can't*" is not in their dictionary. Their watchwords are, "*we will*," and where there is a will, God is sure to open a way.

For the raising of this money the ladies resolved to hold another Floral Fair, and this has just terminated. It was held in Concert Hall, Chestnut Street, above Twelfth, commencing on Monday afternoon, June 9th, and continuing open until Saturday evening, June 14th, six consecutive days. Whilst all the preceding efforts of this character elicited the most rapturous encomiums, it was admitted that this surpassed them all. A more gorgeous display of the excellent handiwork of God, combined with the artistic skill and taste of woman, was never before witnessed even in Philadelphia. The weather was charmingly propitious. It was neither too hot, nor too cold; too wet, nor too dry. The Hall was consequently crowded uninterruptedly with the gallantry and beauty of the city. The surrounding country literally emptied her flowery treasures into the Hall. Baskets of bouquets were received. The vases of fruit and flowers were magnificent. One designed as a gift to the Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN (which he has, however, since re-presented to the Home), was subscribed for to the amount of \$200. Another for Hon. MILLARD FILLMORE, brought nearly a similar sum. Most of the clergy of the city received tokens of affection. To sum it all up in a word, the Fair has been eminently successful. The clear profit to the Institution is FOUR THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND SIXTY DOLLARS! Best of all, too, not an unkind feeling was created, not a lottery or raffle introduced, and not a single unbecoming incident occurred to mar the general gratification. We announce with great joy, then; that the

Northern Home for Friendless Children is now free from debt. It belongs to God, and no money-changing SHYLOCK has any claim upon it.

One incident occurred on the afternoon of the third day of the Floral Fair, which we deem of sufficient interest to record. The one hundred little children were brought down to Concert Hall from the Home, accompanied by the matron, teachers, &c. They were marched in procession up the Hall and conducted to elevated benches, commanding a full view of the room. Unitedly they raised their little voices in singing a hymn of praise to God; and never did they sing so sweetly. Their clear voices rang in melodious accents through the capacious chamber. *There was not a dry eye in that room.* The ladies, as by a common impulse, were seen to apply their handkerchiefs to their faces, and even the sterner nature of robust manhood was melted. Need we say, they were tears of gratitude and joy; and oh! what strange contrarieties in the human heart! When we are sorrowful, we weep, and when we are overjoyed, we weep again! Sweet and acceptable in the sight of heaven are all such orisons of grateful humility!

The scene, however, only reached its climax by a remark that gushed spontaneously from the heart of one of the little children. Casting his eye over the room, and captivated by the gorgeousness of the scene, a beautiful and bright-eyed little boy called one of the ladies to his side, and asked, "Will you please to tell me, Mrs. H—, ARE WE IN HEAVEN?"

A volume of comment could not unfold the deep significance of this question. The little boy had not long before been picked up out of a low hovel in a filthy street, where he had heard only oaths and curses, and seen only filth and bestiality. His whole estimate of life was formed from the pestilential atmosphere in which he lived. He did not have any conceptions of loveliness and beauty, of innocence and joy. He had spent a few weeks, however, at the Home, and had there been told of JESUS, and of the beauties and delights of heaven, with its streets of gold, its pavements of

emerald, its rivers of pleasure, its crowns of rejoicing, and its glories unutterable and inconceivable. And now, so immeasurable was the difference between Spafford and Bedford Streets and this place—so sudden the transition from a region of wretchedness to one of beauty and enchantment, that the heart of the little one palpitated with joy, his eyes stared with amazement, and he actually supposed that he was in heaven!

And will not this be the experience of us all, whose blessed privilege it will be to reach the Celestial City? Will we not be equally overwhelmed with amazement?

“O, the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where JESUS sheds the brightest beams
Of His o'erflowing grace!

“Sweet majesty and awful love,
Sit smiling on His brow;
And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble distance bow.

“Lord! how our souls are all on fire
To see Thy blessed abode!
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise,
To our incarnate God.

“And whilst our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay,
And wish Thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To bear our souls away.”

LITTLE THINGS.

BY D. B. R.

TWO men were at work one day in a shipyard. They were hewing a stick of timber to put into a ship. It was a small stick, and not worth much. As they cut off the chips they found a worm, a little worm, about half an inch long.

“This stick is wormy,” said one, “shall we put it in?”

“I do not know; yes, I think it may go in. It will not be seen of course.”

“Yes, but there may be other worms in it; and these may increase and injure the ship.”

“No; I think not. To be sure it is not worth much; yet I do not wish to lose it. But come, never mind the worm; we have seen but one; put it in.”

The stick was accordingly put in; the ship was finished, and as she was launched off into the waters, all ready for the seas,

she looked beautiful as the swan when the breeze ruffles his white feathered bosom, as he sits on the waters. She went to sea, and for a number of years did well. But it was found on a distant voyage, that she grew weak and rotten. Her timbers were found all eaten away by the worms. But the captain thought he would try to get her home. He had a great costly load of goods in the ship, such as silks, crapes, and the like, and a great many people. On their way home a storm gathered. The ship for a while climbed up the high waves, and then plunged down, creaking and rolling finely. But she then sprung a leak. They had two pumps, and the men worked at them day and night; but the water came in faster than they could pump it out. She filled with water, and she went down under the dark blue waters of the ocean, with all the goods and all the people on board. Every one perished. Oh, how many wives and mothers and children mourned over husbands and sons and brothers, for whose return they were waiting, and who never returned! And all, all this, probably, because that little stick of timber, with the worm in it, was put in when the ship was built! How much property and how many lives may be destroyed by a little worm! And how much evil may a man do, when he does a small wrong, as that man did when he put the wormy timber in the ship.

TWELVE DAUGHTERS OF THE YEAR.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

NORTH WIND.—Twelve daughters, my lady?

YEAR.—Yes—twelve daughters; and that ye may not mistake them, listen to their descriptions. The first is cold, stern and unrelenting in disposition, pitiless and uncharitable, harsh and unforgiving. Her name is JANUARY. The second, who is very diminutive in size compared to the sisters, is frequently worse than January, and always as bad. She persecutes the poor and needy, and fills the workhouse with shivering objects. Her name is FEBRUARY. The third is spiteful in disposition, boisterous

in temper, and passionate in the extreme. Her gusts of anger are like terrible hurricanes which raise the billows of the stormy sea, and swallow up the frail vessel. Her name is MARCH.—The fourth is as capricious and wayward as a child, now all sunny with smiles, then absorbed in tears; now singing as gaily as the nightingale, then anxious and overcast. Her name is APRIL.—The fifth is a bright and languishing virgin, whose hours of mirth and merriment are seldom invaded by a moment of tears, and whose pleasure is the cultivation of sweet flowers. Her name is MAY.—The sixth is more serious and sedate than her sister, whom I have just alluded to. She delights in shady groves and the banks of clear rivulets, where she reads or meditates at her leisure. Her name is JUNE.—The seventh is hot, fiery, and voluptuous; seeking in vain to quench her thirst of pleasure, and only intoxicating herself by the renewal of her enjoyments. Her name is JULY.—The eighth is a maiden whose looks bespeak that mellowness which is also to be found in the fruits that hang over her bower, or in the harvests, the gathering of which she loves to superintend. Her name is AUGUST.—The ninth is staid and matronly in deportment, combining the remains of passions of youth, with the discretion and reserve of mature years. Her name is SEPTEMBER.—The tenth is uncertain and mysterious in her conduct; at one moment sportive and gay, at another dismal and frowning. Her name is OCTOBER.—The eleventh is inhospitable and cheerless; frigid in manners and cold in heart; without a virtue to speak in her favor. Her name is NOVEMBER. The twelfth and last is a miserable and shrivelled creature, with bleared eyes, toothless, and tottering in her gait, dressed in furs, which however do not keep her warm, and slipping at every step. Icicles depend from her nose; her very breath is frozen. Her name is DECEMBER.

WASHINGTON'S LAST VOTE.

EVERY incident in the life of Washington is full of interest. That plain heroic magnitude of mind which distin-

guished him above all other men was evident in all his actions. Patriotism, chastened by sound judgment and careful thought, prompted all his public acts, and made them examples for the study and guidance of mankind. It has been said that no one can have the shortest interview with a truly great man, without being made sensible of his superiority. Of too many, who have some way earned the title of great, this is by no means true. Its applicability to the character of Washington is verified in the following interesting circumstances related by a correspondent of the Charleston Courier: H.

"I was present," says this correspondent, "when Gen. Washington gave his last vote. It was in the spring of 1799, in the town of Alexandria. He died the 11th December following. The court-house of Fairfax County was then over the market-house, and immediately fronting Gadsby's tavern. The entrance into it was by a slight flight of crazy steps on the outside. The election was progressing—several thousands of persons were in the court-house yard and immediate neighboring streets, and I was standing on Gadsby's steps when the Father of his Country drove up, and immediately approached the court-house steps; and when within a yard or two of them, I saw eight or ten good-looking men, from different directions, certainly without the least concert, spring simultaneously, and place themselves in position to uphold and support the steps should they fall in the General's ascent of them. I was immediately at his back, and in that position entered the court-house with him—followed in his wake through a dense crowd to the polls—heard him vote—returned with him to the outward crowd—heard him cheered by more than two thousand persons as he entered his carriage—and saw his departure.

"There were five or six candidates on the bench sitting; and as the General approached them, they arose in a body and bowed smilingly; and the salutation having been returned very gracefully, the General immediately cast his eyes towards the registry of the polls, when Col. Deneale (I think it was), said, 'Well, General, how do you vote?' The General looked at the candidates, and said, 'Gentlemen, I vote for measures, not for men;' and turning to the recording table, audibly pronounced his vote—saw it entered—made a graceful bow, and retired."

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

Spoken by the celebrated Irish Orator PHILLIPS, at a Festival, in Cork, in the year 1815.

NO matter what may be the birth-place of such a man as WASHINGTON. No climate can claim, no country can appropriate him—the boon of Providence to the human race—his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin; if the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared—how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet it revealed to us! In the production of Washington it does really appear, as if Nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were, splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. CÆSAR was merciful—SCIPIO was continent—HANNIBAL was patient—but it was reserved for WASHINGTON to blend them all in one, and like the lovely *chef d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his councils, that to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of a sage. A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood—a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and a country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword—necessity stained—victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might doubt what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers—her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career,

and banished hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having freed his country, resigned her crown, and retired to a cottage, rather than reign in a capital! Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains—he left the victorious the glory of his self-denial, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy America! The lightnings of heaven could not resist your sage—the temptations of earth could not corrupt your soldier.

SOAR HIGH! SOAR HIGH!!

SOAR high! soar high! nor fear to fly—
Think not about the falling—
Stay not to shrink upon the brink
Of high or holy calling;
But, being right, with all thy might
Go on—the clouds of sorrow,
That here to-day obscure thy way,
May all be gone to-morrow.

The world may sneer, and laugh and jeer,
Yet stay not for repining;
Alike for all, the great and small,
Creation's light is shining.
Take heart of oak, there is no stroke
Man strikes, but it may aid him;
For if the deed from good proceed,
Say what on earth shall shade him?

As every joy we unemploy
Is an ungracious measure;
So every gift we cast adrift
Is a most wasted treasure.
And it may be, perchance, if we
Should once alike refuse them,
We may in vain strive to regain
The slightest power to use them.

Soar high! soar high! nor fear to fly—
Think not about the falling—
There is a power in every hour
To help us in our calling;
If only more we would adore,
And seek its mighty aiding;
Nor rack our brains, and take such pains
To search for things so fading.

THE SABBATH.

JESUS, we bless thee for this type of heaven,
This hallowed symbol of eternal peace,
Entering our time like a most precious leaven,
And sweetly calling us, one day in seven,
To fly the foibles which observe, increase,
And seek anew that higher, purer life,
Unknown to envy, malice, anger, strife,
That grade immortal, which is perfected
In heaven's high company. The sweep of time
Moves us still onward, onward, to the bed
Where warriors lie, and kings who ruled sublime;
Thither we hasten. Lord, our footsteps stay,
That when we rise from our entombed clay,
Thy presence shall appear our glorious Sabbath day.

AN ELOQUENT EULOGY.

IT is not often we discover much in the current obituary notices contained in magazines and newspapers, that commends itself, in a marked manner, to our interest. The sentiment is generally commonplace, and the ideas painfully monotonous, except, perhaps, to the immediate family and most intimate acquaintances. But here is an obituary, which we extract from the *Household Words* of CHARLES DICKENS, which we regard as a perfect gem of its kind. We have never read anything under the obituary head, in any periodical, that could at all, in our opinion, compare with it. If we were sure of leaving behind us a friend, who would prepare to our memory a tribute as tender and as noble as is contained in these words—and we could feel that we *deserved* it—we incline to the belief that it would almost reconcile us, at once, to “depart and be with Christ, which is far better.” When a man’s life has been such as to inspire an affection so pure and glowing as is presented in this Obituary, he must be ready for his reward, and his departure can be a source of sorrow only to the survivors. But here is the Obituary. Read it, and judge, whether we have spoken of it too favorably.

H.

CHIEF JUSTICE TALFOURD IS DEAD!

The readers of these pages will have known, many days before the present number can come into their hands, that on Monday, the 13th of March, this upright judge and good man died suddenly at Stafford, in the discharge of his duties. Mercifully spared protracted pain and mental decay, he passed away in a moment, with words of Christian eloquence, of brotherly tenderness and kindness towards all men, yet unfinished on his lips.

As he died he had always lived. So amiable a man, so gentle, so sweet tempered, of such a noble simplicity, so perfectly unspoiled by his labors and their rewards, is very rare indeed upon this earth. These lines are traced by the faltering hand of a friend; but none can so fully know how true they are, as those who knew him under all circumstances, and found him ever the same.

In his public aspects, in his poems, in his speeches, on the bench, at the bar, in Par-

liament; he was widely appreciated, honored, and beloved. Inseparable as his great and varied abilities were from himself in life, it is yet to himself, and not to them, that affection, in its first grief, naturally turns. They remain, but he is lost.

The chief delight of his life was to give delight to others. His nature was so exquisitely kind, that to be kind was its highest happiness. Those who had the privilege of seeing him in his own home when his public successes were greatest—so modest, so contented with little things, so interested in humble persons and humble efforts, so surrounded by children and young people, so adored in remembrance of a domestic generosity and greatness of heart too sacred to be unveiled here, can never forget the pleasure of that sight.

If ever there was a house, in England, justly celebrated for the reverse of the picture, where every art was honored for his own sake, and where every visitor was received for his own claims and merits, that house was his. It was in this respect a great example, as sorely needed as it will be sorely missed. Rendering all legitimate deference to rank and riches, there never was a man more composedly, unaffectedly, quietly immovable by such considerations than the subject of this sorrowing remembrance. On the other hand, nothing would have astonished him so much as the suggestion, that he was anybody’s patron or protector. His dignity was ever of that highest and purest sort, which has no occasion to proclaim itself, and which is not in the least afraid of losing itself.

In the first joy of his appointment to the judicial bench, he made a summer visit to the sea-shore, “to share his exultation in the gratification of his long-cherished ambition, with the friend”—now among the many friends who mourn his death and lovingly recall his virtues. Lingerer in the bright moonlight at the close of a happy day, he spoke of his new functions, of his sense of the great responsibility he undertook, and of his placid belief that the habits of his professional life rendered him equal to their efficient discharge; but, above all, he spoke, with an earnestness never more to be separated in his friend’s mind from the murmur of the sea upon a moonlight night, of his reliance on the strength of his desire to do right before God and man. He spoke with his own singleness of heart, and his solitary hearer knew how deep and true his purpose was. They passed, before parting for the night, into a playful dispute at what age he should retire, and what he

would do at threescore years and ten. And ah! within five short years, it is all ended like a dream!

But, by the strength of his desire to do right, he was animated to the last moment of his existence. Who, knowing England at this time, would wish to utter with his last breath a more righteous warning than that its curse is ignorance, or a miscalled education, which is as bad or worse, and a want of the exchange of innumerable graces and sympathies among the various orders of society, each hardened unto each and holding itself aloof? Well will it be for us and for our children, if those dying words be never henceforth forgotten on the Judgment seat.

An example in his social intercourse to those who are born to station, an example equally to those who win it for themselves; teaching the one class to abate its stupid pride; the other to stand upon its eminence, not forgetting the road by which it got there, and fawning upon no one; the conscientious judge, the charming writer and accomplished speaker, the gentle-hearted, guileless, affectionate man, has entered on a brighter world. Very, very many have lost a friend; nothing in creation has lost an enemy.

The hand that lays this poor flower on his grave, was a mere boy's when he first clasped it—newly come from the work in which he himself began life—little used to the plough it has followed since—obscure enough, with much to correct and learn. Each of its successive tasks, through many intervening years, has been cheered by his warmest interest, and the friendship then begun has ripened to maturity in the passage of time; but there was no more self-assertion or condescension in his winning goodness at first than at last. The success of other men made as little change in him as his own.

HUMAN LIFE.

PLINY has compared a river to human life. I have never read the passage in his works, but I have been a hundred times struck with the analogy, particularly amidst mountain scenery. The river, small and clear in its origin, gushes forth from rocks, falls into deep glens, and wantons and meanders through a wild and picturesque country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its dew or spray.

In this, its state of infancy and youth, it may be compared to the human mind, in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant—it is more beautiful than useful. When the different rills or torrents join, and descend into the plain, it becomes slow and stately in its movements; it is applied to move machinery, to irrigate meadows, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge; in this mature state it is deep, strong, and useful. As it flows on towards the sea, it loses its force and its motion, and at last, as it were, becomes lost and mingled with the mighty abyss of waters.

One might pursue the metaphor still further and say, that in its origin, its thundering and foam, when it carries down clay from the bank and becomes impure, it resembles the youthful mind, affected by dangerous passions. And the influence of a lake in calming and clearing the turbid water may be compared to the effect of reason in more mature life, when the tranquil, deep, cool, and unimpassioned mind is freed from its fever, its troubles, bubbles, noise, and foam. And, above all, the sources of a river, which may be considered as belonging to the atmosphere, and its termination in the ocean, may be regarded as imaging the divine origin of the human mind, and its being ultimately returned to and lost in the Infinite and Eternal Intelligence from which it originally sprung.—*Davy.*

CEMETERIES.

BY REV. D. GARVER.

THE word *Cemetery* is a thoroughly Christian word, and was not in use until after the Saviour had taught the sublime truth, that the departed are not dead, but only asleep. The word is derived from the Greek *Kotvaia*, to sleep. How sweet, how consoling the thought, that if we be true to God and ourselves, when our days on earth shall have been numbered, we shall repose peacefully in our "sleeping-places," until the morn of endless day shall wake us to a blessed immortality! Let the name, then, be cherished and understood.

DAVENPORT, (IOWA.) June, 1856.



Home Circle.

ADAM.

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness."—GENESIS.

THE Earth was finished. It had received the last touch of the creative hand, and rolled through the heavens, beautiful and bright. There was golden sunshine to beautify its scenery and paint its clouds. There were blossoms perfuming the shrubbery, and fruits of golden tinge glittering in the branches. The graces of *all* seasons were woven into *one*.—But,

"There wanted yet, the *master-work*, the *end* of all yet done"—MAN—

"With heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works."

Man, therefore, was the noblest of creation's works—the master-piece of Divine workmanship—the gem, that crowned creation's brow and sparkled with the image of God, expanding to higher and sweeter tones the song of the morning stars.

The account of man's creation, by Moses, confounds the flimsy theory of the "Vestiges of Creation," that all creation is a development. Hugh Miller, indeed, has demonstrated that everything was created at its maximum of perfection. And Moses in his history, does not make man a growth or development at all. Humanity proper did not grow, was no work of nature, but had a divine, a supernatural, an instantaneous beginning. There was one, in whom humanity commenced, and from whom all subsequent

humanity has been derived. There was one who first began to be a man—energized by that higher life which came from a direct inbreathing of the almighty and everlasting Father of Spirits.

The particular process of this creation of man, is given in chapter 2: 7, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

The body, though formed of the dust, says one, "it was the efflorescence of the dust, just as the diamond is made of charcoal."

How wonderful is man physically considered. His erect form—his noble brow—his upturned face to

"Behold his own hereditary skies."

A distinguished artist once said: "There is a beauty in the human face, the commonest I meet in the street, which I can never paint." It is a sort of mirror of the soul, where every shade of thought and feeling is pictured, from the gentlest emotions to the fiercest passions—

"Yea, this man's brow, like to a title leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume."

The eye, to say nothing of its delicate mechanism, what a wonderful power it possesses. The eyesight, that royal glance, that commands, in one act, the outspread and all-surrounding beauty of the fair universe.

The ear, that gathers into its hidden chambers all music and gladness, all words

of kindness and whispers of affection. The tongue, the power of speech, that breathes its mysterious accents into the listening soul of thy friend—that sends forth its voiceless messages through the still air, and imprints them at once upon the ears of thousands.

But we cannot particularize. Take the hand as a single illustration. The hand, says an eloquent writer, how curiously wrought and how manifold its functions! What wonders have been wrought by this little organ! It wrought the statue of Memnon and hung the brazen gates of Thebes; it fixed the mariner's trembling needle upon its axis, and first heaved back the bar of the tremendous printing press. It opened the tubes of Galileo until worlds swept before his vision; and it reefed the high topsail that rustled over Columbus in the morning breezes of Bahama. And it has held the sword with which Freedom has fought her battles. It turned the mystic leaves upon which Milton and others inscribed their living thoughts—and it grasped the pen that signed the Declaration of *Independence*.

Again—how wonderful is the apparatus, in our whole body, for the soul's communication with the outer world of nature; with a sense for every element, for the sweets of every bounty in nature, for the fragrance of every field, for the soft embracing air, for the sounds that come from every hill and mountain and running stream and ocean wave. The electro-magnetic telegraph is wonderful. But man's whole sensitive frame is a more wonderful telegraph. He wakes from sleep, and all nature around becomes a living presence. He opens his eye, and stars that rise upon the infinite seas of space, are telegraphed to his vision.

When we consider this material temple of the indwelling soul, and the marvellous apparatus and adaptations by which that soul looks out upon the surrounding world, and how the whole framework is swathed and fastened by the mighty bands that hold ten thousand worlds in their orbits, we are filled with adoring wonder. We can excuse the enthusiasm of the devout Novalis, when he said, There is but one temple in the universe, and that is the body of man. We

touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body. We are ready to unite with the great poet,

"How wonderful is man!
How passing wonder, He, who made him such!"

Or with David: "I will praise Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

T. S.

P. S. The remainder in the next number.

LITTLE WILLIE'S PRAYER.

BY ANNA.

IT was during the latter part of last fall that I left my home in the country to spend a few months, during the coming winter, with my married brother, who resides with his family in the City of New York. My own home is situated far up the Hudson River. Our family sphere consisted of my dear father and mother, two older sisters, and one brother. My father owns a large farm, which is well stocked with various kinds of fruit trees, and in summer our garden is filled with all sorts of vegetables, while the ground adjoining the house is laid out into plots of different shapes and sizes, blooming with beautiful flowers. When the warm weather comes, my brother William, his wife, and two children, make us a visit, and many pleasant days do we all enjoy together. It is with this brother that I have been spending the past winter, and of his family that I am about to speak.

During the last summer William purchased a beautiful pony for his little daughter to ride. It was named Prancer. Mary, who is a fearless child, of about twelve years of age, while staying at her grandfather's, roamed over the whole country on horseback. When my brother returned to the city, he brought the pony with him, to use till the cold weather set in, and then he told his father that he would send the animal home to the country, that he might be well taken care of during the winter.

One morning at breakfast, after I had been staying some weeks in the city, my brother said: "Cæsar" (that was our colored servant) "will be down from the farm to-day—he is going to stay here to-night,

and leave early in the morning, and I shall send Prancer back by him."

Many were the exclamations of surprise and sorrow from the two children, when they heard that the pony was to go so soon. Mary looked very sad, and the tears stood in her eyes, while little Willie, a child of about three years of age, burst out crying, and exclaimed, "Please, papa, don't send Prancer away, please don't!"

His father then took him on his knee, and told him how the cold snow would soon cover the ground, and that he was going to send the pony to grandpapa's, where he would be put in the warm stable, and fed with plenty of nice hay, and when the spring came, when the snow was gone, and it was warm again, he would send for Prancer, and they would all have a nice ride. During the afternoon the children went with their father to the stable where the pony was kept, to bid him good-bye.

In the evening when Willie's mother was preparing to put him to bed, he, as usual, knelt down by her side to say his little prayer, but after he had finished it, the child still knelt.

"That will do, Willie, you can go to bed

now," said his mother, as she bent forward and kissed him.

"I haven't done yet, mamma," he whispered, "mayn't I ask something more?"

"Certainly, my child," she replied.

"Please God," lisped the little fellow, "take good care of Prancer, and send him back safe in the spring."

This was Willie's *own* prayer, his *first*, but not, I trust, his *last*. Ah no, under the religious influence of his pious parents, it is to be hoped that Willie, in after years, will offer up many a prayer as sincere as this his childlike, simple request.

"FEAR GOD."

IN this lies wisdom, beauty, hope, and strength,
The meek submission which a child accedes,
The confidence which calmly sees, at length,
The promise realized whereon it feeds.
No longer Jesus in the garden pleads
For full exemption from the bitter pang;
Nor the rude soldiers mock as he expires—
No shouts of revelry, no hammer's clang
Prolong the agony which death inspires.
Jesus has died—ascended,—from His throne,
The humble students of His will surveys;
Those, only those he deigns to call His own,
Who fear the Lord, and to His love alone,
Present the tribute of their humble praise.

Biblical Miscellany.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow!"

JESUS.

"To me the meanest flower that blooms, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

WORDSWORTH.

THE Saviour uttered these words in spring-time. Around Him were the singing birds and blooming flowers. These words reveal Christ's method of addressing human anxieties and fears. The disciples were just entering upon an untried path, thronged with conflicts and perils. Yet Jesus does not directly attempt to remove a single fear, or disquietude. He conceals none of their future perils. He simply raises their thoughts to God's manifested and boundless love. In moments of fear he points to the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field; and attempts to hush present anxieties, not by a direct argument to show their folly,

but by the revelation of an infinite Father and an all-embracing love. "Consider the lilies of the field." How beautiful is the general lesson suggested by these words! How beautiful is the specific instance which Jesus names to enforce his doctrine! Contrast a perishing flower, with a living soul. Shall the flower be so richly blessed, and no eternal benediction be poured out upon the soul? Here science steps in as the handmaid and servant of faith. Consider all the physiological arrangements of its structural parts—the chemical actions by which its woody fibre and its juices are produced, and those secret laws by which it throws back the white sunbeam from its surface in colored rays; and how wonderful is the lily—that living thing of beauty. Consider, that all the physical agencies we know, sun, air,

earth, electricity, chemical forces, all helped to form that flower. Verily, the majestic heavens do not more distinctly reveal the presence and the love of God, than the humblest flower—

“ Methinks it whispers, ‘ God created me,’
And I to Him devote my little hour
In lonely sweetness and humility.”

The question of Jesus, “ Doth God clothe the grass of the field ?” means immeasurably more to man, after he has learned how wonderfully the grass is clothed. And, therefore, the irresistible answer of the heart, “ shall he not much more clothe you ?” rushes upon him with new assurance and power. Does faith need support and strength ? By the side of the grave, out of the sod that covers the most cherished dust, the lily grows and blooms. Take that one flower, and look upon it in the spirit of Jesus. Has death removed the brightest flower from your earthly home ? Did it vanish in its opening beauty ? It has not been blasted ; but because it could not bloom in its full beauty here, it has been transplanted by infinite love, to the Eden above. It might not have borne the storms of this rougher world ; and, therefore, the same tenderness which clothes the grass of the field has removed it to a more genial home—

“ That realm of rest,
Where roses never die—
Amidst the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky—
It blooms afresh like Aaron’s rod,
That blossomed at the sight of God.”

The lesson of the Saviour is simple and beautiful. In times of anxiety and sorrow, look upon the beauty that adorns the world, look upward to the throne, amidst such tokens of love, until the veiling clouds seem to roll away, and the light of the Father’s presence shines down upon the path of sorrow, and the voice of Jesus is heard as of old, “ Let not your hearts be troubled ; ye believe in God, believe also in me.” And in times of anxious forethoughts of the future, “ consider the lilies of the field.” Learn the happy secret of their calm loneliness—

“ Live for to-day ! To-morrow’s light
To-morrow’s cares shall bring to sight ;
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless.”

T. S.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

FROM REV. DR. CHEEVER’S PLEA FOR CHILDREN.

A FLORIST will tell you that if you paint the flower-pot that contains a favorite, beautiful, fragrant flower, the plant will wither, and, perhaps, its blossoms will die. You shut out the air and moisture from passing through the roots, and your paint itself is poisonous. Just so, mere external cultivation, superficial worldly accomplishments, or a too exclusive regard and anxiety for that which injures the soul. The vase may be ever so beautifully ornamented, but if you deny the water of life to the flower, it must die. And there are kinds of ornamental accomplishments, the very process of which is as deleterious to the soul, as the paint upon the flower-pot is pernicious to the plant, whose delicate leaves not only inhale a poisonous atmosphere during your very process of rendering the exterior more tasteful, but the whole earth is dried and devoid of nourishment. Nature never paints, but all her forms of loveliness are a growth, a native character, possession, and development from the beginning. If the sun can ever be called a painter, it is only because the plants absorb his rays and receive them into the very texture and life of their vegetation. So, whatever is real knowledge, wisdom, principle, character, and life in education, is a process of absorption and development of truth, and not mere painting.

“ HIS FAVOR IS AS DEW UPON THE GRASS.”

“ HIS favor.” This sustains, invigorates,
Alike the peasant, pauper, slave, and king,
Through the dull veins a buoyant life creates,
And to the eye a speaking lustre brings ;
The tongue, long silent, to his mercy sings,—
The man walks forth, and varied forms describes,
Or on the earth, or in the circling air,
Or in the distant grandeur of the skies,
Or in the covert of the forest lair ;
In all, in each, a gracious God is seen,
’Neath forest arches, in the winding dell,
In ocean surges, on the velvet green,
Where roaring cataract its chorus swells,
There is his God, and there His favor dwells.

Church Intelligence.

CHURCH NEWS.—Among the local items of Church Intelligence we may mention the following:

The church of the Rev. L. E. ALBERT, at Germantown, is to be enlarged and remodelled the present summer, to accommodate it to the wants of an increasing membership. The church is greatly blessed under its present amiable and worthy pastor.

The congregation of Rev. C. W. SCHAEFFER, of the same place, have just built for the use of their beloved pastor, a large and commodious parsonage, at an expense of several thousand dollars.

The congregation of Rev. W. M. BAUM, at Barren Hill, have recently liquidated the last dollar of their debt, and their beautiful edifice now belongs *actually* to the Lord. This draft on their liberality, however, has not prevented them from making simultaneously, the most liberal contributions to the Church Extension Society, and the cause of Missions. The pockets of the Barren Hill Christians resemble the widow of Sarepta's cruse of oil. The more one takes out, the more flows in. In other words, the more they give, the more they are able to give.

St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, New Street, is to be supplied with a new roof, painted, frescoed, and upholstered during the summer months. Ostentations display is to be avoided, and only a neat and comely improvement wrought. The cost of the proposed alterations will be about \$3000. Fortunately, the congregation have the money in the treasury, and need not tax either themselves or the liberality of strangers. In all these evidences of church prosperity we heartily rejoice. H.

CHURCH CONSECRATION.—By a letter from Rev. D. GARVER, of Davenport, Iowa, under date of May 13, 1856, we learn that the Evangelical Lutheran St. Matthew's Church, of Farm Ridge, La Salle County, Illinois, under the pastoral care of Rev. J. P. HIESTER, was solemnly consecrated to the service of the Triune God, on Lord's Day, May 4th. Beside the pastor, the following ministers were present and participated in the exercises, viz.: Rev. H. L. DOX, of New York, Rev. J. GRUBER, late of Ohio, and Rev. D. GARVER, of Davenport, Iowa. Although the weather was quite unfavorable, there were many people in attendance, and the church was crowded. Some came a distance of ten miles. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Bro. GARVER. The Lord's Supper was likewise administered. The church is situated in the country, eight miles from Ottawa, the county seat, and is a tasteful structure, 36 feet by 48, commodious

and well proportioned. This little flock deserves much praise for their persevering efforts, and the pastor has exhibited a degree of patient self-denial seldom witnessed. May God continue to bless them in the noble work of extending the Kingdom of the Redeemer. H.

THE DECLINE OF CATHOLICISM.—In Austria there are more than three and a half million of Protestants. In France there are many Protestants, who are protected by law, and the annual Papal revenue has sunk, since the Revolution, from \$30,000,000 to about \$20,000,000. In Sardinia the king has gone steadily onward in the reformation of Papal abuses—maintaining his way at the risk of excommunication, and granting religious liberty to all denominations. In Tuscany much disaffection has long existed. In Naples, the king has firmly resisted the Jesuits, and shows some independence of the Vatican. In Spain, the waning of Rome's power is unmistakable, and the Government has effectually confiscated the conventual property. In the Canadas, the Valley of the Mississippi, the Floridas, Texas, it has succumbed to Protestant Governments. In Brazil, Chili, and Central America, liberal sentiments are advancing; while New Granada, Venezuela, and the Argentine Republic, have formally proclaimed liberty of worship. In Mexico, the estates of the Church have been confiscated to the amount of about \$50,000,000.

RELIGIOUS SECTS IN RUSSIA.—The Roman Catholic Church of Russia possesses one academy of theology and eleven religious seminaries, 112 religious houses, 51 of which are for females; 955 parish churches, and 276 chapels of ease, 1178 chapels to which are attached 1894 monks of different orders, 660 nuns, and 1990 ecclesiastics. These churches possess a capital of 5,000,000 silver roubles, and their annual revenue is 800,000 roubles. The clergy of the Armenian rite possess 619 churches and 310 chapels, with 1307 priests, 4 religious seminaries, 32 parish schools, 40 bishops, 133 monks, and 24 nuns. The Lutheran and Reformed Churches are 902 in number, with 484 ecclesiastics. The Jews have 586 synagogues, 933 rabbis, 2097 elders, and 798 treasurers. The Mohammedan clergy are composed of 14,551 individuals, and possess 5296 mosques.

QUAKERS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The official statistics of the Friends or Quakers in the United States show that they have 715 meeting-houses, with an aggregate membership of 283,023. In Maryland, they have 26 meeting-houses and 7760 members; in the District

of Columbia, 1 meeting-house and 200 members; in Virginia, 14 meeting-houses and 6300 members; and in Pennsylvania, their favorite State, 141 meeting-houses and 60,974 members.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE IN GERMANY.—The States of Oldenberg have agreed to a law for the better observance of the Sabbath. According to this, all outdoor labor, all noisy indoor labor, and all places of public recreation are forbidden until after the termination of morning divine service, that is, until about mid-day. An attempt was made to extend the restriction until after evening service, but it was rejected.

RELIGIOUS AND BENEVOLENT CONTRIBUTIONS.—The voluntary contributions of the people of the United States to religious and benevolent institutions, are among the most gratifying evidences of moral enlightenment. The receipts of nineteen of the great Christian organizations for the year ending in April last were \$1,849,823 47, being an increase of \$207,948 87 upon the receipts of the previous year.

THE LAW IN REGARD TO PEW OWNERS.—The Massachusetts Legislature, at its last session, passed an act making pews in all houses of public worship personal property—the act not to affect any existing right of dower in any pew. In New York city it has been decided recently, that the property in a pew is an incorporeal hereditament, which passes to the heir at law, and not to the personal representative.

CHANGE OF VIEWS.—The Congregational Journal announces the fact that two Universalist churches in New Hampshire—one in Exeter and the other in New Market—have voted themselves Unitarian.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE LUTHERAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.—The Lutheran Board of Publication held its first anniversary in St. Mark's Church, Spring Garden Street, on Thursday evening, May 17, 1856. The exercises were of a highly interesting character, Rev. J. C. Baker presided, and Rev. J. G. Butler, of Washington City, addressed an impressive prayer to the Throne of Grace. An interesting report was read by Rev. W. M. Baum, of Barren Hill, when the Society and audience were addressed by Rev. J. G. Morris, of Baltimore, and Rev. J. A. Brown, of Reading. Except a few changes, the old officers were re-elected. At the conclusion of the exercises, a liberal collection was taken up, and the audience dispersed, apparently well pleased with the exercises of the evening. The Board enters, therefore, upon the second year of its existence, under highly encouraging auspices.

MELANCHOLY DEATHS.—We sincerely re-

gret to learn from the Easton (Pa.) Express, that our esteemed brother, the Rev. JOHN WILLOX, the faithful and efficient pastor of the Lutheran Church at Riegelsville, Bucks County, has recently been very deeply afflicted by a rapid succession of deaths in his family. Within five weeks, FOUR of his children, three sons and a daughter, have died from scarlet fever. Himself and three remaining children, have also been seriously ill, with the same disease, but are now convalescent. We sincerely condole with Brother WILLOX in these heavy bereavements, and trust that our merciful Father in heaven, will grant him grace and strength to bear them with Christian resignation.

We learn that it is in contemplation to organize another English Lutheran congregation at Harrisburg (Pa.). The church of Brother HAY is said to be full to overflowing. When this is the case, the true policy is to send out a colony.

THE CORNER-STONE of a new union Lutheran and Reformed Church, was laid in Baltimore County, midway between Hampstead and Middletown, on the 27th ultimo.

PRINCE ALBERT'S RELIGION.—The random assertion of Rev. Dr. Berg, of this city, that Prince Albert is a Roman Catholic, is thus disposed of by the foreign correspondent of the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate. The Doctor's facts, particularly on the Catholic controversy, must be taken with a pretty broad margin, if this be a sample of them:

"I was surprised to find a theologian of your country assert that our Queen's husband was a Roman Catholic. One of your correspondents has sufficiently disposed of the charge. It is not warranted by facts. Prince Albert is the son of a Protestant Prince, was educated in the Protestant faith. Both he and the Queen are known to read the Scriptures daily together since their marriage. He spoke, some years ago, at a public meeting, of the Protestant William III, and the revolution of 1688, in terms so decided as to enrage the Papists. His sympathies are understood to be with Evangelism, as opposed to Puseyism, and his admiration of the sermon preached before the Queen in the Highlands, last autumn, by a minister of the Church of Scotland, was so decided, as to be the occasion of the publication of that admirable and thoroughly sound discourse."

DESCENDANTS OF MARTIN LUTHER.—The Bedford (Pa.) Inquirer says that Mr. John J. Luther, now residing in that place, is a lineal descendant of Martin Luther, the reformer, of the eighteenth generation, and his family consists of himself, wife, three sons and one daughter, and he is yet in the prime of life. He has also five brothers and one sister resid-

ing in Saxe Coburg, Germany, all with families. There is also one other family of the descendants of his great forefather in Saxe Coburg, and a number of families in the State of Bohemia, Germany. There is also another family of his descendants (Dr. Luther's) in Harrisburg, Pa. They are all, both in this country and Germany, connected with the Lutheran Church.

CHICAGO (ILLINOIS).—A correspondent writes as follows of the Norwegian Lutheran church in the above-named city: "Last Sunday (Easter) was our communion, and we had confirmation also. Twenty-six united with the church, of whom seventeen were confirmed, and the remainder by certificate from churches in Norway. It was the first occasion of the kind in our new church, and will never be forgotten. One had come a distance of 126 miles, and another 80 miles, to be confirmed."

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS AT THE WEST.—In Ohio, in 1827, there were 124 Presbyterian ministers, 277 churches, and 10,653 communicants; in 1855, 509 ministers, 636 churches, and 42,662 communicants—besides 150 Congregational ministers, 218 churches, and 12,418 communicants. In Indiana, there were in 1827, 17 Presbyterian ministers, 44 churches, and 1352 communicants; in 1855, 228 ministers, 378 churches, and 17,668 communicants. In Michigan, in 1827, there were but 5 Presbyterian churches and 5 ministers; now there are 84 ministers and 99 churches, besides 87 Congregational ministers and 104 churches. In Illinois, in 1831, there were 22 Presbyterian ministers, 28 churches and 713 communicants; now there are 136 ministers, 280 churches, and 13,830 communicants. This shows a very rapid progress in the denomination named, and doubtless other Christian bodies have increased at a similar rate.

Rev. M. MALLINSON has removed from Anran, N. Y., to Whitewater, Winona County, Minnesota.

Rev. J. GEIGER, late of Euphemia (Ohio), having taken charge of the Lutheran congregation at Xenia, Green County (Ohio), desires

correspondents to address him hereafter accordingly.

Rev. J. R. FOCHT, having removed to another part of his charge, his address will hereafter be *Dillsburg*, York County, Pa., instead of Franklinton, as heretofore.

THEY ARE YOUR GOD.—"Sir," said a lady to the Rev. Wm. Romaine of London, "I like the doctrine you preach, and think I can give up every thing but one." "What is that, madam?" "Cards, sir." "You think you cannot be happy without them?" "No, sir, I could not." "Then, madam, they are your God, and to them you must look for salvation." This pointed and faithful reply is said to have led to her conversion.

MARTIN LUTHER'S LABORS.—From 1517 to 1526, the first ten years of the Reformation, the number of his publications was 300; from 1527 to 1535, the second decade, the number was 232, and from 1537 to 1546, the year of his death, the number was 183. His first book was published in November, 1517, and he died in February, 1546,—an interval of 29 years and four months. In this time he published 715 volumes—an average of more than 25 a year, or one a fortnight of his public life.

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS IN FRANCE.—It appears from official returns that the number of persons in France belonging to the Roman Catholic religion is 35,931,032; Calvinists, 480,507; Lutherans, 267,825; Jews, 73,975; and other creeds, 30,000. The following are the salaries of the bench of bishops:—One archbishop at Paris, 50,000 francs; 14 others, 20,000 francs each; and 65 bishops, 12,000 francs each; in all 80 episcopal sees. The prelates invested with the dignity of cardinal receive in addition 10,000 francs a year; and 23 bishops, residing in large and expensive centres of population, receive an addition of 72,000 francs among them. The indemnities allowed for diocesan visits, &c., amounts to 143,000 francs a year. The total expense of the 80 sees is estimated at 1,385,000 francs per annum.

Editorial Miscellany.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

All hail to the birth of the happiest land,
Which the sun in his journey is glad to awaken,
Where energy, enterprise, knowledge command,
By obstacle heartened, by danger unshaken!
Virtue and Valor unite
To prop the Pillar of Light!
For proud beat our hearts, our valor swells high,
On the birthday of Freedom—the FOURTH OF JULY!

IT is at all times a refreshing exercise, if it be not, indeed, a sacred duty, to recur to

the deeds of the hallowed PAST, that we may keep alive in our hearts the flame enkindled at the consecrated altar of '76. Never did this duty more forcibly commend itself to the American people than now, when questions of vital magnitude, menacing the stability of the Union itself, are engaging the attention of our statesmen and legislators, and when we again stand on the eve of an excited conflict in respect to the Chief Magistracy of our coun-

try. A recurrence, in such a crisis, and on the natal day of our Independence, to the sublime truths inculcated in the title-deed of our National Freedom, cannot fail to bind us all, as with a chain of adamant, to the ark of our Union and our Constitution.

The Declaration of Independence was reported to the first Congress and signed on the 4th of July, 1776. On the 8th of July it was promulgated with great solemnity in Philadelphia, and saluted by the assembled multitude with peals of acclamation. On the 11th it was proclaimed before the American Army in New York, at that time assembled in the vicinity, with all the pomp and circumstance of a military pageant. In Boston the popular transport bordered on frenzy. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, it was greeted with torrents of exultation, the revolutionists filling the air with their shouts, and shaking the earth with the thunders of their artillery. Such, history informs us, were the *immediate* effects produced by the glorious Declaration.

But who shall portray the mighty influence which this transcendent state paper has since then exercised on the political destiny of the nations of the earth? Who estimate those which time has yet in store? The PAST is redolent of glory—but what mind can exaggerate to its vision the brightness of the FUTURE? Volumes would not suffice to illustrate the agency of the Declaration in the deliverance of Mankind from the shackles of Kingcraft. It is the *sum* of the political system—the focus of revolutionary light and heat—whose rays are warming and arousing King-bestridden nations to the recovery of their inprescriptible rights. Before THOMAS JEFFERSON penned these sublime truths, and before, by the noble daring of our sires, they were established on American soil, by a campaign of blood, Humanity had suffered a long and dreary hibernation—benumbed by withering blasts and stiffening cold. But since '76 the "thick-ribbed ice" of Despotism has been continually deliquescent, and every visible sign bears witness that the winter of Tyranny is fast giving way to the genial warmth of the sun of Freedom.

As a mere *literary* composition, aside from its bold and startling truths, the Declaration of Independence is a production of the highest order of merit. In diction, it is pure, bold, dignified, and comprehensive. For vigor and condensation of thought, vivid and impetuous recital of Wrong, solemn and masculine reclamations of Right, it looms out upon the page of history, "itself its only parallel." None other than a JEFFERSON could have penned such a thrilling document—none other than a WASHINGTON could have successfully established it by the power of the sword. Each was the instrument specially employed by a

Higher Power to work out the end of our national redemption, in his own appropriate sphere.

Its great and distinguishing excellence, however, consists in the stupendous *political* truths which it proclaimed upon the earth. *This Declaration* established a great epoch in the science of government, utterly superseding and exploding the system of the ancient *regime*, and building up a new system, founded on the *inherent* rights of man. Before the dawn of this era, the few political privileges enjoyed by the masses were regarded as so many *concessions* from their superiors. Now they are viewed as *RIGHTS*, which arbitrary power can never rightfully take away, and the loss of which justifies and demands revolution. Then, power was regarded as *original* in the rulers, and the people as their servants. Now, the action of the code is *reversed*, and power rests, *originally*, in the people, and is *derived*, secondarily, by their rulers, whom it is not a paradox to call their *servants*.

And the leaven of these principles is effectively at work among all the down-trodden and oppressed nations of the Old World, arousing them to a sense of the importance of the pure theory resting upon the fundamental axiom of the native *Equality* of the human race. It is *our* example that has committed so much havoc among the upstart Nobility of the Old World, and that is fast rearing to discipleship in the school of Freedom the legions of true-hearted men, upon whom the heel of despotism has heretofore rested. And the work will go on—overturning a throne here and another there—until the light that has beamed in this Western Hemisphere shall illumine the darkest and most benighted of the suffering descendants of Adam.

But what boots it if we enjoy political, civil, and religious liberty, and have not each one, individually, the boon of *Christian* freedom? "Where the Spirit of the *Lord* is, there is liberty." "If the *Son* make us free, we shall be free indeed." Oh! many a so-called Patriot rejoices in every other kind of freedom, except that which is most essential to his peace, the freedom of the soul from the terrors of God's holy and violated law, and from the iron fetters of slavish and degrading vices. To be the slave of sin is the most galling servitude of all. Vulcan never forged such chains as these. To be born into the freedom of the Gospel, and have Christ for our King, is the highest form of liberty in the Universe.

H.

FRANKLIN'S RESTING-PLACE.

"Such was the worth, his loss was such,
We cannot love too well, or grieve too much."

In one corner of the burying-ground, best known as Christ's Churchyard, Arch Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Philadelphia, re-

pose the remains of the philosopher FRANKLIN. On entering the yard from Arch Street, attention is unavoidably directed to his humble tomb by a well-trodden path which leads from the gate to the marble slab that bears the simple inscription, which will at once strike the beholder with wonder, viz., "BENJAMIN and DEBORAH FRANKLIN." With wonder, we say, because we are accustomed to see the stones covering the tenements of great men inscribed with eulogiums; but the one we are now beholding has nothing but the words above quoted, and the year in which it was placed there.

And this is the grave of a man who might once have been seen, a runaway boy, in the streets of Philadelphia, seeking employment as a printer; and again, trying experiments with a simple paper kite, and then astonishing the world with the discoveries made through its instrumentality. Once in England, a poor journeyman printer—again as minister from an Independent Republic. Once in his workshop, a laboring mechanic—again in the halls of Legislation, advocating the cause of freedom, and urging an oppressed people to drive the British Lion from our shores—one of those who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors, if necessary, for the welfare of their fellow-citizens. But all this could not save him from the hand of death. Though the Philosopher and Statesman must lie as low as the less favored, yet the circumstances connected with the lives of those whose motto was "*non sibi sed patræ*," possess charms which all can appreciate, and all love to cherish. We read his name on the marble slab—ponder over his virtues, and mourn his loss, as of a dear friend. We stand around his grave, and think how many have gazed with reverence upon that stone, and our eyes become fixed upon it as though it possessed an endearing charm. We look back on his life and deeds, and when we remember that a nation wept when Franklin died, we cannot refrain from dropping a tear over his last abode.

No towering monument rears its head above his remains, but his name is inscribed in characters never to be erased, on every liberty-loving heart; and so long as Philosophy continues to be a science, Benevolence a virtue, and Liberty the watchword of the American people, will his memory be cherished, and his name be honored. H.

AGENTS.—The Rev. JOHN WILLOX, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Riegelsville, Bucks County, Pa., has been authorized to receive moneys due on the *Home Journal*, and also new subscribers. The same Brother will sell books of various kinds for Messrs. LINDSAY & BLAKISTON. Similar appointments have been conferred on Mr. SAMUEL LAIRD, a member of

Rev. Dr. MAYER's church, of this city, and on Mr. JOHN TRYDAY, recently of Hagerstown, Md. We commend these Agents to the kind reception of the reading public among whom they shall prosecute their labors. H.

TWO HUNDRED NEW SUBSCRIBERS WANTED! —We have still on hand about two hundred copies of the back numbers of the *Home Journal*, which we would be highly gratified to send to this number of new subscribers. Who will display the most industry and zeal in procuring and forwarding names? We trust many of our clerical brethren will be induced to make a renewed effort to increase the circulation of the *Journal* in their respective charges. We invite the co-operation of our friends in this matter. H.

ENCOURAGEMENT.—The Lebanon Conference, at its recent meeting, passed the following resolution commendatory of the *Journal*:

"Resolved, That we recommend to the liberal patronage of our churches, the *Home Journal*."

This is encouraging. It is an easy thing, we know, to pass resolutions—but resolutions in the Lebanon Conference mean something. It is inspiring to have the approval of such men. Without invidious comparison, the brethren composing this Conference are among the most *scholarly, intelligent, and efficient* ministers in our Church; all will acquiesce in this judgment, the moment their names are mentioned,—Wedekind, Brown, Steck, and others of like stamp. Now, we say, it is something to have the good opinion and commendation of such men. We feel a new impulse in our work—and we expect to see the fruits of that resolution. We enjoy the fragrance of its blossoms, and hope to see the clustering fruit, in due season.

We have received similar tokens of approval and encouragement from different sections of the Church, and we thank God and take courage.

After writing the above, we noticed a similar resolution, passed by the Synod of Pennsylvania, at its recent convention.* This commendatory notice of the *Journal* by the largest and most influential Lutheran Synod in America, is matter of heartfelt encouragement. T. S.

*"Resolved, That we commend the *Lutheran Home Journal*, &c., to our people."

We hope the Brother who kindly handed to us his *Journal* of "Travels in Wales," will excuse the delay of their appearance in the *Journal*. We shall begin their publication next month. These sketches of travels will be read with interest—abounding as they do in humorous incidents and pictures of men and places. T. S.

THE
Lutheran Home Journal.

AUGUST, 1856.

“LYRA GERMANICA.”

BY REV. C. W. SCHAEFFER.

THIS is the pleasant and appropriate title of a work, upon the appearance of which we may congratulate all the lovers and students of Hymnology.

In the year 1833, the CHEVALIER BUNSEN, distinguished both in the political and in the religious world, published a German work, under the title, “*Plan of a Hymn and Prayer Book, for general use.*” In the compilation of this work, he employed some nine hundred hymns. Of these about one hundred have been translated by an English lady, CATHARINE WINKWORTH, and the volume in which they appear, lately issued by STANFORD (New York), bears the foregoing title, *Lyra Germanica* (THE GERMAN LYRE). Its subjects and arrangement correspond with the progress of the Christian year; and on this account it is most admirably adapted to be used as a book of continuous or permanent devotion; a use for which, as we might judge from its contents, it was specifically designed.

Here we have hymns of LUTHER, “always full of fire and strength, of clear, Christian faith, and brave, joyful trust in God;” of RIST, who suffered much in his youth from mental conflicts, and who used to say, “the dear cross hath pressed many songs out of me;” of PAUL GERHARDT, “the greatest of German hymn-writers,” from whom, also, we may learn of patience

in tribulation, and of that heroic faith that overcomes the world; of GEORGE NEUMARCK, whose spiritual songs, first spreading rapidly among the common people, soon secured for themselves a lofty place in the pure affections and the imperishable memories of the generations that love the Lord; of FRANK, of TERSTEEGEN, of ANTON ULRICH (Duke of Brunswick), of DESZLER, and of others, all holy bards, at once adorned with the graces of genius, the inspiration of the Muse, and quickened by the sanctifying influences of the Divine Spirit. Here are the hymns so deeply engraven upon the hearts of believing Germans, that, if you repeat the first line in their hearing, you strike a cord that vibrates in pleasure through their inmost soul. They will promptly take up the strain; they will wander on through the thrilling stanzas; they will renew their patience for their trials, their courage for their conflicts, and their joys, even in the prospect of death.

And the translation, we must say, is admirable. The occasional intricacy of the metre, it is true, is sometimes suggestive of a foreign origin; but the language is throughout so pure, so thoroughly English, so classical, that we can scarcely avoid the impression that what is put forth only as a translation, is, in reality, an original production. We had at first supposed, that the fair translator must have used very great freedom in the execution of her work—that possibly she took the general sentiment from the Ger-

man, but varied its forms and relations according to her own pleasure. But when we ventured to compare her work with the original, we were struck with admiration, as we discovered how promptly and truthfully the latter found its echo in the former. We have heard much of the difficulty of bringing up our English speech to an equality with the German, in the full, round, deep, melodious utterance of Christian devotion; and we have partly believed it. Yet the volume before us has given us other impressions, and convinced us that Genius, with a believing heart, and an English tongue,* is fully competent to lay hold of our noblest German hymns, and rehearse all their flowing numbers, and all their glowing sentiments to perfection. In the songs of this "*Lyre*" we discern the German spirit, arrayed in the purest English drapery, easy, graceful, flowing, without stiffness, without constraint, having nothing irrelevant introduced, to have an effect, and nothing appropriate omitted.

Let us give an example. Whoever has at hand PAUL GERHARDT'S familiar hymn, "*Ist Gott fuer mich, so trete gleich alles wider mich.*" Let him compare that with the translation, which runs thus,

"If God be on my side,
Then let who will oppose;
For oft, ere now, to Him I cried,
And he hath quelled my foes.

"If Jesus be my friend,
If God doth love me well,
What matters all my foes intend,
Though strong they be, and fell!"

So it goes on through ten stanzas. Now whoever compares the two, will make a grand discovery, that may perhaps enrapture him. He will see, he will *feel*, that very heroism, that very indomitable courage with which the noble German, trusting in the name of the Lord, bids defiance to all his foes, breathed out into his own heart, through the medium of our English speech. The whole hymn deserves to be burnt in upon the memory of the English, as it is upon that of the German Church, to be handed down from generation to generation, as a Christian song of defiance of the world.

But what can we say in a short article, when we have a hundred such hymns before

us, all of them, upon the most important subject of the Gospel history, and of Christian experience? We can scarcely refrain from speaking of LUTHER'S: "*Aus tiefer Noth schrei Ich zu Dir!*" and of NEUMARCK'S "*Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten.*"

Yet we shall close, by saying that we are strongly inclined to undertake to serve the readers of the "*Journal*," by occasionally presenting the whole of one of these admirable hymns upon its pages. If we should do so, doubtless, many of them would find the hymns so edifying in the closet, and so pleasant in the family, that they would promptly thank us for this little service. However, our readers had better buy the book itself.

GOOD NATURE.

THOSE children are universally beloved, who are uniformly good-natured. A heart of stone will melt before the pleasant smile, the ringing laugh, the joyous shout, and the merry prattle of childhood; while a snarling, petulant, and fretful disposition, will drive away the comfort of many an otherwise happy circle. As in childhood, so in youth; the first-named qualities of disposition render a boy beloved by companions, and a girl the idol of her friends.

Parents should spare no pains in inculcating such a spirit, and the youthful reader of this paragraph, it is hoped, will cherish it, as he would "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Honesty and integrity of purpose are more vitally important as concerns our future well-being; but the cheerful man is the happy one here, and much more likely to be the successful one also. It is impossible for a youth whose temper is soured in his early days, to clear his brow in after life. Sunshine does not follow storm in this case, as it does in a summer sky, and therefore let all begin early, and sustain through life the light of a cheerful and sunny disposition.—*Extract.*

ALL that is truly good and beautiful in life blooms around the altar of domestic love.

TEACHING LITTLE CHILDREN TO BE BENEVOLENT.

BY REV. E. W. HUTTER.

(See Engraving.)

WE are not at all opposed to the inculcation of truth, religious or secular, by means of *pictorial* representation. So far from joining in the condemnation thereof, we highly approve of it, as among the most influential and effective of human instrumentalities. The custom to which the Roman Catholic Church, from long usage, has been addicted, of bowing in reverential homage before a picture, is only an *abuse* of a principle in the human heart, wholly unexceptionable, and to which we all, more or less, have constant recourse. The *abuse* furnishes no conclusive reason for the discontinuance of the *use*. For ourselves we know of no more powerful auxiliaries in the enforcement of truth upon the human mind than the pencil of the artist, and the chisel of the sculptor, and we in nowise subscribe to that fastidiousness which would sometimes commit Goth and Vandal violence upon them. Since the day our father first handed us the Primer, with its pictorial embellishments, we have been in love with pictures. It may be a weakness, but we wish all our infirmities were equally innocent.

Influenced by such considerations, we present to our readers this month a picture which serves to inculcate an important Christian duty, in a scene, familiar, but well conceived, and happily developed. The scene portrayed is that of a mother engaged in the task of teaching her two little children, a boy and a girl, in a practical way, the important Christian duty of benevolence. The scene represents a poor and aged couple seated by the wayside, opposite a mansion, enjoying rest. They are perceived by the benevolent matron of the mansion. The kind woman, from her own bountiful table, fills a huge bowl with refreshment—soup, most probably—and directs her two children to carry it to the aged couple, which they do, the mother accompanying them. The poor strangers are in the act of receiving the proffered

bounty, doubtless with gratitude and joy. They partake of it with additional zest, in view of the fact that it is the gift of two such sweet and lovely children.

From this scene, we think, an appropriate and instructive *moral* may be deduced. Benevolence—sympathy for the poor—relief of the wants of the wretched—are among the cardinal virtues of the Christian character. The Redeemer of the World, indeed, in the 25th chapter of Mark's Gospel, insists upon these graces as indispensable to our entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven. Some individuals, it is true, are by nature more inclined to benevolence than others. God has blessed them with generous and sympathizing hearts, that melt spontaneously at the recital of others' woes. But, we affirm, whatever our constitutional susceptibilities, benevolence is a quality of the mind and heart which may be *acquired*, and which is susceptible, too, like every other virtue, of a very high degree of improvement. If it does not exist in children, it can be ingrafted from the parent stock, and its opposite eradicated; for every moral virtue has not only a susceptibility of its own, but possesses also a wonderful expulsive power. There is a process in the healing art, to which we would assimilate it. We mean the recuperative process of *sloughing*, by which the parts diseased are thrown off, and the healthy parts retained. If our children are not benevolent, we can make them so, by no sudden act of galvanism, to be sure, but by mental and moral education. If benevolence has a place in their moral constitution, we can increase it, to such an extent, even, that we will feel obliged to some extent to retrace our steps, lest they be led to a sinful and injurious prodigality. The hard heart *can* be made soft. The adamant soul *can* be melted.

This important secret, no doubt, the observant mother before us has discovered. She seems to have realized that the formation of the characters of that little boy and girl, under God, even in *this* respect, is in her own hands. Hence, when a bowl of soup is to be proffered to two aged and weary travellers, she does not take it to them herself, nor send her servant, to do it



A MOTHER TEACHING HER CHILDREN THE PRACTICE OF BENEVOLENCE.

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given, will He pay him again." Proverbs xix. 17.

"Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward." Mark ix. 42.

mechanically—but she tenders it to the weary couple by the delicate hands of her two dear and interesting children. Happy conception! Reflective mother! By this course she accomplishes a twofold purpose. She relieves the wants of the poor, and, by a direct reflex process, sheds the dews of a benign and humanizing influence over the tender hearts of her hopeful offspring. Thus they are early habituated to deeds of Mercy. Thus they are taught the great Christian duty of Benevolence, by living and practical methods, from their childhood.

In our own intercourse with children, we have observed some striking exemplifications of these truths, whose foundations are laid, broad and deep, in the philosophy of the human heart. One such example is vividly present to our mind. We have a little niece—five years old—as sweet and fascinating a little fairy as God hath ever made. When less than three years old, one day, by a mere providence (we never say accident), we discovered in the character of this little girl (would you believe it?) a serious fault. Young as she was, the proclivities of “the first man Adam” loomed up as prominently from her character, as if she were a matured woman. To her shame be it spoken, *little Sally was stingy!* This was her evident besetment. With selfish resistance would she decline to share even a bit of cake or candy with a playmate. Her motto was *Cæsar aut nullius*.

We resolved, by the help of God and her dear parents, to cure her. We gave her cakes and candies, and then asked her to share with her little companions, purposely to test her. The ruling passion at first was wonderfully strong. She displayed an iron will in its indulgence! Oh! how the little Amazon would resist! She would scream, scratch, struggle, run away and hide, and submit to almost any kind of punishment rather than share out her sweetmeats.

But we persevered. We remonstrated, argued, coaxed, and scolded, in return. “*Veni, vidi, vici.*” “We came, we saw, we conquered.” The little offender at last yielded. From that time forth the child was altered. Her selfishness was crucified, and ever since a more generous, liberal-hearted,

whole-souled, sympathetic little creature does not exist! She would now take her cake, and her candy, out of her very mouth, and give it away. She remembers the lesson, too, and appears to advert to it with mingled emotions of joy and of shame. “What fruit had ye then of those things of which ye are now ashamed.”

We commend these lessons to parents. Ponder well on them. Practise them. Teach your children early to be kind, hospitable, benevolent. Have you money to give to the Sunday School? send it by them. Have you contributions to make to the missionary or charity box? make them agents in its bestowal. Is an Infirmary, a Hospital, and Home for the Friendless, to be reared? interest your children in them. Are soup, or victuals, or clothing, to be carried to the shivering mendicant at the door, do not always go yourself, nor always send them by your servant, but occasionally suffer little JOHNNY and SALLY to bear the bounty to the joyous recipients. Thus will you be educating them for usefulness, for honor, for happiness, and for glory. And if thus early practised in the graces of the Christian character, “when they grow old they will not depart from it.”

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TIME, THE SPRING—ETERNITY THE HARVEST.—If thou art a child of Heaven, the more attractive our Father makes this world, so much the more shouldst thou be longing to behold the glory of that “better land;” for if Spring can spread such charm over our sin-blighted world, as to fill our hearts to overflowing, what will not *Heaven* be, when we remember, that “eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor the heart conceived” its joy and blessedness!

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MARRIAGE.—Tacitus says:—“Early marriage makes us immortal. It is the soul and chief prop of empire. That man who resolves to live without woman, and that woman who resolves to live without man, are enemies to the community in which they dwell, injurious to themselves, destructive to the whole world, apostates from nature, and rebels against heaven and earth.”

(Original.)

GOD IN NATURE.

(NO. I.)

THE material world in which we live is not only most beautiful, but it wonderfully displays the wisdom and goodness of its Creator.

To the eye of sense it is beautiful in the variety afforded in its alternating day and night, and ever-changing seasons; in its bright clouds, its blue sky, and its starlit canopy of night; in its green landscapes, its plains, hills, and mountains; and in its gushing fountains, and its fertilizing streams.

It is full of beautiful arrangements, and of wonderful adaptations. The vegetable kingdom is adapted to the animal, the animal to the vegetable, and both to their dependent relations to the inorganic world. It did not make *itself* thus. It did not become such by *chance*. God made it what it is, and everywhere it is full of the evidences of His wonder-working hand.

It is the privilege as well as the duty of the Christian, whilst he daily studies and cherishes the teaching of the Bible, God's revealed will, to learn lessons of wisdom, of duty, and of encouragement from the pages of the great book of nature. It is by a reference to the providence of God, as seen in the events of the material world, that our divine Lord endeavored to inspire the multitudes, who heard his great Sermon on the Mount, with a strong confidence in God. "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Good men, because they so constantly disconnect religious reflections with their contemplations of the outer world, undoubtedly arrive at a less exalted conception of the character of God, have a more con-

tracted range of devotional thought, and, consequently, possess a lower and less intelligent piety than would characterize them if they habitually sought to behold Him in everything. We should, indeed, be but poorly prepared to enter upon our search with profit, if we did not take with us the revelation which He has made to us in his Word. We should grope our way, as thousands have done, amidst the beauties of the earth, and the glories of the heavens, and fail to see distinctly the traces of the ever-presence, the providence, and the benevolent arrangements of our Heavenly Father. But with this handbook, this guide, in our possession, we may discern His greatness and goodness in everything by which we are surrounded. *Science*, without revelation, is blind; it is materialistic; it sees nothing beyond phenomena and laws; it perceives nothing of design, or of benevolent ends in view. But revelation enables us, as in a mirror, to see in these laws of matter, of properties, and of capabilities, benevolent adaptations to our wants and comforts. Thus furnished we can with the Psalmist say, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork;" and behold a thousand confirmations of the announcement, "God is love."

The contemplation of God's works, pursued in this manner, does not, indeed, afford such an illustration of this consoling truth, as every believer beholds in the face of Jesus, whom this love sent to save us from sin and fit us to be his holy and happy subjects in heaven; but it will help to strengthen our faith, and increase our love to Him who has made such ample arrangements in the physical world for our comfort and for our education during our short pupillage here. Whilst a man may have a firm faith in Christ, and a strong assurance that he is accepted in the beloved, and that he shall live and reign with Him forever, though he be profoundly ignorant of many things that science teaches, yet if any one will enter upon the study of the material world in the fear and love of God, he will find such an employment operating most beneficially upon his religious views and

affections, and affording him a more comprehensive view of the majesty, power, wisdom, and benevolence of our great Father on high.

The difficulty now before us is not where shall we find evidences of the perfections and the benevolent care of our God for his creatures, but where, out of innumerable examples, shall we begin to select or to specify?

1. *The constitution of the atmosphere in its relations to animal life.* Aeriform bodies, such as the atmosphere, we call *gases*. The air which we constantly breathe is composed of two such gases mingled together. The one we call Oxygen, the other Nitrogen. They exist together in the atmosphere in the proportion of one of oxygen to four of nitrogen by bulk. Though there be always commingled with them variable quantities of watery vapor, from which are formed cloud, rain, snow, and dew; and carbonic acid thrown off from the lungs of animals and formed during combustion and fermentation, as also various effluvia, yet these two may be said to compose the atmosphere.

The oxygen is necessary for respiration. We cannot live without it for more than a few moments. The blood which has once passed through the arteries and veins is unfit to be sent again by the heart upon another circuit. When not promptly furnished with the requisite quantity of oxygen, a feeling of suffocation and faintness is experienced, and soon death is the result. The "shortness of breath," or the being "out of breath," as it is sometimes termed, experienced after severe exercise, or running, may serve as an illustration of this partial suffocation, arising from want of a sufficiency of oxygen. The greater the physical effort we put forth, the more rapidly do we breathe, just because the circulation of the blood is accelerated, and more oxygen is needed. When, therefore, more of the latter is required than a rapid breathing will afford, the effect is the same as if an actual deficiency existed. When we, however, are at rest, or asleep in a comfortable position of body, our breathing is slow and calm, because the blood being less accelerated requires less oxygen.

Here we already see how beautifully God has ordered it that the supply should be proportionate to the wants of the body.

The lungs, into which the air is taken when we inhale, consist of a mass of air and bloodvessels, separated from each other by thin partitions of membrane. The mixed gases, Oxygen and Nitrogen, are made to fill the air vessels, whilst the blood from the veins, now no longer fit for the purposes of life, fills the bloodvessels. Oxygen passes through the thin partition and is absorbed by the blood, nearly all the Nitrogen remaining behind. The blood, thus charged with its freight of Oxygen, is poured back into the heart, and by it, sent through the arteries throughout the whole body. By continually branching the arteries become at last as small as fine hairs, and therefore they are called *capillaries*. Throughout the whole of its course in the arteries, but particularly in these capillaries, the Oxygen is continually consuming the waste matter of the body which is thrown into the blood. Every effort we put forth, both mental and corporeal, voluntary and involuntary, whether we wake or whether we sleep, is attended by the waste of living matter, which must be restored by a deposit of some new matter from the blood. In health, the dead are constantly replaced by new living particles, so that the body remains in its normal condition. But the dead particles must be removed as fast as they become such, or they will produce disease, and death general. This is the office which Oxygen has to perform. Hence our consumption of Oxygen is proportionate to the waste of the body. There is thus a beautiful balance kept up. In the case of disease, especially in most of fevers, the living in unusual numbers become dead particles, the blood is accelerated, the breathing becomes rapid, and the body wastes away speedily. By a wise arrangement the dead and contagious particles are burned off, often, however, not as rapidly as they are formed, and consequently the disease progresses, until a point is reached at which either the waste and consumption become equalized, and the vital processes gradually gain the preponderance, or the

diseased action gains the complete supremacy, and the result is death. Rest, quietness of body, composure of mind, cheerfulness, and good nursing, if they do not check, at least do not give any advantage to the diseased action, and hence they afford an opportunity to the vital power to throw off the disease and to bring the body again into its normal state.

If then Oxygen is so essential to life and to the maintainance of the body in a state of health, why is it not furnished to us in a state of purity, and why is it mingled with four times its bulk of Nitrogen in the atmosphere? Why are we obliged to breathe it so much diluted? Here again we find a striking evidence of the benevolence and wisdom of the Creator, who has adjusted our frames to external nature, and that to us. When Oxygen is breathed in its purity, there are produced results somewhat similar to those of disease. The blood is accelerated, inflammation is produced, and death, in a short time follows. In the quantities in which we ordinarily breathe it, it does not attack or consume any of the living particles of the body, but when there is not waste matter for the full exhaustion of its powers, it causes living to become effete matter. It does not return through the veins as it went through the arteries. If it do not find, it will produce matter upon which it may act. Hence we see the necessity of a large dilution. Nitrogen is inert or negative in its relations to the system. Physiologists know of no way in which it becomes a constituent of the tissues of the body except through the food. It does not find its way farther than to the lungs. The whole of the Nitrogen, and but half of the Oxygen inhaled, are thrown out again at every expiration.

But might not the same end be gained by a pure atmosphere of Oxygen of one-fifth of its present density? Would not the same amount of Oxygen be inhaled as at present at each inspiration? There would; but in such a rare atmosphere the process of breathing would become exceedingly laborious, and perhaps, impossible for any length of time. In situations, as on high mountains, where the atmosphere is reduced to one-half its ordinary density, respiration

is, in many cases, carried on with great difficulty and pain. How much more would it be so, if it were reduced to a density of one-fifth? An atmosphere of pure oxygen of such a degree of rarity would, consequently, not answer the wants of the body, though the precise quantity were afforded. How wisely, therefore, has God arranged the air for our health and comfort!

Nor should we forget that in this benevolent arrangement, He has provided for another important want. It is *animal heat*. The natural temperature of the body is constantly about 98°. In healthy children it is a little higher; in extreme old age it is lower. This heat is not introduced from without the system; it is developed by processes within the body. Whilst a part of it is produced by digestion, or the chemical changes which take place during that process, the greater portion, by far, is the result of the combustion of the dead or effete particles by Oxygen, as already described. This, with an average amount of food and exercise, by which the useless particles are brought under the control of the Oxygen, will produce an average amount of temperature. In the summer, or during active exercise or labor, the excess of heat developed, is kept down by perspiration and the cold produced by its evaporation. So also in fevers, when the skin becomes moist, the high temperature is reduced and the patient is greatly relieved. On the contrary, during the cold of winter, the rapid waste of heat from the body must be prevented by artificial external heat, or by an increase of the quantity of clothing. Whilst clothing does not communicate any warmth to the body, it does what is equivalent to it; it prevents its escape.

It is curious to notice how the temperature of the body rises and falls with the amount of Oxygen appropriated. Animals, such as toads and serpents, which breathe very slowly, have always a low temperature. On the contrary, those animals which breathe rapidly or have large lungs, maintain a high temperature, and during severe exertion or a febrile state of the body, when the circulation and breathing is full and rapid as already stated, the heat becomes excessive.

And here God has provided a prompt relief in the perspiration which starts from every pore, and which, by its evaporation, cools the oppressed system. Few consider how great a blessing there is in this benevolent arrangement. If perspiration did not promptly follow, we should be able to endure but little bodily effort.

It is also worthy of remark how wonderfully the cravings of the healthy body, in relation to food, corresponds with its demands for a supply of animal heat. In summer, or when the body is kept by clothing or artificial heat in a warm condition, the expenditure of temperature being prevented, the quantity of food which the appetite demands is greatly reduced, unless by exercise and perspiration the excess is carried off. When, however, the body is exposed to cold and its heat is rapidly expended, the appetite is sharpened, digestion is more perfect, and a quality of food is demanded such as during its combustion in the system will afford more heat. Accordingly we find that in cold climates and during cold seasons the richest kinds of food are relished, whilst the contrary is true in summer and warm climates. Within the tropics men live almost exclusively on vegetable diet; in temperate latitudes it is mixed; whilst in the polar regions it is entirely animal, and the fatter it is the more highly it is prized. Whilst the Hindoo is satisfied with his rice, the Eskimo feasts upon the fats extracted from the seal.

We must not forget, in concluding this topic, to direct attention to the wonderful manner in which God, who feeds the fowls which cannot sow or gather into barns, clothes the lower animals, which cannot, like man, adapt themselves artificially to the changes of season. At the approach of the long winters of the high latitudes, most of these animals acquire a thick coating of fine hair or fur, which answers them the same purpose that an extra garment of woollen fabric does us. In the spring this fine hair is shed, and a thin coating of coarser hair takes its place. This is known to be the case with several of our domestic animals, such as the horse and the cow. Hence, too,

trappers endeavor to capture the animals whose fur is esteemed valuable before the warm weather of spring sets in.

These arrangements are not the result of a blind chance. They show that a wise and benevolent Being made and controls the world of matter, and that He has so constructed the animal economy that it shall be adapted to the various changes which the former may undergo. And we see how admirably He has made a single element—Oxygen—to minister to the health and comfort of our bodies.

Z.

RAILROAD REFLECTIONS.

BY LEWIS L. HOUPP.

NUMEROUS, and highly instructive, are the lessons, which may be deduced from the every-day occurrences of life. At home and abroad, everywhere, may the scenes of earth be made to remind us of the scenes of Eternity, and teach us the necessity of a preparation to enter upon the life beyond the grave.

On many railroads it is customary to permit none to enter the cars, unless they exhibit a ticket, as they pass through a narrow gangway. Musing upon this regulation, a short time ago, when returning home from the East, and when, with the rest, before I was allowed to enter the cars, I was obliged to exhibit my ticket, I was led to the following train of reflection.

Here were persons from every conceivable locality. Each one had a ticket. The tickets were of various kinds, issued at different times, and by different agents. All who had *genuine* tickets, however, no matter how much they differed, were permitted to pass through the narrow gangway, unquestioned. All, without tickets, were *rejected*. Each one, too, was obliged to pass through singly, by virtue of his own ticket, and could not depend upon the ticket of his neighbor. I noticed, too, that children procured their tickets at half price, whilst infants were permitted to pass free of charge.

Those car-loads of passengers served to my mind as a suitable representation of the whole human family. We are all travellers

to a distant world—voyagers to another scene of action—strangers and pilgrims in the earth. We are all passing through the narrow gangway—DEATH. It is appointed unto all men once to die. No matter in what quarter of the world we live, we must at last come up from the north and the south, the east and the west, and pass through the valley of the shadow of death. If we have a genuine ticket, purchased with the blood of the crucified Son of God, it is accepted. It matters not by what church it has been issued, whether Lutheran or Presbyterian, Methodist or Episcopalian, if it but bear the impress of the Saviour's name, it will serve to us as a passport into the Kingdom of Heaven. But if we have no ticket—no "title clear to mansions in the skies!"—when we come up to the narrow gangway, we are rejected, "bound hand and foot, and cast into outer darkness." Each one, too, must render *his own* account. The human family is individualized in that great day. My title to heaven will not benefit you, and yours, however indisputable, will not avail me. If we have not each, for ourselves, sought and obtained an interest in the covenanted blood of the Lamb, we will be cast out from the presence of God and the holy angels. "Every man shall bear his own burden."

Furthermore, to pursue the analogy: Children reach heaven at half-price. "Unto whomsoever little is given, of him little is required." Christ died for them, as for all, but they have done less, suffered less, sinned less, and their responsibility is in proportion. And the little infants, who nestle so closely in their parents' bosoms, need no ticket at all. They enter in, too, by Christ, but they are not *judged*, as are adults, not having arrived at years of accountability. They are merely *transplanted*—here expanding buds; there blooming flowers in the paradise of God. Not having committed *actual* sin, they do not need the ticket of repentance towards God, but are suffered to pass, unquestioned, reposing on the arms of Jesus, into the region of eternal sunshine and glory.

Fellow-traveller to eternity! "Strait is

the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life." *See to your ticket!*

THE WEST.

BY LEWIS L. HOUPT.

HAVING occasion, a short time since, to visit Chicago, and desirous to know something of the condition of our beloved Lutheran Zion there, I spent part of a day in visiting the Reverend PAUL ANDERSEN, and the Norwegian church, under his care. The progress of this church has been watched by its friends in the East with considerable interest. Many of them, indeed, have felt it a privilege to contribute to its erection. Under the pastoral care of one, whose zeal and fidelity in the cause of Christ cannot be too highly extolled, I felt sure the report would be a goodly one, and these fond expectations have not been disappointed.

Accompanied by the pastor, I went to the church, and as we drew near, my heart was made truly glad by the prospect. The church is a brick structure, a square tower or belfry in front, and is neatly and appropriately ornamented. It stands in the very heart of a large Scandinavian population, and when finished, will be really an ornament to the neighborhood, and I trust a centre of light, diffusing radiance on every side.

With the interior I was highly pleased. By dint of the most persevering exertion and pecuniary sacrifice, the congregation has succeeded in finishing the *body* of the church, in order to have a place of meeting and a rallying-point for its membership. There is in the entire interior a beautiful simplicity, exceedingly appropriate to a House of God. The pure white walls, surmounted by a neatly ornamented Gothic roof—the choir-gallery, spanning one end of the audience chamber—opposite to it, the neat pulpit—together constitutes a most delightful and agreeable whole. Here is no gaudy upholstery—here are no richly painted windows—no costly frescoing—but I nevertheless felt, that *here*, in this neat sanctuary, if anywhere, God will delight to meet with His humble and devout worshippers.

This church, I have said, has been erected,

only by dint of the most intense and self-denying perseverance. When all other means had failed to raise an amount sufficient to complete the structure—when every cent apparently had been given which the membership could spare—yet, so anxious were they for the completion of the edifice, that, rather than renew their call on the East, the individual members have loaned to the church additional sums, varying from \$25 to \$100—and now the building is thus far completed with but \$3000 debt, and nearly all the pews rented.

The erection of this new church has resulted in an acquisition of some twenty families, who had previously not attended the services of any sanctuary. The congregation may, therefore, be regarded as permanently established. The revenue of the church from pew rents alone (some of which rent for \$40), is more than sufficient to defray the entire current expenses. Thus God has given our church a nucleus in the great and growing city of Chicago. Let us unitedly pray, that there may be added unto it many enterprising men, who shall bear thence the glad tidings of salvation through all the West! May God prosper our Lutheran church in Chicago, and restore the health of its beloved pastor!

TRAVELS IN WALES.

JOTTINGS OF A TRAVELLER IN LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

NO. I.

DEAR FRED: You know that, besides the improvement of my health, a prominent object of my visit to the Old-World was to spend some time with my friends in England. The delicious weather with which I started from New York followed me across the ocean, and to my brother's beautiful residence in St. Michael's Hamlet, in the immediate vicinity of Liverpool. After enjoying for some days the quiet repose of that lovely spot, where elegant mansions and sweet cottages embowered in shrubbery and roses and fragrant creepers meet your eye every few moments as you ramble about in the still and shady lanes, a trip to Caernarvon, in North Wales was proposed. The party was to consist of my brother and his

wife, my friend, Mr. B., and his lady, and your humble servant; and the time appointed for our departure was Saturday morning, July 8th. We accordingly left Liverpool by the steamer, Prince of Wales, at about 11 A. M., having made our way on board with some inconvenience; their arrangements for passengers entering and leaving steamboats are in England, as you know, far inferior to ours. I heard warm praises of the beauty of our boat; but she could not bear comparison with the palaces that float upon our rivers, as regards either convenience or elegance. Yet she was a very fine vessel, of great solidity and strength. There was a fine commodious cabin below, which could not, however, compensate for the want of shelter on deck, either against the rain or the scorching rays of the sun. It was our lot this morning to bear the latter infliction some time after starting; for I never experienced warmer weather in England than we had during the earlier half of this day. On account of the violent winds, sudden squalls, and rough waves frequent in this channel, the steamers plying here in different directions are not provided with permanent awnings, which would soon be demolished. For some time, therefore, we protected ourselves as well as we could against "the sun's perpendicular heat" with umbrellas, my large family umbrella, which my sister-in-law always facetiously called grandpapa, and about which I am often very much quizzed, rendering good service with its extraordinary expanse of sunbeam-intercepting surface. This same venerable umbrella has, by-the-by, just claims to your respectful consideration; for, after sheltering me here for years from heat and wet, it has, in its old age, greatly enhanced its respectability by making the tour of Europe, accompanying me faithfully, like a veteran servant, through all the varying scenes of foreign travel. We were quite glad to perceive, after a while, that the "deck-hands" were preparing to spread a canvas awning over the deck, a feat accomplished with no great despatch, and with no small danger to the ladies' bonnets and the gentlemen's hats, my own beaver, but just purchased from "Satchell, by special ap-

pointment, hatter to His Royal Highness, Prince Albert," receiving sundry woful thumps. The operation seemed to discompose a hale, hearty yeoman, who, with his buxom and rather pretty mate, and some four or five childreu, occupied a bench against the gunwale, directly opposite my seat. But after mamma and the children, who were assiduously engaged in stuffing cakes, had been well jammed and their headgear crushed out of shape, and the rest of us had, more than once, been unceremoniously shoved about, the awning was at last raised, and duly made fast, to our great immediate relief. I say *immediate*, because in escaping from one evil we fell into another: in flying from the darts of Phœbus we encountered the blasts of Æolus. The awning produced such a draught on deck, that it was very soon too cool for me, and I was glad to put on and button up my overcoat, not a little pleased to find that I was not singular in my chilliness, when I saw the gentlemen around me following my example, and the ladies wrapping up in shawls and even cloaks.

Notwithstanding our exposure, first to the scorching sunbeams, and then to the chill breeze, our sail was for some time very pleasant. The coast presented a variety of interesting and beautiful scenery, and the eye dwelt with delight on sunny slopes gradually receding from the water's edge up to pleasant mansions, or charming cottages, cosily imbedded in lawns of softest green, shaded and sheltered by lofty trees standing here and there in solitary majesty, and again clustering in picturesque groups and dense groves. Our eyes feasted on these charms of nature until the summons came to feast our palates on roast beef and mutton, and a variety of other delicious viands, an invitation to which none of the passengers seemed loath to render due honor. While we were engaged in refreshing the inner man in the most approved style of gastronomics, I could perceive, from occasional glimpses through the cabin window opposite my seat, that I was losing the enjoyment of a great deal of fine scenery; but, as the attempt to do two different things at one and the same time is never attended with much success, I ban-

ished the regret at the loss from my mind, and devoted myself with undivided energy to the delectations of the table. While prosecuting this agreeable occupation under the auspices of our captain's round and rubicund face, the face of the sky began to assume a frowning aspect: a thick gray curtain rapidly overspread the heavens, which had just been so smiling, and in the southeast, the quarter whence this change proceeded, hung a great mass of black and threatening cloud, which seemed to bode a coming thunderstorm. The wind blew fresh and gusty, so that our awning had to come down; and when the rain did come, my veteran umbrella was my only shelter, as I did not like to take refuge in the cabin below.

The rain, however, did not amount to much: nevertheless, we did not see much of the beautiful Welsh coast, for a dense fog swept across and hovered along its fair outline, and, hanging in long wizard streaks upon its winsome features, concealed it almost entirely from view. Still we caught, here and there, through rents in the misty curtain, pleasant glimpses of bright-green, sunny hillsides, of smiling lawns, and of sheep-pastures covered with tiny-looking sheep, all interspersed with darker greens, with clusters of trees, and great patches of sterile soil or arid rocks. The sky was clear again as we approached Little Orme's Head, a little beyond which is Great Orme's Head, both rising, steep and rugged, high above the water. The latter is more particularly worthy of notice. It is a promontory consisting of one vast rock, which was once, without doubt, an island; for even now it is connected with the main land only by a neck of low marshes. From its conspicuous position and great height, it forms an important landmark to seamen. Its whole surface is traversed by great horizontal fissures, giving it the appearance of an immense jelly-cake composed of a series of layers: near the base great caverns have been worn into it by the violence of the waves; and from the wasting action of beating winds and pelting rains, large pieces sometimes fall, with thundering noise, into the waters beneath. Both these immense

rocks are alive with sea-birds, which are secure from all molestation in such inaccessible crags. The surface was dotted with gulls, which breed in vast numbers, in the fissures: flocks of these singular birds were wheeling their eccentric flight around those towering headlands, while black wild ducks were darting and screaming about among them; and at the utmost top some sheep were seen, so exceedingly minute, that they could be recognized as living creatures only by their moving from place to place. The Great Orme's Head "consists of alternate beds of chert and limestone, uniformly dipping from every side to a common centre, where a valuable deposit of copper ore is imbedded;" its less imposing neighbor exhibits the same general features. "The beautiful bay between the two headlands might easily be formed into a safe and commodious harbor, affording to vessels of the largest class easy access and secure refuge under every circumstance of tide and weather, for which purpose its great depth of water, and perfect freedom from rocks and shoals render it admirably adapted."

But I must not loiter by the way, as it is Wales itself concerning which I am to write. With a clearer sky, yet with an occasional sprinkle from a passing cloud, we arrived in due time at Bangor Bridge, just above the Menai Suspension Bridge, a work which, though now eclipsed by the Tubular Railway Bridge, will continue to stand, a useful and most elegant monument of human ingenuity and skill. It is by far the more beautiful object of the two. Here, where the most beautiful scenery of our sail opened upon us, we were transferred from the "Prince of Wales" to a smaller steamer, in which we passed first beneath the Menai Suspension Bridge, and soon after beneath the Tubular Bridge; and while we were gazing, in profound enjoyment of the beauties of nature, upon the varied and lovely scenery around us, we were very energetically kept in mind of the grosser interests of society, by the fierce rush and clamor of a railway train that came thundering along the shore, and suddenly plunged into the obscurity of that marvellous structure, the Britannia Tubular Bridge. A prominent object in the scenery

presented by the island of Anglesea, which here lies directly opposite the Welsh coast, is the noble seat of the Marquis of Anglesea, whose purse, if report speak truth, has a pretty large hole in the bottom. When, at about 5 P. M., we were approaching Caernarvon, we had a forcible illustration of the truth of that trite saying, that human nature is the same all the world over, and I became quite convinced of what I had strongly suspected before, that is, that it is not only in American cities that passengers are, upon the arrival of steamboats, beset by a rude mob of half savages in quest of jobs. Certainly what we here experienced was something like an irruption of barbarians. These fellows did not wait until we reached Caernarvon, but boarded our craft when we stopped for a few minutes at Bangor; and a more rude, uncouth, and vagabond-looking set I have rarely seen. In their eagerness to secure the privilege of conveying our luggage to our prospective lodging-places, "for a consideration," they seemed ready to lay violent hands upon ourselves, so that, what with their wild attire, their unkempt locks, their ugly visages, and their uncouth language—our ears being here for the first time assailed by the rattle of Welsh consonants—we might have entertained serious apprehensions for the safety of our persons, had we not had satisfactory evidence around us of being under the strong protection of good Queen Victoria's government. When we had reached the wharf at Caernarvon, and stepped ashore, our efforts to obtain a conveyance to our destined quarters led us into a ludicrous scene. While we were looking for a carriage for the accommodation of the ladies, we three gentlemen intending to walk the short distance we were unexpectedly informed in a very unceremonious manner by some bystander, that the carriage belonging to the "Royal and Sportsman's Hotel" was close at hand; and when we stated that it was our intention to put up at that house, we were all five together with some other travellers, packed like herring into the carriage aforesaid, to which I could not but wish, on the present occasion, the properties of India-rubber, but which, after all, by dint of a little managing,

accommodated us all quite comfortably. Our driver, who had not probably in a long time carried such a load, seemed quite elated, and drove us, amidst a furious cracking of his whip, in dashing style to the door of our hotel, where we were very courteously and smilingly received by the short and plump, but rather pretty and very active landlady, who had its soon provided with nice and comfortable rooms.

The first thing we did was to order tea, and after having taken possession of our several chambers, and brought our externals into more presentable condition than our wet sail and our packed drive from the wharf had left us, we were quite ready to do justice to our first meal in Wales. Everybody knows that in England tables *d'hôte* are rarely met with, as they are not agreeable to the tastes and habits of the English people. Accordingly our table was here also set in our private drawing-room, with equal despatch and neatness; and, I venture to say that, when we gathered around it, we were as pleasant a party as ever clustered around a tea-urn in the "Royal and Sportsman's Hotel." There was my brother, with his profound delight in social comforts, his ever-ready jokes, and his inveterate propensity to quiz poor me about my peculiarities; opposite me, his better half, stanchly John Bull to the heart's core, with her acute judgment, her *savoir faire*, her nice tact, her genealogical infallibility, and her occasional dogmatism upon debatable questions, presiding, with much grace and dignity, at the urn; on my left, my excellent friend B., with his exhaustless fund of information concerning English localities, English society, and English affairs, with his arch humor, his polished frankness, and well-bred straightforwardness of speech, and his enthusiasm for the true, the beautiful, and the good; and by his side, his accomplished lady, entering with ready interest into all our discussions, and, with warm sympathy, into all our plans, and by her quickness of repartee and good-humored raillery, provoking many a merry laugh; and, lastly, your most humble correspondent, enjoying to the utmost these

social delectations supperadded to the comforts which the cook had provided for us.

But I mentioned plans just now; and that reminds me, that my pen has been running away with my memory, and taking its own way, recording events out of their chronological order. While the servants were setting our tea-table, I was standing at the open window which looked out upon the street in front of the hotel, and upon a large, open court on the opposite side, inclosed by a stone wall. Presently I observed my friend B. obviously engrossed completely with the attentive perusal of a large handbill that had been posted upon this stone wall. Suddenly he turned away from this absorbing occupation, ran up stairs at double quick time, and rushed into our midst, evidently, brimfull of the information which he had gathered from the handbill. From this he had learned, he said, that by stage-coaches, regularly running between Caernarvon and Llangollen during the summer-season, for the accommodation of tourists, we would have an opportunity to enjoy together what we had for years been longing for, to wit, a tour through the most striking and picturesque scenery in North Wales. It was the plans in reference to this tour, which were discussed with a good deal of interest during our evening meal; the result of this discussion will appear hereafter.

From the tea-table we all adjourned to Caernarvon Castle, an ancient structure of great extent, and, though partially in ruins, upon the whole in a most extraordinary state of preservation. To us, Americans, in whose country nothing is old but the soil, the forests, and the mountains, the most interesting objects in Europe are the old cathedrals, the old palaces, castles, and such like. You, my dear Fred, know my antiquarian predilections, and my inveterate propensity to break my head over old manuscripts, and to grub about among all sorts of literary antiquities, so that you can readily conceive with what a perfect furor I rushed into that old castle, and with what wild enthusiasm I explored its massive towers, its long, dark passages, and its subterranean chambers. A part of it, directly

as you enter, is inhabited by a janitor or keeper, whose business it is to admit visitors, upon their pounding against the huge and massive gate, which is well secured within. This opened, you pass through a wide and lofty entrance-way built into the castle-wall, into the great open court completely inclosed by the castle; within this gateway, and beneath its solid masonry, you find a middle-aged woman, a member, I suppose, of the keeper's family, who keeps exposed for sale, on a stand, books that refer to the history or topography of Wales, sundry Welsh manufactures for female wear, and dolls dressed in the national costume of the Welsh women. Having first bought a book, I was in doubt as to what other object of interest to purchase, when my sister-in-law settled the question, by assuring me, that it would be quite absurd, and not for a moment to be thought of, that I should return home without a home-manufactured exemplar of the Welsh peasantry in full costume. So the doll was bought, the quizzical creature, with its funny broad-brimmed, sugar-loaf felt hat, with its very comfortable cloak furnished with a large cape and hood, with its dress of linsey-woolsey, and check-apron, and its knitted stockings, and actual leather shoes, all of home-manufacture, with, moreover, a basket suspended on the left arm, the fingers employed figuratively, in knitting, the ball of yarn pinned to the side, just as the Welsh damsels are wont to sally forth on a visit. The next time that you show your segar-smoked phiz in my house, you shall have a sight of this charming Welsh belle, saugly ensconced under a glass-shade, for the reverent inspection of those who are curious in costumes. In my humble opinion, the most interesting part of this specimen of the genus homo, species sapiens, are the legs, on account of the black, veritably knitted stockings in which they are encased; for, doubtless, one reason why naturalists designate our species as sapiens, is, that we thrust our extremities into integuments; but *these* stockings are a curiosity. The ladies seemed to be much entertained by the conversation of the respectable spinster, who dealt in dolls and books, and who had probably at-

tained the honors of old maidenhood, because her charms were concealed from the world by the massive, and seldom unbolted, portal of Caernarvon Castle.

Meanwhile my brother had, with some mischievous design, whispered to the keeper that your modest friend was an American, when the old fellow at once informed us that he had been at the battle of New Orleans, and actually had the impudence to assert, that on that memorable occasion the Americans had been decidedly and unmistakably flogged. An assertion so extremely absurd could, of course, lead to no other conclusion than that the veteran was either a wag, or had the misfortune to be non compos mentis. I therefore ventured merely to propound the following question: If the Americans *were* flogged, how came they not to *stay* flogged; and if the British were victorious, what on earth induced them to scamper off at the top of their speed, to rush pell-mell into their ships, and to make all haste to turn their backs upon the city and country which they had just conquered? A satisfactory answer to this very fair question not being forthcoming, your tender-hearted friend, who did not wish to drive the old man into a corner, passed on into the castle-yard. I may not now tarry to describe in detail this wonderful old structure, which, with the town built around it, occupies very nearly the site of the ancient Seiont, called by the Romans, Segontium. Tacitus relates that, in the year of our Lord 50 (not that he states the date in this way), Ostorius Scapula overran Venedotia, which means North Wales, even to the extremity or the "Cancarum Promontorium," and for a time occupied Caer Seiont—caer denoting camp. No attempts at colonization were made at this time; but A. D. 58, Suetonius Paulus led his legions through the trackless forests of Snowdonia into the smiling lowlands of Arvon, and, after a brief sojourn with the main army, left a garrison at Caer Seiont. The exasperated Welsh, who looked upon this as evidence of a determination to effect a permanent lodgment, made a furious attack upon the Roman camp, and massacred the garrison to a man. Upon this the Roman prefect marched his army back,

and, after many a hardfought and bloody action, exterminated the Ordovician tribe, and established a permanent military station at Segontium, with quarters for a cohort of 600 men adequately provisioned. From an insignificant military station Segontium gradually grew into a first-rate colonial town, exhibiting all the appointments of extensive trade, and of Roman luxury and art. As such it enjoyed honors greater than were usually bestowed upon remote provincial towns. Antonius visited it A. D. 63. Several of the emperors took up their abode there for some time. There is good reason to believe that Constantine the Great was born within its walls. Matthew Paris asserts that "the body of Constantine, the father of the great Constantine, was found at Segontium," by Edward I; and there can be no doubt that here also the accomplished Princess Helena, daughter of the Duke of Cornwall, and afterwards married to the emperor's cousin, was born.

But I cannot pursue the history of this place subsequent to the abandonment of Britain by the Romans, and through irruptions, raids, and massacres, by the Celts of Ireland, who, among other places, sacked and burnt Segontium, only to be in turn slaughtered and ignominiously driven out by bands of Cimbrian warriors from the mother colony of Strathelwyd. The irruptions of Saxons, the bloody razzias of Hugh Lupus, "the Wolf of Chester," and the wars of Llewelyn, "with the gold-tinted blade," I must leave to more ambitious historians. Llewelyn had, for a long time, successfully resisted the efforts of Edward Longshanks to completely conquer Wales, and convert it into an English principality; but his death in A. D. 1283, broke the energies of the nation, and brought the war to a close.

Caer yn Arfon (Caernarvon) became subsequently greatly dilapidated. But the keen eye of the warlike Edward I could not fail to perceive the great advantages presented by the locality for strategic manoeuvres and purposes of defence. Accordingly he had the present castle erected on a broad elevation of rock occupying the western extremity of a quadrangular slip of land, which shelved into the Menai from the

base of Caer yn Arfon. The foundation appears to have been laid in the summer of 1283, but the work proceeded so slowly, and the erection was, while in progress, so nearly destroyed by Prince Madoc, the leader of a savage revolt, that the completion of the northern façade, including the grand entrance, could not be announced until the 13th year of King Edward II, A. D. 1320. To this entrance the royal effigy was affixed in April of the same year, and in 1322 the present Caernarvon Castle was completed.

Whatever may be the artistic defects of this fortress, it is a most imposing structure, and could not fail to be deeply interesting to me, who, as an American, am necessarily unfamiliar with such relics of ancient warfare, which antedate, by centuries, the discovery of our continent. With boyish enthusiasm and delight I gazed upon its lofty exterior, and explored its dark passages and its venerable towers. Two principal entrances and a postern afford the only avenues of communication with the interior. At present it is entered only by the grand entrance, generally termed the King's Gate, which, bisecting the northern façade of the fortress, used to lead into the town by a drawbridge over the moat. Above this entrance, seated on a chair of state beneath a canopy of most minute and elaborate chiselings, is the statue of the founder, his hand on the hilt of his dagger, and at his feet a defaced shield. The countenance has long since lost every human feature and expression, the effect, it is supposed, of atmospheric agents; but as the erection of this royal effigy gave great offence to the unsubdued spirit of the nation, I strongly suspect that its nose was pelted off, its eyes knocked out, its cheeks and chin flattened, by missiles hurled by hostile hands. Welsh poets made it the theme of inflammatory productions, which roused, for a moment at least, the nation to madness. The following line from a poem of one of these popular bards,

"Plym ydych! ple mae Edwart?"

i. e. Are ye dead? See ye not where Edward sits?

excited a great commotion, and is well adapted, in its unpronounceable grandeur, to put to flight a whole army of prodosists.

"Double studded doors of vast strength and

solidity, four ponderous portcullises, and a lofty palisade, gave security to this entrance, in addition to its jealously guarded draw-bridge and barbican. The huge staples on which the gates swing, and the grooved troughs of each portcullis, still exist." I must refrain from inflicting upon you any description of the other entrances. Extensive, and, on the whole, judicious restorations have latterly been executed under government supervision. Although the dilapidation is greater within than without, the chief features of the place are still complete, and the magnificent towers still stand, lifting their lofty heads against

"The crash of thunder and the warring winds."

The average thickness of the walls throughout the edifice, excepting the more massive proportions of the Eagle Tower, is 7 feet, 9 inches. These inclose a large irregular quadrangular court, and form the solid sides of high passages, heavily arched and traversing the whole length of the structure, the outer wall being pierced by many loopholes, and slips for the discharge of missiles. The several floors of the towers, forming separate stages or stories, have been tumbled by time's ruthless hand to the bottom. The Eagle Tower, the loftiest of the seven, was divided into several stories, the floors arched and overlaid with concrete. I ascended, by 150 steps, to its summit, where a splendid prospect over the town and country met my eye, and a brilliant sunset, radiant with the most gorgeous coloring, poured its dazzling splendors over the Isle of Anglesea and the smooth waters of the Menai Straits, and kept me long enchained in enraptured gaze. This tower contains a little triangular chamber, about 12 feet by 8, in which Pennant and tradition assert, that the second Edward, surnamed of Caernarvon, was born. The story is, that after the conquest of Wales, the Welsh continued to manifest an insubmissive and turbulent spirit, bowing with sullen discontent to the English yoke, and breaking out, ever and anon, into fierce revolt. At last they insisted that they would have a prince of their own: this desire gratified, they would ever after be loyal subjects. To soothe this national pride, Eleanor or

Ellinor, Edward the First's queen, when the time of her accouchement was approaching, came to Caernarvon, and took up her abode in this chamber of the Eagle Tower, in which her son, Edward II, was born. The heir to the British throne has since borne the title of "The Prince of Wales." But those sad Vandals, the chronologists, who evertreat legends and tradition with the most unromantic and remorseless cruelty, have basely demolished this precious heirloom of antiquaries, and with the most preposterous accuracy demonstrated, that Edward II, though doubtless born in Caernarvon,* could not have been born in this chamber, because the Eagle Tower was barely completed by the tenth year of Edward II, when that king was thirty years of age. Small thanks to them for their pains! The grim literal souls of such fellows do not deserve ever to enjoy one line of poetry, or one bit of sweet romance. And I defy them to prove, that the bedstead of Edward I, which credible authorities assert to have existed but a dozen years or two ago, and which has been described "as a ponderous and gigantic article of roughly-hewn bog-oak," was not the identical one in which the second Edward was born. With this challenge to the rude spoilers of legendary lore I must bid adieu to Caernarvon Castle.

"THERE are two things," says a recent writer, who has evidently studied the sex, "that a woman, however thoroughly she may forgive them, never forgets,—neglect and unkindness; and when once these have cast their shadows across the bright eager gladness with which she yields up her whole soul as a thank-offering to him she loves, man, with his stronger, sterner nature, can no more bring back the delicacy and freshness of that young affection, than he can restore to the peach the bloom which his careless fingers have defaced. The love may still exist in its full reality, but the bright halo of early romance which surrounded it, has been dispelled, never more to return."

*The fact of his having been born at Caernarvon is not open to question: his birth probably occurred in one of the royal apartments of the old castle, which had not yet been dismantled.

DEATH'S VISIT TO THE VILLAGE.

From Old Humphry's Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

THEY say that people live longer in the country than in the town, and, perhaps, they may a few short years; but, be not deceived, by the saying of my country friends, for the word of the Eternal is gone forth, "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." Neither town nor country can prevent the visit of Death.

Death came up to the village. It was in the spring; the fresh leaves were budding forth, and the snowdrops were peeping out of the ground. He went into the thatched cottage, by the ash-tree, where sat old ROGER GOUGH in his arm-chair, with his brow wrinkled, and his hair white as flax. Roger was taken with the cramp in the stomach, and soon ceased to breathe. "What man is he that liveth, shall not see death; shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?"

The wheelwright's wife sat with her baby, her first-born, in her lap. It smiled as it lay asleep, and breathed softly. She went on mending stockings, now and then casting a fond look at her little treasure. That day a week its gentle spirit departed, leaving its fond parents half heart-broken. How uncertain is human life! "It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."

Death went down the village in the summer. The heavens were bright with sunbeams, and the earth seemed to smile; the gardens were in their glory, merry haymakers were busy in the fields. The sexton's son had long been ailing, and all agreed that he could never struggle through the winter. The red tinge on his cheek was not of a healthy hue; consumption had marked him for the grave. He had taken to his bed for a fortnight, when his head fell back gently on his pillow, and he went off like an infant going to sleep. "As for man his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and

it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

Butcher HANCOCKS was the strongest man in the parish; but he was no match for Death. His chest was broad, and his arms were sinewy and strong, and his frame bulky and well knit together. "As hearty as Hancock's," was a common adage. No matter; sickness soon robs the stoutest of his strength, and pulls down the tallest man to the ground. The fever fastened upon him so, that one hour he raged with heat and thirst, and the next his teeth chattered with the cold. His neighbors carried him to the grave. "Lord, make me know mine end, and the measure of my days, what is it, that I may know how frail I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as a handbreadth, and my age is as nothing before thee. Verily, man, at his best estate, is altogether vanity."

Death crossed the village in autumn. The orchard trees were bending beneath their load, the sickle was at work among the wheat, and the scythe was sweeping down the barley. Never was known a more abundant year. The loaded teams were seen in all directions, and the gleaners were picking up the scattered ears from the stubble. Farmer BLOUNT was a wealthy man. He was in the field with the reapers, when he suddenly fell to the ground. Some said, he was suddenly struck by the sun; and others, it was a fit of apoplexy. But, whatever it was, Farmer Blount never spoke after. You may, perhaps, have seen his tomb by the stone wall of the churchyard with the iron palisades round it. Truly may each of us say, "There is but a step between me and death."

Widow EDWARDS lived in the shed at the back of the pond. It was a wretched habitation; but the poor cannot choose their dwelling-places. The aged widow had wrestled hard with poverty; her bits and crops were few and far between. Her son, who ought to have been a staff for her old age to rest on was at sea. He was roving and thoughtless, but there is a heartache in store for him on account of his aged mother. Death found the widow alone, lying on straw. No one was at hand to comfort her, or to

close her eyes. "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour the Lord doth come."

Death went round the village in the winter. The icicles were a foot long, hanging from the penthouse in the carpenter's yard; and the snow lay here and there in heaps, for it had been shovelled away from the front of the cottages. Not a stone's throw from the finger-post at the end of the village dwelt ABEL FROOME, the clerk's father. For years he had been afflicted; but his mind was stayed upon Christ, the Rock of Ages, and he loved to think of eternal things. He had lived to a good old age, and, as a shock of corn fully ripe for the harvest, he was ready to be gathered into the garner of God. While his days were numbering, his heart applied unto wisdom; and he knew Him, whom to know is eternal life. Death found him sitting up in his bed with his Bible in his aged hands, and the last words that faltered from his lips, were, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Thus died ABEL FROOME. "Mark, the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

The habitation of HARRY TONKS was in a wretched plight when Death crossed the threshold. Harry was an infidel, and scoffed at holy things. His days were mostly spent in idleness, and his nights in poaching, and tipping at the Fighting Cocks. Often had Harry defied Death at a distance, as a bugbear; but when it came in reality, he trembled like a child. Pain racked him, and poverty distressed him; but that was not all, for his conscience was at work within him, and his mind was disturbed. "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?" It was a horrid sight to see Harry clenching his hands, tearing his clothes, and gnashing his teeth in anguish, quite as bad to hear the curses he uttered in despair. He died as the wicked die, without joy, without hope,— "Driven from the light unto darkness, and chased out of the world." "Rend your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God; for he is merciful and

slow in anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of evil."

If Death thus goes up and down, and across and around the village, and at all seasons of the year; and if he takes the old and the young, the feeble and the strong, the rich and the poor, the righteous and the wicked, how long will He pass by THEE? Is it thy prayer—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?" Is Christ thy hope, thy trust, thy salvation? If so, thou mayest indeed rejoice, and say, with exultation, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

MARY'S BEAUTY.

WHERE can it be, dear mother,
That Mary's beauty lies!
More silken are my tresses,
And brighter are my eyes.

Yet children throng around her,
And strangers praise her grace;
There's not a creature in the village
But loves her bonny face.

I know when day is breaking
She seeks the forest stream,
And ever, on returning,
More beautiful doth seem.

Perchance its shaded waters
Some ancient charm retain;
And those who bathe at sunrise,
Its virtue can obtain.

I'll lie me there to-morrow,
To try the waters too;
And wait until she cometh,
And see what she will do.

Young Ella reached the forest
While yet the stars were bright;
But scarcely had she hidden,
When Mary came in sight.

She lightly crossed the streamlet,
And paused upon a spot
Where rocks and twining branches
Had formed a quiet grot.

Unconscious of observers,
She knelt in meekness there;
And looking up to heaven,
Breathed forth a fervent prayer.

Then rising up in gladness,
She warbled forth a hymn,
And homeward bent her footsteps,
While yet the light was dim.

Forth came the softened Ella,
Nor tried the streamlet's art;
She thought not of her features,
But of her erring heart.

JOHN BUNYAN.

BY T. BABINGTON MACAULAY.

TO the names of Baxter and Howe must be added the name of a man far below them in station and in acquired knowledge, but in virtue their equal, and in genius their superior, JOHN BUNYAN. Bunyan had been bred a tinker, and had served as a private soldier in the Parliamentary army. Early in his life he had been fearfully tortured by remorse for his youthful sins, the worst of which seem, however, to have been such as the world thinks venial. His keen sensibility and his powerful imagination made his internal conflicts singularly terrible. He fancied that he was under sentence of reprobation, that he had committed blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, that he had sold Christ, that he was actually possessed by a demon. Sometimes loud voices from Heaven cried out to warn him. Sometimes fiends whispered impious suggestions in his ear. He saw visions of distant mountain tops, on which the sun shone brightly, but from which he was separated by a waste of snow. He felt the devil behind him pulling his clothes. He thought that the brand of Cain had been set upon him. He feared that he was about to burst asunder like Judas. His mental agony disordered his health. One day he shook like a man in the palsy. On another day he felt a fire within his breast. It is difficult to understand how he survived sufferings so intense and so long continued. At length the clouds broke. From the depths of despair the penitent passed to a state of serene felicity. An irresistible impulse now urged him to impart to others the blessings of which he was himself possessed. He joined the Baptists, and became a preacher and writer. His education had been that of a mechanic. He knew no language but the English, as it was spoken by the common people. He had studied no great model of composition, with the exception, an important exception undoubtedly, of our noble translation of the Bible. His spelling was bad. He frequently transgressed the rules of grammar. Yet the native force of genius, and his experimental knowledge of all the religious passions, from

despair to ecstasy, amply supplied him the want of learning. His rude oratory roused and melted hearers who listened without interest to the labored discourses of great logicians and Hebraists. His works were widely circulated among the humbler classes. One of them, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was, in his own lifetime, translated into several foreign languages. It was, however, scarcely known to the learned and polite, and had been, during near a century, the delight of pious cottagers and artisans, before it was publicly commended by any man of high literary eminence. At length critics condescended to inquire where the secret of so wide and so durable a popularity lay. They were compelled to own that the ignorant multitude had judged more correctly than the learned, and that the despised little book was really a masterpiece. Bunyan is indeed as decidedly the first of allegorists, as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakspeare the first of dramatists. Other allegorists have shown equal ingenuity, but no other allegorist has ever been able to touch the heart, and to make abstractions objects of terror, of pity, and of love.

It may be doubted whether any English Dissenter had suffered more severely under the penal laws than John Bunyan. Of the twenty-seven years which had elapsed since the Restoration, he had passed twelve in confinement. He still persisted in preaching; but, that he might preach, he was under the necessity of disguising himself like a carter. He was often introduced into meetings through back doors, with a smock frock on his back and a whip in his hand. If he had thought only of his own ease and safety, he would have hailed the indulgence with delight. He was now at length free to pray and exhort in open day. His congregation rapidly increased; thousands hung upon his words; and at Bedford, where he originally resided, money was plentifully contributed to build a meeting-house for him. His influence among the common people was such that the government would willingly have bestowed on him some municipal office; but his vigorous understanding and his stout English heart were proof

against all delusion and all temptation. He felt assured that the proffered toleration was merely a bait to lure the Puritan party to destruction; nor would he, by accepting a place for which he was not legally qualified, recognize the validity of the dispensing power. One of the last acts of his virtuous life was to decline an interview to which he was invited by an agent of government.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

(From the American Messenger.)

THE human race has exhibited few more brilliant ornaments than WILLIAM WILBERFORCE. There seemed in his early life to be a peculiar combination of circumstances to lure him in the paths of worldly pleasures. He was of distinguished birth, inherited a princely fortune, and was endowed with the most brilliant genius. His talents and rank in life, in his early years, gave him a seat in the Parliament of Great Britain. And almost immediately, by his social position, his unrivalled wit, his skill in debate, and his fascinating eloquence, he rose to be one of the most conspicuous members of the House of Commons, and his society was courted by the most aristocratic circles of aristocratic England. Perhaps there was never on earth a more brilliant assemblage of worldly religionless wits, than those whom George the IV, when heir apparent to the crown, had assembled in his dissolute saloons. There was every attraction there which could entice a young man of talent to live solely for this life, and to banish all thoughts of the life to come. Infidelity was in high fashion; and the most merciless sarcasm fell upon him who would check the flow of hilarity by the restraints of religion.

Surrounded by such temptations, to a young and sanguine mind almost resistless, Wilberforce visited on a pleasure tour the continent of Europe. Several of his wealthy associates were with him, and they were all drinking deeply of the draughts of fashionable pleasure. One day, in an hour of leisure, he happened to find upon the table Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. As he carelessly glanced at

the pages, his attention was arrested and he read. He became more and more interested. A new world of thought and emotion was unfolded to his eager mind. His eyes were opened, and his heart pierced. As their woes thus revealed to him his own lost condition, his alienation from God, his need of a change of heart, he was overwhelmed with anguish, and plead with God for mercy upon his soul. Through penitence and prayer he soon found peace in Jesus. With the boldness of Paul, he communicated the change to the companions of his former pleasures. He immediately confessed his Saviour before men, by union with the Church of Christ. And then, in the exercise of decision of character and moral courage which has seldom, if ever, been surpassed, William Wilberforce moved in the very highest circles of rank and intellect this world has ever known, an humble and consistent disciple of Jesus Christ, never, never ashamed of that Saviour who had redeemed him from sin by his blood.

He wrote a most convincing appeal in behalf of evangelical religion, published it at his own expense, and placed a handsomely bound copy in the hands of each one of his friends, and of every Member of the House of Commons and the House of Lords. He devoted the resources of his brilliant mind, the influence of his exalted station, and the income of his large fortune to the interests of humanity. No blandishments of princes and courtiers could lure him from the path of duty. No keenness of sarcasm could influence him to be ashamed of the principles and practices of piety. His philanthropy has left an impress upon the world, which can never be effaced. Through all coming time his name will be one of the watchwords of benevolence. And England, yea Christendom, mourned, when Wilberforce died. And as the organ in Westminster Abbey uttered the mournful requiem over his burial, gathering thousands dropped a tear in reverence to his memory. He is now, we doubt not, in heaven. Archangels are his congenial friends. But the influence of his life and labors still lives, and to the end of time will live, blessing the inhabitants of this earth. Is it not better, at the

close of life, to look back upon such a career as this, than to review years passed in grasping the transient pleasures which time can only afford.

HYMN OF BEREAVEMENT.

IN hidden wisdom, Father! God!
Bid'st thou thine earthly servants grieve,
O! grant us strength to kiss the rod
Which scourgeth all thou wouldst receive.

Our lily, which began to spread
Its virgin petals to our eyes,
Hath meekly bowed its gentle head,
And thou hast plucked it to the skies.

But though around our darling's brow
Hopes clustered as the flowers of May,
Which, like autumnal foliage, now
Lie sere and withering in our way,—

Oh! bid our thoughts no longer cling
To earth in selfishness and gloom,
But mount on faith's unfettered wing,
With the freed spirit from the tomb.

We thank thee in our hours of mirth:
Teach us that thou art loving still;
That there's no holier joy on earth
Than grief, submissive to thy will.

Subdue our hearts' rebellious strife,
Quicken our souls with heavenly breath,
That, though we weep for death in life,
We mourn not those who live in death.

Death is no messenger of wrath:
As planets hold their watch at even,
So love, which quits our darkened path,
Kindleth its beacon-fires in Heaven.

"A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS."

—Well, what of that? Who wants to be a mossy old stone, away in some damp corner of a pasture, where sunshine and fresh air never come, for the cows to rub themselves against, for snails and bugs to crawl over, and for toads to squat under, among the poisonous weeds? It is far better to be a smooth and polished stone, rolling along in the brawling stream of life, wearing off the rough corners, bringing out the firm crystalline structure of the granite or the delicate veins of the agate or chalcedony. It is this perpetual chafing and rubbing in the whirling current that shows what sort of grit a man is made of, and what use he is good for. The sandstone and soapstone are ground down to sand and mud, but the firm rock is selected for the towering fortress, and the diamond is cut and polished for the monarch's crown.

CASTING LOTS ON THE BIBLE.

AN instructive instance of the effects which may follow a superstitious use of Scripture is recorded in the life of Mr. LACKINGTON. That celebrated bookseller informs us that when young he was one time locked up, to prevent his attending a Methodist meeting, and that, in a fit of superstition, he opened the Bible for directions what to do, and hit upon these words: "*He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.*" "This," says Mr. Lackington, "was quite enough for me; so, without a moment's hesitation, I ran up two pair of stairs to my own room, and out of the window I leaped, to the great terror of my poor mistress." He was, of course, very severely bruised—so severely, indeed, as to be confined to his bed during fourteen days. Mr. Lackington did not see, he could not at the time reflect, that he grossly abused a text of sacred Scripture—that he contorted it to a sense which was imposed on it by Satan—and that he applied it to the exact purpose for the sake of which the deceiver vainly adduced it to our Lord; and he thus very notably proved to all persons who cast lots upon the Bible, that, in superstitiously seeking counsel from the mere book of God's word, they may not alone reject the teaching of Christ and of the Holy Spirit, but directly yield themselves to the guidance of a foolish imagination and of a deceitful heart. How true is it that the "letter killeth," while "the spirit giveth life!"—"The word of God is quick and powerful"—it "converts the soul of the simple"—it is God's "hammer" and God's "fire," "the power of God unto salvation;" but that word is neither paper, ink, nor vocables; nor is it even verses and sentiments addressed to the mere understanding; it is God's testimony—God's testimony to the soul—a testimony which, when understood, is written on the believer's heart, and which no man can appreciate but through the enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit. Whoever would understand and properly use it, let him pray with David: "Open mine eyes, O Lord, that I may behold wondrous things in thy law." H.

CREATIVE WISDOM DISPLAYED IN THE HUMAN EYE.

(From "Dick's Philosophy of Religion.")

BEFORE the eye can behold a landscape, and be charmed with its beauties, it was requisite that three humors should be formed in different sizes, different densities, and different refractive powers—three coats or delicate membranes, with some parts opaque and some transparent, some black and some white, some of them formed of *radial* and some with *circular* fibres, composed of threads finer than those of the spider's web. The *crystalline* humor required to be compressed of two thousand very thin spherical laminae, or scales, lying one upon another, every one of these scales made up of a single fibre, or finest thread, wound, in a most stupendous manner, this way and that way, so as to run several courses, and to meet in as many centres.

This curious and delicate piece of organization required to be compressed into the size of a ball only half an inch in diameter, and a socket composed of a number of small bones, to be hollowed out and exactly fitted for its reception. A bed of loose fat for this ball to rest upon, a lid or curtain to secure it from danger, a variety of muscles to enable it to move upwards and downwards, to the right and to the left, and a numerous assemblage of minute veins, arteries, nerves, lymphatics, glands, and other delicate pieces of animal machinery, of which we have no distinct conception, were still requisite to complete this admirable organ. Even in this state it would be of no use for the purpose of vision, unless it were connected with the brain by the optic nerve, through the medium of which, the impressions of visible objects are conveyed to the soul.

Still, in addition to all these contrivances, a wonderful machinery requires to be in action, and an admirable effect produced, before a landscape can be contemplated. Ten thousand millions of rays compounded of a thousand different shades of color, must fly off in every direction from the objects which compose the surrounding scene, and be compressed into the space of one-eighth of an

inch, in order to enter the eye, and must paint every object in its true color, form, and proportion, on a space not exceeding half an inch in diameter. Were any one of the parts which compose this complicated machine either wanting or deranged; were even a single muscle to lose its capacity of acting, we might be forever deprived of all the enchanting prospects of the earth and heavens, and enveloped in darkness of eternal night. Such is the skill and intelligence requisite for accomplishing, even in a single organ, the purposes of Divine benevolence.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

THESE words are full of strange and moving meaning; winter following spring, nightfall succeeding to dawn! Fanciful ideas crowd upon the mind hand in hand in solemn truths. That little being who knew nothing here, now to know the end of all things! That vacant intelligence which wondered at the ticking of a watch, now to understand the mystery of its own being! My own child, who used to hang upon my lips for instruction, now advanced where one word would from its own mouth be a revelation to me! That helpless creature, borne from arm to arm, guarded by day and watched by night, too shy to bear the approach of a strange face, now launched alone in the "vast profound," escorted by intelligence divine but strange! Will there be one among that crowd of disfranchised spirits who will claim an affinity with it? Will the little brother who departed a year ago recognize this as the babe who entered the bonds of flesh as he was leaving them? Or will it be one of the first signs of a better existence that the ties of blood are not needed in it? Of all the sorrows in this world, that for the death of a young child brings with it the readiest healing. Would you grudge its having received promotion without money? the rights of citizenship without the formality of residence? the certificate of humanity without the service? the end and aim of life without this weary life itself? The death of a child is an enigma, but one which solves many others. The mind may dream and wonder, and form strange conclusions from the weakness of

that life, which has yielded to the strong arm of death; but two truths remain distinct, more plainly read on that cold marble cherub than on any other form of lifeless clay, and those are the worthlessness of that breath which a child is summoned to render up, and the freeness of that grace which a child is able to inherit.—*Selected.*

THE CHILD AT THE TOMB.

(From "Travels in the East.")

— "A little child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?"

AT Smyrna, the burial-ground of the Armenians, like that of the Moslem, is removed a short distance from the town, is sprinkled with green trees, and is a favorite resort, not only with the bereaved, but with those whose sorrowful feelings are thus deeply overcast. I met, one morning, a little girl with a half-playful countenance, beaming blue eyes, and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a small cup of china, and, in the other, a wreath of flowers. Feeling a very natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things in a place that seemed to partake so much of sadness, I watched her light motions. Reaching a retired grave, covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seed, which, it appeared, the cup contained, into the slight cavities which had been scooped out in the corners of the level tablet, and laid the wreath on its pure surface.

"And why," I inquired, "my sweet little girl, do you put seed in those little bowls there?"

"It is to bring the birds here," she replied, with a half wondering look; "they will light on this tree, when they have eaten the seed, and sing."

"To whom do they sing, to you or to each other?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "to my sister—she sleeps here."

"But your sister is dead."

"Oh, yes, sir! but she hears the birds sing."

"Well, if she does hear the birds sing, she cannot see that wreath of flowers."

"She knows I put it there. I told her before they took her away from our house, I would come and see her every morning."

"You must," I continued, "have loved that sister very much; but you will never talk with her any more—never see her again."

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a brightened look, "I shall see her in heaven."

"But she has gone to heaven already, I trust."

"No; she stops under this tree till they bring me here, and then we are going to Heaven together."

THE MAN OF GENIUS.

NOT a May-game is this man's life; but a battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers. No idle promenade through fragrant orange groves and green flowery spaces, waited on by the choral Muses and the rosy Hours; it is a stern pilgrimage through burning sandy solitudes, through regions of thick-ribbed ice. He walks among men; loves men, with inexpressible soft pity—as they *cannot* love him: but his soul dwells in solitude, in the uttermost parts of Creation. In green oases by the palm tree well he rests a space; but anon he has to journey forward, escorted by the Terrors and the Splendors, the Archdemons and the Archangels. The stars, keen glancing from the Immensities, send tidings to him; the graves, silent with their dead, from the Eternities. Deep calls for him unto Deep.—*Carlyle's Past and Present.*

NOT A SOUL NEAREST GOD.—O beauteous thought is this, that *there is not a soul that's nearest God.* The outcast, the lowly, the down-trodden and the poor, all live within His measureless provision. All, all are nestling beneath one Parent's protecting wing.

CONSCIENCE.—Conscience, from inaction, is like a withered arm in the souls of many; but the Lord of conscience will one day say to it, "Be stretched forth and do thine appointed work."

Home Circle.

PARADISE.

HOW has that first home of man lived in the memory of the world! How it has filled the heart with silent rapture, and kindled the most beautiful visions of the imagination!

In that garden the race of man passed its innocent, but fleeting infancy. And it still lives in the memory of mankind as a vision beautiful, but gone.

The race of man looks back to Eden, as we have in our hearts the memory of our childhood;—of those years of simplicity and love, which we spent in our early home. So does the first Eden, the home of man's innocent childhood, live in the tender and regretful memory of the world! We picture to our fancy that garden of beauty, and the first human pair innocent and happy—with direct, sensible, personal communion with God. Without shame or fear they stood erect before the Lord, in all the joy and confidence of perfect innocence. God was seen to be near—he was felt to be near—dwelling with the first human pair, as with his children.

How touching and beautiful is Milton's description of our first parents' morning hymn of worship:—

"Now when the sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed
Their morning incense, when all things, that
breathed,

From the Earth's great altar, send up silent praise
To the Creator . . . forth came the human pair,
And joined their vocal worship to nature's silent
hymn.

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good!
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair!" . . .

T. S.

[The following, from Chateaubriand, has been in our drawer for some time; and we, now, give it a place in this department of the Journal.—T. S.]

PARADISE LOST.

(A free translation from Chateaubriand's "Poétique du Christianisme," Book III.)

BY E. B. STORK.

WE must confess, that the "Paradise Lost," of Milton, has the same effect

as the "Infernal Regions," of Dante, and of which we have spoken in a previous chapter. It is, that the *marvellous* is the *subject-matter*, and not the *machinery* of the work. But we find herein striking beauties, which belong exclusively to our Christian religion. The poem opens in hell, and yet there is nothing in this beginning which offends the rule of simplicity laid down by Aristotle. Such a wonderful edifice must needs have a striking and majestic portico, so that the reader may be introduced into this unknown world, without danger of losing himself. Milton is the earliest poet who has concluded his epic with the misfortune of his principal personage, which is contrary to the rule generally adopted. We take the liberty of thinking that there is something more solemnly interesting, and much more in natural accordance with the condition of humanity, in giving a sad termination to a poem, than its being brought to a happy conclusion. We might even assert that the catastrophe in the "Iliad" is tragical. For, even granting that the son of Peleus attains the end of his desires, yet, the conclusion of the poem leaves upon us a sentiment of deep sadness;—we have just witnessed the funeral obsequies of Patroclus, and Priam removing the body of Hector, and the grief of Hecuba and Andromache, and we remotely foreshadow the downfall of Troy, and the death of Achilles. The infancy of Rome poetized by Virgil is, undoubtedly, a grand subject. Then, what shall we say of the subject of a poem, which describes a catastrophe in which we ourselves are involved, and which portrays to us not only the founder of such and such a society, but the Father of mankind? Milton does not entertain us with battles, funeral rites, camps, or besieged cities; he carries us back to the first idea of God, revealed in the creation of the world, and to the earliest sentiments of man issuing from the hands of the Creator. Can there be anything more majestic, or more interesting, than this study of the juvenescent workings, earliest movements of the heart of man? Adam awakens to life; he opens

his eyes; he knows not from whence he came. He looks up at the firmament; by an impulse of desire, he would transport himself towards this arched roof, and he discovers, that he is standing with his head elevated to the skies. He examines his limbs; he runs, he stops, he wishes to speak, and he speaks. He names naturally the objects which he beholds, and he exclaims: "O thou sun, and ye trees, forests, hills, valleys, divers animals!" These creatures he calls by their appropriate names. And why does Adam thus address himself to the sun and to the trees? "Sun, trees," does he say, "*know you the name of Him who has created me?*" Thus the consciousness of the existence of the Supreme Being, is the earliest sentiment which man experiences: the first want which is felt, is this want of God! How sublime is Milton in this passage! But would he have been thus elevated in his expressions, if the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ had been unknown to him? God reveals himself to Adam; the creature and the Creator discourse together; they speak about solitude. We will suppose these reflections. Man was not designed for solitude. "It is not *good* that man should be alone." Adam sleeps; God draws even from the side of our first parent a new creature, and presents her to him upon awaking. "Grace is in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in all her gestures dignity and love." She is called Woman, because she is created from man. "Unto her man shall cleave, forsaking his father and his mother." "They twain shall be *one*; whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder." How unhappy will be the lot of all, who respond not to these decrees of God! The poet continues to unfold these grand aspects of human nature—this sublime reason of Christianity. The character of the woman is admirably drawn in the fatal fall. Eve falls through *selflove*; she flatters herself that she is strong enough to be exposed alone; she cares not that Adam should attend her to the places where she cultivates her flowers. This beautiful creature, who believes herself invincible, and, by reason of her weakness, knows not that a single word can overcome her. Woman is often por-

trayed to us as the victim of her vanity. When Isaiah threatens the daughters of Jerusalem he warns them that their "earrings, their rings, and bracelets, and veils," will be taken away from them.

We have remarked in our own time a striking example of this character. During the Revolution there were many females who had given multiplied proofs of heroism; and yet, whose virtue had afterwards been sacrificed through a ball, an ornament, or a feast. Thus is explained one of the mysterious truths concealed in the Scriptures: in condemning woman to pain and sorrowing travail, God has endowed her with firmness to endure suffering; but as a punishment of her fault, she has been permitted to feel her weakness, in offering so faint a resistance against the fascinations of pleasure. Thus Milton calls woman—nature's fair defect—"Beautiful blemish of nature." The manner in which the English poet has conducted the fall of our first parent, deserves to be examined. An ordinary mind would have assuredly overturned the world the very moment that Eve carried the fatal fruit to her lips; Milton is satisfied that earth should heave a deep sigh as she recognizes her offspring, Death, which is henceforth entailed upon her; it is still more wonderful, because the immediate effect is less startling. What calamities does not this patient calmness lead us to anticipate in the future! Tertulian, in searching out the reason why the universe was not dissolved by the crimes of men, assigns this as the sublime cause; namely, the *long suffering* and the *patience of God*. When Eve offers to her spouse the fruit of knowledge, he does not abase himself in the dust, nor does he rend his garments, nor cry out aloud. He is seized with fearful trembling, he is dumb, with parted lips, and anxious eye riveted upon his companion. He perceives the enormity of the crime; on the one side, if he disobeys, he becomes subject to death; on the other, if he remains faithful, he retains his immortality, but he loses his bride, from henceforth condemned to the tomb. He *can* refuse the fruit; but *can* he live without Eve? the conflict is soon decided; and all the world is sacrificed for love. Far

from overwhelming his companion with reproaches, Adam consoles her, and receives the fatal apple from her hand. At this consummation of crime, there is as yet no perceptible change in nature; the faint rumblings of passion's voice are heard only in the heart of the unhappy pair. Adam and Eve sleep; but innocence no longer guides their pleasant dreams. They soon start up out of this agitated slumber, as from unrest. It is then that their sin is presented to them. "What have we done!" exclaims Adam; "why art thou naked? Let us seek a covering for ourselves, that we be not discovered to our shame." No vestments can conceal this humiliating consciousness of wrong-doing. Meanwhile the sin is known in heaven; the angels mourn with a holy sadness, but "*that sadness mixed with pity did not alter their bliss*;" most Christian expression and of a sublime tenderness. God sends his Son to judge the guilty; the Judge descends. He calls Adam; "Where art thou?" Adam hides himself. "Lord, I am afraid to appear before Thee, because I am naked." "How knowest thou that thou art naked? Hast thou eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge?" What a dialogue? There is nothing herein of human invention. Adam confesses his crime; God pronounces the sentence: "Man! by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread; cursed is the earth, for thy sake; dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. Woman, thou shalt travail in pain and sorrow." Behold in a few words the history of mankind. We know not how the reader is affected by this scene; but as for ourselves, there is something so grand and extraordinary in this Genesis picture, that we acknowledge it is beyond all critical analysis; language fails to give expression to our admiration; her art has become weak and futile. The Son of God ascends again to heaven, after having clothed the guilty. Now the famous drama opens, in which Adam and Eve are the operators, and in which it is supposed that Milton has consecrated an event in his own life, in the reconciliation between himself and his first wife. We are satisfied of this fact, that all great writers embody their own history in their works. They portray

in the experience of another their own heart-struggles, and the finest touches of genius, are the result of these soul-remembrances. Adam retires alone to pass the night under an arbor, but the very air is changed around him; chilling vapors and leaden clouds obscure the skies; the lightning has stricken the trees; all living creatures are fleeing from the face of man; the wolf is pursuing the lamb; while the vulture is decoying the dove. Adam sinks into despair; he would gladly return to his mother earth. But a doubt afflicts him, and causes him to hesitate. If he should have within him yet a spark of immortality? What, if this breath of God which he has received, should never be extinguished? If even death (or annihilation) should not be to him a last resource? If he should indeed be condemned to an eternity of misery? No questions of philosophy could be more beautiful or attractive, more elevated and solemn. Not only the ancient poets have been unable to build up despair upon a similar foundation, but even moralists themselves have nothing to compare with it in grandeur. Eve has heard the groanings of her spouse. She approaches towards him. Adam repulses her. Eve casts herself at his feet bathed in tears. Adam is moved; he raises up the mother of mankind. Eve proposes to him a life of celibacy, and that she should die, in order to save her race. This noble despair, springing so naturally from a woman, as much by its excess as by its generosity, affects our primitive father. What reply can he make to his wife? "Eve, the hope which thou buildest upon the tomb, and thy contempt of death, proves to me that thou hast within thyself a living principle, which can never be destroyed!" The unhappy pair resolve to pray to God, and to petition the mercy of the Eternal. They humbly prostrate themselves before Him, and with one heart and voice solicit mercy from Him, who alone can speak pardon and peace to the trembling conscience. These prayers reach the heavenly abode; the Son takes upon himself the office of presenting them to His Father. We admire reasonably the *crippled* prayers in the Iliad, which follow the injury, in order to make some reparation for the

evils committed. However, Milton will contrast favorably even with this distinguished allegory. These first breathings from a contrite heart, which have found the only way in which the sighs of a lost world must soon follow; these lowly vows, which are now mingling with the incense which burns before the Holy of Holies; these penitential tears, which cause rejoicings among celestial spirits; these tears, which are presented to the Eternal by the Redeemer of the world; these tears, which move God himself (so powerful is the first prayer of sorrowing and repentant man); these collected beauties contain within such moral greatness, something so solemn, and so affecting; that they are not to be surpassed even by the prayers of the chorister of Ilium. The Most High, in pitying condescension, grants the final salvation of man. Milton is skilful in early Scripture history, and also possesses a fine taste; in every portion of his poem there are traces of a God who from the beginning of time devoted himself to death, in order to redeem man from death. Adam's fall be-

comes more powerful and more tragical, when we understand that its consequences reach even to the Son of God. Besides these more prominent beauties which belong to the conception of "Paradise Lost," there are a crowd of lesser beauties, which it would absorb too much time to rehearse in detail. Milton has powerful command of language. We feel the *visible darkness*, the *terrible silence*, &c. This confidence and boldness of imagery in leading or guiding them to salvation, like the discord in music, has a very brilliant effect. Genius has its deceptive appearances; but it is necessary carefully to discriminate, because when she becomes affected, it is but an idle play of words, pernicious alike to language and to good taste. Let us observe that although the Eden hymn has imitated the songs of Virgil, it still maintains its originality even while appropriating to itself foreign riches; the original writer is not he who never imitates any one, but he whom no person *can imitate*.

* * * * *

Church Intelligence.

A FATHER IN ISRAEL FALLEN!—Rev. J. DANIEL KURTZ, D. D., of Baltimore, uncle of the editor of the *Lutheran Observer*, died at his residence in that city, on Monday, June 30th, at the advanced age of 93 years. Father Kurtz was one of the oldest ministers connected with the Lutheran Church in the United States. For more than half a century he faithfully proclaimed the Gospel to the same German Lutheran congregation in Baltimore. The editor of the *Observer*, in announcing the death of his beloved relative, very justly says: "He was one of the most conscientious and upright men, one of the firmest and yet most modest and unpretending believers in Christ, and one of the most decidedly evangelic and consistent Christians we ever saw. Probably no man ever passed through so protracted a term of existence more blamelessly than he, and none enjoyed the confidence more fully of all who were intimately acquainted with him." During our residence in Baltimore, we spent many pleasant hours in the society of this venerated man of God, and ever found his con-

versation in the highest degree instructive and profitable. We saw him, during that period, every Sabbath morning, an attendant on the ministrations of God's sanctuary, in Rev. Dr. MORRIS'S church, occupying a special chair near the pulpit, as his hearing had become impaired. He has left this world without a stain on his memory, and is now, no doubt, in the realization of that blessedness in heaven which no finite mind can conceive, nor finite tongue express. May we follow him, as he followed Christ. H.

DR. MARTIN LUTHER, DER DEUTSCHE REFORMATOR.—This is a new German work, to appear in a series of eleven numbers, the first during the present month, and the remainder monthly until completed. Published in Hamburg, Germany, by Rudolf Besser, and in Philadelphia, by Schaeffer & Koradi, southwest corner of 4th and Wood Streets, at 50 cents a number.

It is a beautiful and most interesting life of the Great Reformer, in striking copperplate engravings, and short and pointed explanations

of the scenes represented in the engravings. The first ten numbers will contain 48 engravings, with appropriate explanations, and the eleventh will furnish historical sketches of Luther's life and work. The engravings by Gustav König, and the historical sketches by Heinrich Gelzer. These sketches, judging from their arrangement and captions, will prove highly satisfactory, and having been prepared by an author eminently qualified for the task, there is just ground to believe that the publication will be one of the most interesting and valuable of the kind that have appeared.

H.

"TO ROME AND BACK AGAIN."—This is part of the title of a book, recently issued from the press of Mr. T. Newton Kurtz, from the pen of Rev. JOHN G. MORRIS, D. D., of Baltimore. We have not ourselves had time to peruse it, but we hear it highly commended by those who have read it. As its title indicates, it relates to Popery, and is pronounced one of the most crushing antagonists of this system, and one of the most powerful defences of Protestantism, that has ever appeared.

The same author, who we are happy to state, has likewise in progress of publication, a life of CATHARINA VON BORA, the faithful and excellent consort of the illustrious MARTIN LUTHER. The latter book is to appear with the imprint of the Lutheran Board of Publication. In connection with our dear fathers in the Church, Revs. Keller and Dr. Baker, we were privileged to read the sheets of the biography of Luther's distinguished wife, and were highly gratified with the able and interesting manner in which the events of her life are related. The Lutheran Church certainly owes Dr. MORRIS a debt of gratitude for these valuable contributions to her literature. May both these books be extensively read.

H.

DEGREES CONFERRED.—The Trustees of Capital University, at Columbus (Ohio), have conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. C. F. STOHLMAN, of New York, and Prof. G. SEYFORTH, of St. Louis. The editor of the *Missionary* says, if he mistakes not, these are the first honorary degrees conferred by this Institution.

MANITOWAC (WISCONSIN).—During the sessions of the Wisconsin Synod, the newly erected Evangelical Lutheran Church in this place for the use of our German brethren, was solemnly consecrated to the worship of Jehovah. The Church is a neat and beautiful edifice, and its erection is owing mainly to the self-denying exertions of the pastor, Rev. Mr. GOLDAMMER, who spared neither pains nor labors to build this sanctuary for his brethren after the flesh. The consecration sermon was preached by the Rev. J. MUEHLHAUSER, of Milwaukie, while the whole Synod took part

in the solemn service of the consecration.—(*Missionary*.)

(Are not our brethren in Manitowac aware, that the Lutheran Church Extension Society, some time since, granted them a loan of \$250, for five years, without interest, to assist in the erection of the above building. They have not applied since the announcement for the money. Are they not in need of it? If they are, they will please forward the required papers to Rev. E. W. HUTTER, Cor. Sec., 99 New St.)

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONS.—The half-yearly meeting of the friends of Moravian Missions was recently held in the Society's chapel, Fetter Lane, London. The Rev. Mr. Latrobe presided on the occasion. In the course of the evening various highly interesting statements were laid before the meeting, relative to the recent progress and present position of the Society's Missions. It was stated as a gratifying fact, that the Esquimaux, belonging to the Moravian body, have a hymn-book in their own language, consisting of upwards of one thousand hymns.

REV. P. BERGSTRESSER has accepted a call from the pastoral charge in Nippenose Valley, embracing three congregations. His post-office address is Nippenose, Lycoming County (Pa.)

CHURCH DEDICATION.—The St. Mark's Evangelical Lutheran Church, situated in Armstrong County, Pa., and at present forming a part of the Worthington pastorate, under the care of the Rev. A. C. EHRENFELD, was solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God, on Sabbath, the 8th of June, 1856. The building is a frame 30 by 40 feet in dimensions, neatly finished, carpeted, and free from all incumbrances of debt. The congregation is in a prosperous condition, and should the increase continue, as it has been during the last six months, the church, though now sufficiently large, will, ere long, be too small; and the labors and prayers of those who erected this house for God, will be amply repaid. A large crowd was collected on the occasion, so that not more than half could be supplied with seats in the house; the rest were furnished with seats on the rising ground on the one side of the church, where all could hear distinctly, as the windows were raised. The choir from Worthington furnished the singing on the occasion. A handsome collection was taken up farther to supply the church with furniture. The exercises were quite interesting and encouraging to the congregation.

E.

FROM THE BOSTON POST (May 26, 1856).—It is a singular fact that there are more *Lutheran* churches in the United States than there are of the *Roman Catholic* faith. The *Lutheran* ministers, in point of numbers, come up

within *two hundred* of that of the priests of the Catholic Church in this country. And yet in all New England, there is but *one* Lutheran Church. The single preacher of that denomination in this section of the country resides in the City of Boston, and the church is in Shawmut Avenue. It is a German congregation, of course.

CHRIST CHURCH (EASTON).—We learn that this Church has just been thoroughly refitted. The walls have been beautifully frescoed, the pews re-painted, and new furniture has been procured for the pulpit and chancel. A fine chandelier, with gas-burners, has also been suspended in the centre of the church, which, with the other numerous burners projecting

from the walls, will produce a very brilliant light. The cost of the repairs will amount to about \$1500. The congregation have held divine service in the Lecture Room ever since the beginning of May. They expected to reopen the Church for public worship on the 13th of July, with appropriate religious services, which has, no doubt, been the case.

We also learn that **ST. JOHN'S Church, Easton, Rev. B. SADTLER,** is undergoing repairs. The work of frescoing is nearly completed; the painters are busily employed; a new slate roof has been put on, and many other improvements are being made. We expect to receive a fuller account when the work of refitting is finished. H.

Editorial Miscellany.

A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.—In a late sermon of the Rev. THEODORE PARKER, the distinguished Abolition preacher, we find the following gem passage. The subject of the Discourse is "REST."—"They tell a story that one day RABBI JUDAH and his brethren, the seven pillars of Wisdom, sat in the Court of the Temple, on feast-day, disputing about rest. One said that it was to have attained sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second, that it was fame and praise of all men. The third, that it was the possession of power to rule the State. The fourth, that it consisted only in a happy home. The fifth, that it must be in the old age of one who is rich, powerful, famous, surrounded by children and children's children. The sixth said, that all that were vain, unless a man keep all the ritual law of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest of the brothers, said: 'Ye have spoken wisely, but one thing more is necessary. He only can find rest, who to all things added this, that he keepeth the tradition of the elders.'

"There sat in the Court a fair-haired boy, playing with his lilies in his lap, and hearing the talk, dropped them with astonishment from his hands, and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said, 'Nay, nay, fathers, he only loveth rest, who loveth his brother as himself, and God with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame, and wealth, and power, happier than a happy home, happy without it, better than honored age, he is a law to himself, and, above all tradition.' The doctors were astonished. They said, 'When Christ cometh, shall He tell us greater things?' And they thanked God, for they said, 'The old men are not always wise, yet, God be praised, that out of the mouth of this young suckling has His praise become perfect.'"
H.

FELIX GRUNDY MCCONNELL AND THE BIBLE.—During the Administration of President POLK there was a representative in Congress, at Washington, from the State of Alabama, whose name was FELIX GRUNDY MCCONNELL. He was a man highly gifted by nature. His person was singularly straight and symmetrical, and his countenance unusually prepossessing. He had many noble qualities of mind, too, which might have rendered him, not only a blessing to his family, but among the most influential and useful public men in the country. But McConnell, alas, was an unhappy victim of the Demon, **INTEMPERANCE.** This fastened itself, like a canker-worm, upon him, and destroyed his every generous and noble quality. Through the very darkness of his excesses, however, gleams of his better nature were occasionally seen to dart, struggling for the ascendancy, but speedily again extinguished by the overmastering power of his besetting sin. Shortly before the death of McConnell an incident occurred, which was related to us by a gentleman, casually present at the time, which we think worthy of being rescued from oblivion.

MCCONNELL was standing, one evening, at the bar of one of the principal hotels in Washington. Beside him, and drinking with him, was an individual from the State of Maryland, well known in the drinking-circles of the metropolis—descended from one of the oldest and wealthiest families of that State. The individual referred to, notwithstanding his respectable connections and large fortune, had long since, by his violent and ungovernable excesses, forfeited the esteem of the virtuous and good, and every generous and noble sentiment of his soul seemed to be eradicated.

On the above occasion, as was his habit, he sneered at the Bible, ridiculed its authority; cursed God, its author, and His ministers; and repeated some of its most sacred passages, accompanied with ribald comments. McCONNELL, who until this moment had been all excitement and exhilaration, stood silently and sadly by, without a word of remark. The Blasphemer continued in language more and more offensive, when, of a sudden, it was remarked, that McCONNELL's brilliant eye flashed with an unwonted fire, and his cheek became flushed even with a deeper glow than that which a life of dissipation had fixed there. At length, stepping forward, with a bold and manly emphasis, McCONNELL thus addressed the scorner: "*Stop, sir, stop! I bid you, stop!*" From the moment, sir, I looked into your face, I feared you were a vile scoundrel, for God has set the mark of CAIN upon your forehead. *Now I know it.* I, sir, am a bad man—a lost man—a ruined, a degraded man. Every moment of my miserable and misspent life upbraids me. But in this poor and desolate heart, thank God! there is still *one* green spot left. I love my wife. She is a gentle, pious, humble Christian. She loves that Bible, sir, of which you, vile wretch, have just spoken so scornfully. I believe, what she believes, and her faith is in the Bible. Intemperance has made me a devil, but the Bible has made her an angel; and it must, therefore, it must be true. And that man, sir, who derides the Bible, insults my wife, and he that insults my wife, insults me; and he is such a monster, that, bad as I am, I can hold no intercourse with him. Good night, sir! I loathe and abhor you for your wickedness, and will never speak to you again."

So saying, McCONNELL rushed out of the room, leaving the Blasphemer to his own reflections. And it is said, he kept his word. He refused, ever after, to associate, or even speak to his blaspheming companion. So much for the influence of a Christian wife!

H.

THE LUTHERAN AFRICAN MISSION.—We are truly happy to perceive, that our dear and beloved friend, Rev. M. OFFICER, is prosecuting this mission, under the auspices of the General Synod, with encouraging prospects. Recently Brother OFFICER was in this city, and addressed large audiences in several of our Lutheran churches, on the subject of the mission, and was listened to with deep interest. Subsequently we exercised an humble agency in assisting to convey from here to Pittsburg, a young mulatto girl, named ANNIE, formerly held as a slave by a gentleman in Savannah (Georgia), but emancipated by her owner, and who is to be educated, under the auspices of Brother OFFICER, for this most extensive and important field of Christian usefulness.

We doubt not, Brother OFFICER has hit upon the *only* feasible method of evangelizing Africa viz.: by planting colonies there of Christian colored people, who shall, both by precept and example, teach Christianity to the natives. It does not seem the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race, energetic and defiant as it is, to consummate this great enterprise *directly*. We may subdue and appropriate Europe. The native races of America may melt before us, as the untimely snows of April before a vernal sun. We may possess ourselves of India. We may menace China and Japan. The remotest isles of the Pacific even may be not distant enough to escape our subjugation. But, do what we may, CENTRAL AFRICA confronts our utmost efforts and bids us bold defiance! Our squadrons may range, or blockade her coast; but neither on the errands of PEACE, nor on the errands of WAR, can we penetrate into the interior. The God of Nature, no doubt for wise purposes, however inscrutable, has drawn across the chief inlets a cordon we cannot break through. We may hover on the coast, but we dare not set our foot on shore. At the undefended gateways of her mud-built villages, DEATH sits portress! Yellow and intermittent fevers, blue plagues and poisons, which we can both see and *feel*, await our approach. As we ascend the rivers, from the mangroves that fringe their noble banks, pestilence darts her horrible tongue, and even the glorious OBB OF DAY, which kindles inferior nature into teeming life, by a strange anomaly, darts incurable disease into our languid system. No! We are not *electd* for this momentous work! The great Disposer in the heavens, in *another* branch of His family, has chosen out a race, themselves descendants of this torrid region, themselves children of this same vertical sun, and fitted them, by ages of stern discipline, for this gracious and blessed achievement.

"From foreign realms, and lands remote, supported by His care,
They pass, unharmed, through burning climes, and breathe the tainted air."

H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Every week brings some token of approval, to encourage the labors of those, who are engaged in conducting the Home Journal. Among others, is a letter from Texas. The writer, far from the home of childhood—far from friend and kindred—and the church of his fathers, says—"The Home Journal comes as the most welcome messenger. I hail it as the face of a friend, coming from home, with home news—I do not know what I should do without it." Letters of similar import come from the Far West. Now this is very gratifying, and we would whisper to those distant friends, that the most substantial way of expressing this approval, would be personal efforts, to enlarge our subscription list. Send us more subscribers.

T. S.

LAYMEN, READ!—We welcome, with no ordinary gratification, a highly intelligent and worthy Layman, to our list of contributors for the *Lutheran Home Journal*. Read the two instructive, edifying, and ably written articles, contained in the present issue, from the pen of Mr. LEWIS L. HOUPF, of this city. We trust other laymen, belonging to our churches, will imitate the example of this worthy brother, and enrich our pages with an occasional contribution. It is by no means the design of the Editing Committee to restrict the list of contributors to the clergy. On the contrary, there are many among the laity of our Lutheran Zion, who are fully competent to add very materially to the stock of our church literature, and whose productions would, no doubt, prove highly acceptable to the readers of the *Journal*. We owe many thanks to Brother HOUPF for his articles, and trust he will find leisure to repeat the favor. H.

A MAGNIFICENT LUTHERAN CHURCH IN PROSPECT.—The English Lutheran Church, (St. James), in the City of New York, have sold their edifice of worship, in Mulberry St., with a view of securing a more eligible position. The Trustees, in executing the wishes of the church, have purchased a lot in Fourteenth Street, one of the most beautiful sections of the city. They have adopted a plan for the new church, which, when carried out, will give them a church edifice of great architectural beauty and magnificence. An edifice that will compare favorably with any that now adorn that attractive portion of the city, and one, that will surpass everything of the kind, in the Lutheran Church, in this country. It is estimated that the building, exclusive of the lot, will cost upwards of \$30,000.

The pastor of this church is the Rev. J. L. Shack. With his acknowledged pulpit ability, the evangelical tone of his preaching, and earnest devotion to the cause of Christ, we are authorized to expect, under the Divine blessing, great results from this movement. May the Lord smile upon pastor and people, and crown their work with abundant success. T. S.

THANKS.—The Lutheran Board of Publication acknowledges with pleasure, a contribution of TEN dollars, from the Rev. P. SAHM, of Indiana (Pa.), Treasurer of the *Alleghany Evangelical Synod*, of which Brother S. is Treasurer. For this generous and substantial token of encouragement, the Board have authorized us to convey to the members of the *Alleghany Synod*, their sincere and heartfelt acknowledgments. May the blessing of God rest upon these brethren, individually and collectively. H.

APOLOGY.—The readers of the *Journal* must excuse the want of original articles in the Home and Biblical departments. With Fahrenheit ranging at a hundred, one's brain is well-nigh cauterized, and the few stray thoughts lingering there, pass off into gaseous exhalations, and utterly refuse the solidified form of words or the trammels of marshalled sentences.

It is a time when the mind as the body likes to be in dishabille, and wander out among shady woods, and by running streams, indulging alternately in piscatory sports, and cooling ablutions.

After the rambles of summer, if spared, we will resume our post. T. S.

The two articles contained in the present number of the *Home Journal*—the one *Travels in Wales*, the other *God in Nature*—are both from gentlemen, highly distinguished in the Lutheran Church, and occupying very prominent positions in the same. We regret that both writers have seen fit to withhold their names. With all deference to them, it is a fastidiousness which we at least do not appreciate. But let none of our readers, on this account, decline a perusal of the articles. H.

CHRISTIANITY, it is not irreverent, we think, to say, is the *master* conception of God. It is the great world-fact of the human race, and is destined, as time advances, to become the thought of the universe. Every department of activity, both among the hosts of heaven and the men of earth, abounds with certain great and leading truths, which challenge our wonder and research. But the mission of our Lord Jesus Christ, without controversy, is the sublimest and most illustrious of all. In it are involved the profoundest mysteries of heaven, and the most stupendous problems of earth. No other fact in the field of History, of Nature, or of Providence, possesses a tithe of the interest, or so powerfully appeals to the conscience, as does this. Let no man harden his heart, then, and say Christianity has no claims upon him. If it be the chief concern of God, who needed nothing to add to His glory, much more should it be the primary and all-absorbing concern of man, for whose exclusive benefit it has been provided. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and its righteousness." H.

AGENT.—The name of the Agent appointed by the Lutheran Board of Publication, announced in our last, is Mr. *William Tryday*, and not *John*, as erroneously stated in our last issue. Brother T. is duly authorized to receive subscribers and money for the *Home Journal*. H.

THE
Lutheran Home Journal.

SEPTEMBER, 1856.

A VISIT TO THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

BY REV. M. SHEELEIGH.

"Nature—faint emblem of Omnipotence—
Shaped by His hand—the shadow of His light."

THE eightieth anniversary of our National Independence was to me a *high day*; having spent it in the region of cloudland. Near sunset, on the previous evening, a congenial little company, seated in a baronche, might have been seen leaving the village of Catskill, for the "Mountain House," twelve miles distant. We had not proceeded far, before night, with its moonless shadow, settled down upon us. As we neared the Catskills, our ears were greeted with the rumbling of thunder high in advance. Those of my friends who are aware that this is the scene of Rip Van Winkle's adventures, according to the legend as given by Irving, may be led to presume that the sound proceeded from old Hendrick Hudson and his crew, playing a game of ninepins in their familiar old mountain amphitheatre. But not so; it was, at least this time, veritable thunder. The mountain had truly put upon his head a heavy cloud-crown, from which at intervals flashed forth the brilliants of its setting.

If we were obliged to drive miles before beginning to go up the mountain, we were at least all along this way going *up to it*. In due time the base of the mountain was reached. Our trusty Jehu would now no longer hazard our lives and limbs by pro-

ceeding in the dark along the narrow, precipitous road. The lucifer matches all having been exhausted in vain attempts to set our lamps ablaze, the inmates of a little cottage by the wayside, on a slight signal, sprang from their pillows to give us of their light. Onward and upward we slowly wound our course, amidst the song and laughter of the company, the moaning of the mountain wind, the occasional light pattering of rain, accompanied with the thunder-voice and the lightning glance from above. The whole was calculated to produce an unusual succession, or rather combination, of feelings.

By and by we reached the little refreshment house, in a sharp angle of the mountain, where the tall cliffs go towering up hundreds of feet into mid-air. This is the celebrated nook in which Myuheer Van Winkle, the aforesaid hero, enjoyed his famous twenty-years' nap. Here a certain mountain genius, who is "Uncle Peter" to all the passers-by, deems it his honor to serve the numerous family of his travelling relations, while maintaining an air that might indicate him as the author of the sentence, "I am monarch of all I survey." Three miles more of serpentine, declivitous road passed over, we drove up at the midnight hour, in the rear of the "Mountain House," between ranges of white fencing, which contrasted strikingly with the long, unbroken scenes of nature by the way from the country below. Quarters having soon

been assigned us, we proceeded without delay to enjoy them; noticing yet, however, before entering dreamland, that we had just escaped the heavier part of the storm, which had been for hours addressing our senses with its varied signals of warning.

About four o'clock on the morning of the 4th, before night had yet wholly lifted the veil, I was "up and about," for the purpose of looking out upon a scene of grandeur so justly celebrated. It was still raining lightly, the sky wore a lowering aspect, and the country around and beneath was yet in a great measure obscured. Here one finds himself perched on a skyeey eminence, some twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the river. The "House" is a commodious wooden structure, with a grand colonnade of Corinthian pillars in front, and is capable of accommodating about three hundred visitors. A friend suggested to me that the building, in order to be in keeping with the natural surroundings, should have been constructed of the rough mountain rock. It was a fine idea. But the very contrast of its pure whiteness, away up here in these almost unbroken haunts of nature, is far from being without effect. It is this also that singles it out as an object of interest, near and remote, over all the broad country which it overlooks. Its distinct appearance has doubtless often referred the beholder to the words, "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid;" thus widely illustrating the beautiful lesson of Christian singularity in the world.

As the light of day heightened, and the clouds and mist rolled up and dissolved away, there was gradually revealed a scene which the least ardent cannot look upon unmoved. The "House," which fronts eastward, occupies the edge of a high rocky cliff, rising like a gigantic wall from below; so that in looking immediately down, the eye falls on the tree-tops far beneath one's feet. On extending the range of view, the beholder travels in vision down, down, down the precipitous face of the mountain, for several miles, into the valley of the Hudson. The eye now passes onward towards the river, over a broad extent of country, which, seeming from this elevation to have lost all its inequalities, appears softened down into

an almost perfect plain. Then, some eight or ten miles distant, the Hudson, whose winding silvery course is spotted over with craft of sail and steam, may be traced for scores of miles. The country beyond apparently rises until in the dim distance it meets the Berkshire Hills and the Green Mountains. The nearer portions of this vast surface are beautifully diversified with field and forest, marked with fences into regular shapes, diminished to the size of garden spots, and dressed in a rich variety of hues, from the deep green of springing grass to the golden tint of harvest. To all these signs of busy life in this miniature world around and below, there must yet be added the thousands of buildings strewn about, and, in many instances, clustered together into villages and cities.

In the immediate vicinity of the House there are two peaks, rising several hundred feet higher, called the North and the South Mountain. A look-out from these elevations belongs to the programme of sights to be "done up." Accordingly, after dinner, whose sumptuous fare charmed two hundred and fifty guests to the table for two full hours, a little company,—including among others an artist, with a portfolio and cloud-glass, bearers of spy-glasses, and your own humble knight of the pen,—set out to accomplish the feat of clambering up the North Mountain. After some considerable time had been consumed in winding and climbing up the broken steeps—in which the ladies admirably sustained their part—and occasionally halting to enjoy a view from some commanding prominence, we gained a rocky summit, springing up like a tower, which affords one of the most complete prospects, all things considered, in the whole mountain range. The sweep of vision is a full semicircle, of a radius of from fifty to eighty miles. Here in front lies a considerable portion of Greene County, and beyond it reposes the whole of Columbia; on the right hand are Ulster and Dutchess, and on the left, Albany and Rensselaer; while the background is made up of parts of the States of Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. The eye takes a magnificent range over an area of some five or six thousand

square miles ; sufficient for not a mean principality. Perhaps I had never been more deeply impressed with what Young calls

—“the astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation.”

It had long been my pleasure to view this grand mountain range from my study window, at a distance of thirty or forty miles ; but now I was favored with the happy privilege of an obverse prospect.

But the place of my sojourning, although on a level of many hundreds of feet below, was apparently elevated to a mountain height. This illusion has doubtless been noticed by those who have occupied similar positions. The effect may to a very slight degree be attributable to the different densities of the atmosphere at various elevations. But the chief cause must be found in the angle of observation. Aeronauts have observed that, when viewed from a balloon, the earth presents the appearance of a great bowl. The reason may be made to appear obvious. From an elevation of a mile or two the perpendicular depth must appear immense. But as soon as an oblique view is taken, the line of observation is raised up towards an imaginary horizontal line extending from the observer, which consequently apparently raises the object viewed. And each successive time that a more distant object is viewed will the line of vision be elevated still more towards the horizontal line, so that by the time the eye reaches objects at the distance of fifty or a hundred miles the angle between those lines has grown so small as to be scarcely perceptible, excepting by measurement. Now a person on a mountain may be considered as occupying a position on an elevated object in the centre of this great bowl. He has a view of only one side, while the balloonist completes the article, by sweeping round a full circle of horizon.

Having spent some time in contemplating the scene, peering through our glasses, making observations and comparing impressions, the sun had sunk out of sight, and the dusky evening came stealing on apace. Our company having successively separated into little bands to return, there was at last only a very small fragment left. It was now

truly time to go back ; and hence there succeeded the effort of reversedly threading our way, now swinging down by the aid of the abundant undergrowth, and again bringing hands and feet into exercise in descending some rocky ledge. While thus engaged, the *spookishness* of the place conjured up the thought of bears. And, indeed, I am told that occasionally some adventurous member of the Bruin family *does* present his demure physiognomy on this mountain. This is, however, not the only source of danger. The least mistake in deviating from the path may send the unfortunate one, a wanderer into the wilds, to follow the erratic course of a trackless way. In such a case it sometimes becomes necessary for a company, armed with gongs and horns, to set out for the purpose of bringing the lost one home. At last we regained the open stage-road below, with admiring recollections of the prospects from the mountain eyrie, with mirthful recurrences to all that was peculiar in our adventure, and with thankful feelings that no one was *quite lost*.

When the darkness of the night was complete, a fine display of fireworks was exhibited for the entertainment of the visitors in such a locality that they were in full view from the thronged piazza. One rocket was particularly fine. Having ascended to a great height and exploded, a shower of scintillations came streaming down like falling stars, and continued descending until lost among the foliage hundreds of feet in the depths beneath us. I was strongly reminded of the remarkable meteoric phenomenon in 1833, whose appearance left an indelible impression on my mind. Rockets were also seen shooting up through the gloom from distant points below, indicating the direction of Catskill, Hudson, Tivoli, Saugerties, and many other localities ; and bearing testimony to the diffusiveness and responsiveness of our patriotism. Long live the 4th of July, and perpetual be its glory in our calendar !

On the following morning the great object of beholding the rising of the sun was accomplished. This is one of *the sights* of the place. There is a majesty and grace in the sight and apparent motion which can no-

where be seen, excepting from a high mountain, or at sea. Besides this, there is a particular interest excited in watching the brilliant golden reflection from the glassy surface of the distant river, and the varied and changeful hues gliding over the face of the landscape. The effect was, moreover, heightened by a solemn stillness that seemed to have been enjoined on nature, as the king of day came forth in his glory.

"The vales and mountains round
Stood motionless, to awful silence bound."

When the peculiar aspects of this sunrise had well dissolved into the common light of day, a party set out on a morning walk up the South Mountain. The ascent was found to be precipitous and winding. At one place the path extended along the base of a high cliff of overhanging rocks, at the farther end of which we passed up to the level above, through a fissure in the rock of about three feet in width, that presented evidences of a violent separation, and now forms a convenient and novel staircase for the tourist. Still onward we passed, gradually rising from one point of elevation and prospect to another, until our progress was suddenly arrested by the intervention of a broad, deep ravine. The path on the summit is worn along the edge of fearful precipices and projecting cliffs, on whose verge the beholder experiences something of an impression of losing his specific gravity and standing on some airy nothing. The prospect from this summit is none the less impressive from a previous ascent to its counterpart on the north. The elevation is considerably greater than that of the North Mountain, although, because of a little less prominence, the arc of the horizon is slightly reduced on the right and left. Having again for a time contemplated the scene upon which our eyes had dwelt from the opposite peak, we recalled our attention to objects less remote. Some speculations were passed in regard to the height of the upper cliff of the mountain on the verge of whose rocky wall our feet rested. Stones were then hurled over into the depths, and their falling timed by our watches. By a reference to a half-forgotten rule of mensuration, we were enabled to base upon this play a mathematical calculation, whose

result soon announced an elevation of eight hundred feet. I directly compared this with the height of the ancient temple at Jerusalem from the valley on the east, said to have been over seven hundred feet, and from which elevation, Josephus tells us, one could scarcely look down without dizziness. While standing here on this grand eminence of observation, the thought occurred, that if the population of the world were all gathered into a congregation in the country below, what a colossal pulpit this would make for one who might be gifted with a voice like seven thunders. Our observations completed, a brisk walk brought us back to the house with an exuberance of good spirits, an overflow of kindness towards all about us, and a capital appetite for breakfast.

But there is another scene to be noticed that it was ours to enjoy on the Fourth, but which must not be inferred to be the least because brought in as last. It is the Falls of the Kaaterskill Creek, a mountain-stream issuing from the two little lakes in the vicinity of the House, and emptying into the Catskill Creek before reaching the Hudson River. Directly after breakfast, there appears at the door a great omnibus, lettered on its sides "To the Cascade." Very soon the well-laden carryall is in motion. Directly the silvery waters of the lakelets come into view, and again are lost. On we pass, winding to the right and left, in pursuit of the sinuous road through the forest, until nearly three miles have been measured off. We now drive up before a little Refreshment house at the head of the Falls. The vehicle is deserted in a moment, and, passing through the building, we stand upon a great wooden platform, overhanging the tremendous gorge which gives occasion to one of the first cascades in our land. Here we stand a few minutes, contemplating the scene which has burst upon our vision as suddenly as if it had been let down into our midst from the skies. Immediately on our left, the stream, some thirty feet in breadth, is making its gay leap into the fearful abyss. Down it goes to a perpendicular depth of nearly two hundred feet into a foaming basin, whence, after recovering from its confusion, it starts hurriedly off for about fifty feet over

a broad flat rock, from whose verge it makes another *little* plunge of eighty feet. The eye follows the torrent in its bold descent, until the impression of vastness causes one involuntarily to shrink back from the secure bulwarks over which he is leaning.

We now turn away, and passing out into a grove on the right, at whose entrance we are hailed for "twenty-five cents apiece," a path conducts to a series of zigzag and winding stairs extending down to the bottom of the gorge. Now comes the tiresome effort of a descent. Nearly on a level with the foot of the first fall a path leads off, beneath the great overhanging rock behind the sheet, to the opposite side. The way, which is several hundred feet in length, is of a semicircular form, at a distance of probably fifty feet from the cataract. We now follow this course to the further side, through the cloud of mist that rolls up from the boiling waters. Now comes the exercise of clambering down over a confusion of rocks to a central position below the second cascade, where we find rude seats provided, from which the eye may attempt a full survey of the grand scene around and above. In front the two falls come streaming down with a light, easy, and graceful movement that adds to the impression of great height. When the sun shines, a beautiful bow spans the misty cloud. On either hand, the tall, steep, wooded cliffs rise high into the air. On turning round, the water is seen tumbling and foaming down for several hundred yards below us, over and around opposing rocks, confusedly lying in its course. Down the bed of the stream I made my way over these rocks, by leaping from one to another, until the water became more composed. On looking back, up through the deep rift in the hills, and on up the silvery lines of the cascades, which here seem almost like one, the impression of grandeur was much increased.

The sheet of water in the upper fall, before reaching the bottom, is, by the resistance of the atmosphere, so separated and diffused as to present the appearance of a dense snowstorm. While contemplating this scene of magnificence, my mind recurred to the accounts given of the Staub-Bach (*dust-stream*), a noted waterfall in the Alps. The

perpendicular descent of the water being about eight hundred feet, it reaches the bottom like a cloud of dust. And at times it may be seen waving hither and thither, like the tail of a horse, before the breath of the wind. It almost seemed to me as though Byron might have sat at the foot of the Kaaterskill instead of the Staub-Bach, when penning the words found in his "Manfred,"—

"It is not noon,—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along;
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse."

Some pretend to say that one, who has once seen the incomparable Niagara, cannot, after that, relish anything else in the shape of falling water. But, having seen and contemplated that mighty wonder, and listened to its deep, solemn roar, until my soul has grown silent with awe, I may be allowed to enter my dissent. This scene has a character of its own, and would be sought and admired, though there were a dozen Niagaras.

When finally passing away from these glorious mountain sights, I felt that there was more than a physical benefit derivable from a visit. The intellectual and moral were not less evident. The mind is constantly kept in a state of healthful activity, and the heart feels that the Deity is here, speaking through the works of His hand:

"The earth, where'er I turn mine eye,
Reveals her Maker's glory,
Through day and night the shining sky
Of praise repeats its story.
Great God! Thy praises shall abide,
And, with Thy goodness, reach as wide,
As wide creation reaches."

VALATIE, N. Y., August, 1856.

BEREAVEMENTS.—Oh, God, how Thou breakest into families!—Must not the disease be dangerous, when a tender-hearted surgeon cuts deep into the flesh? How much more, when God is the operator, who afflicteth *not from his heart*, nor grieveth the children of men.

(Original.)

GOD IN NATURE.

(NO. 2.)

A SECOND illustration of wise and benevolent design to be found in the external world may be taken from:

The reciprocal relations of the animal and the vegetable kingdoms. A very close and intimate dependence of the one upon the other may be easily shown to exist.

In respiration, the air is rapidly rendered unfit for breathing. Oxygen, as already stated, is withdrawn, and watery vapor and carbonic acid are thrown off. The latter is the result of a combination between oxygen and the carbon of the worn-out particles of the body, to which reference has already been made. It may further be remarked that carbonic acid is an abundant product of combustion, of fermentation, and some other chemical changes.

It has been ascertained that at each act of respiration, of which there are on an average about eighteen per minute, one half of the oxygen is retained, and that the expired air contains eight and a half per cent. of carbonic acid. Air which has been once breathed is unfit for a second respiration. It might be supposed, that at the next act of respiration the half of the remaining oxygen might be appropriated, but such is not the fact. Unless it be mixed with air which has not been breathed, it is not even safe to inhale it a second time, although it might be supposed that that which had come from the lungs might be safely taken into them again. It is a known fact that where a candle will not burn, life cannot be sustained. If now we take a jar or large tumbler and, whilst full of water, invert it in a pail of water, and then by means of a tube, or even of a tobacco pipe, with one end placed under the tumbler, breathe the air contained for some time in the lungs into the tumbler, it will be found that a candle will not burn in the air thus breathed into it. The jar or tumbler may easily be placed in an erect position without spilling out the air in it, by placing the hand under the open end, whilst yet under water, and then turning it up. If this air be poured out, the candle will burn in it again as

brightly as ever. A quart of oxygen is consumed per minute; if, therefore, thirty-two persons were in a close room 20 feet square and 10 feet high, in two hours the air would be unfit for respiration, and in five hours they must all die. "In the Black Hole of Calcutta, one hundred and forty-six Englishmen were shut up in a room eighteen feet square, with only two small windows on the same side to admit air. On opening this dungeon ten hours after their imprisonment, only twenty-three were alive. The others had died from breathing impure air."

Rooms are seldom so tight that several persons may not remain together for some hours without serious results, but yet an oppression, dizziness, or faintness is often experienced under such circumstances. Not unfrequently do persons faint in crowded rooms, but revive again immediately when taken into the open, fresh air. The debility and headache often experienced in the morning after having slept in the confined atmosphere of a close room is to be referred, in a great measure, to the breathing of impure air.

Of carbonic acid it must be remarked that it is not, like nitrogen, negative in its effects on animal life, it is noxious. Although, in soda-water and various other effervescing drinks, it is taken into the stomach with impunity, and even with advantage, it cannot be taken into the lungs with safety. Being once and a half as heavy as air, it sometimes accumulates in wells. When a person enters such a well, he immediately falls down helpless, and, if not speedily relieved, expires. In this manner the lives of many, who were sleeping in rooms in which there were open coal fires, without sufficient draft, have been sacrificed. Air, containing only four per cent. of this gas, is incapable of sustaining life.

Now as every animal, at every breath, is consuming oxygen, and loading the air with carbonic acid, the aggregate effect is very great, although each one does not separately deteriorate it very rapidly.

It is not only the thousand millions of men now existing, and the countless multitudes who have already existed, which contribute to this deterioration, but we must

take into consideration the innumerable inhabitants of air, earth, and sea, all of whom take their share of oxygen and throw off carbonic acid. Nor should we forget that nearly every case of combustion and of fermentation is a heavy contribution, in the same way, to the impurity of the atmosphere. All these conspiring in the same direction, the air must long ago have become too deficient in oxygen and too heavily loaded with carbonic acid to be fitted to sustain animal life. By what process, then, has its purity been kept up, or constantly restored?

It is here that we again meet with a most wonderful arrangement, and beneficial in more ways than one. God has so constituted the law of vegetable life, that, during growth, it shall withdraw the noxious ingredient thrown off by the animal, and restore the vital which has been withdrawn. The roots, but especially the leaves of plants, absorb carbonic acid, the former by water, which constitutes the sap, and the latter directly from the air; the carbonic acid leaves its carbon with the plant to form its solid parts, whilst its oxygen is sent off into the air. This process is precisely the reverse of that which we have noticed in animals, so that the vegetable kingdom is constantly restoring the atmosphere to its normal state, after it has been rendered impure by the animal world. Should animal life cease, vegetation would be deprived of a large portion of its food, and it must eventually depend solely for its growth upon the products of those portions which are undergoing decay. Some geologists suppose that there is sufficient evidence for the belief, that a time existed in the history of our earth, when the atmosphere was loaded with a much larger proportion of carbonic acid than at present, and that then a luxuriant vegetation existed, which lasted until that ingredient was nearly withdrawn. After that period only were the higher forms of animal life introduced.

But we have still greater reason to admire the wisdom of God, when we call to mind, that that very substance which, when in the atmosphere, is found to be so deleterious to animals is converted, by the mysterious chemistry of vegetable life, into nourishment. How wonderfully God often extracts

good out of that which would otherwise be an evil—a blessing out of a curse?

We are dependent for our subsistence upon the vegetable kingdom. The flesh-eating animals live upon those which derive their subsistence directly from the vegetable world. The materials of the food of animals are, therefore, at first elaborated or brought together in the vegetable. The waste of the animal body, either goes into the atmosphere in the form of gas, as carbonic acid, watery vapor, and ammonia, or into the earth in a more condensed form, as guano, and ordinary manures. These are taken up by the plant and transformed into wood, grass, and grain—into fruits, starch, sugar, and vegetable oils. Upon these, when thus furnished, animals subsist. Having here subserved their appropriate use as food, and in building up the corporeal frame, they pass off into the atmosphere and soil, thence again to be taken into the composition of new plants. We may, to-day, be consuming some of the same particles which, more than once before, we have received in our food. The same materials are served up to us in some new form again and again.

Here we learn, that in the economy of God's government there is no waste. The old worn-out particles, and rejected materials of the body are economized, brought together by the chemistry of vegetable life, and presented to us again in an inviting shape. In this manner God has beautifully adjusted the two kingdoms, the animal and vegetable, to each other, so that they are perfectly balanced. The waste of the one is food to the other, and the products of the latter constitute the food of the former. In the vegetable is the beginning, in the animal the end of life. The materials of life are constructed in the one, but destroyed in the other. The one takes them from the air and soil, the other yields them back again. There is thus a continual circuit. Just as the planets in their orbits about the sun, though disturbed by their mutual attractions, are so nicely adjusted, that no permanent disturbance can remain outstanding, and the solar system will remain stable until He, who first stretched out the heavens, shall roll them together again as a

scroll, so in the system of life, the mutual relations and dependencies are such that a perfect harmony must ever continue. God has commanded the earth to open her bountiful bosom to sustain us with her delicious fruits, to regale us with her sweet-scented flowers, and thus to make us joyous and happy until our vile bodies die, and then again to open that bosom to give us a resting-place, until Christ shall change and fashion it again like unto his own glorious body.

Z.

TRAVELS IN WALES.

JOTTINGS OF A TRAVELLER IN LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

NO. II.

AFTER I had explored every nook and corner, tower, dungeon, and dark passage of this glorious old place, we escorted the ladies back to our hotel, in order to resume our own peregrinations through the town. Our fair companions having some curiosity as to the state of the market in Caernarvon, we wended our steps that way, in order to inspect the supply of comestibles, and particularly to see what the celebrated Welsh mutton looked like in a Welsh market-house. In approaching this building, we passed through a large open place or square, in which great numbers of country people, the women mostly arrayed in the picturesque costume of the country, were exhibiting a variety of things, both fruits of the earth and articles of domestic manufacture, for sale. While we stood viewing the animated scene and the constant bustle, we were not a little amused at a little by-play that attracted our attention. The constant intercourse between England and India leads to the frequent appearance of such native Indians as follow a seafaring life, in the English cities, where they more than once met my eye. In the present instance, one of these Lascars, in his closely fitting jacket and very wide trowsers, both made of some light material of most grotesquely variegated colors, bright red and white predominating, crossed the open space before us, provoking from a middle-aged Welsh woman, who, doubtless, had never seen such a fibbertigibbet before, a huge stare of surprise and wonderment. The amusing feature of the

affair consisted in the circumstance, that while this woman stared and laughed at the Lascar, who certainly did look like a Merry Andrew, and, with many expressive gestures, communicated her astonishment to her neighbors, she herself cut a most ludicrous figure, for being rather short and plump, and dressed in the utmost extreme of the Welsh fashion, her appearance was far more surprising and funny, in our estimation, than even the Lascar's, in his parti-colored garb. Within the market-house, a variety of articles were examined and duly commented upon, the market-women, as is usual with this interesting portion of the community, exhibiting great strength of lungs, and a very respectable command of figurative language. As for myself, I was more interested in waiting for the final catastrophe of a scene transpiring directly before my eyes:—a young butcher of herculean proportions was wrestling, for the purpose of snatching a kiss, with a market-girl, who might have sat or stood for the picture of an Amazon, and whose stalwart arms dealt the impertinent youngster sundry powerful whacks. When the wrestling ceased, I judged from the saucy tone assumed by the youthful slayer of bees, that he claimed the victory, whilst the defiant tones of the damsel seemed to imply a denial of the justness of any such pretensions; but as the controversy was, amidst much laughter, carried on in the Welsh tongue, which had not, in my young days, been an undergraduate study, I did not learn, nor am I likely ever to know, whether the kiss was achieved or not.

Having left the ladies at our hotel, we continued our ramble. The old castle-walls, which formerly encompassed the whole town, now, in part, form both public and private walks, sections of the wall being, in the latter instance, stockaded into the grounds of wealthy citizens. At one place we found sundry large handbills, in the Welsh language, posted against the old wall. To my friend B., the vast number of consonants employed in Welsh words, especially the double d's, were a source of ceaseless merriment, whilst to me, his abortive attempts to pronounce them, in which I vainly

endeavored to aid him, afforded indescribable fun. So here we stood, Mr. B. puzzling and spelling over the uncouth Welsh words, my brother and myself exploding, ever and anon, in uncontrollable laughter, which the imperturbable gravity and the indefatigable efforts of our friend only served to aggravate. Presently an individual approached, and offered to assist us in our philological studies: he was of a medium height; his raiment was odd, and set the rules of fashion at defiance; his head looked like a large carrot, on one side of which a rude face had been carved, then slightly buttered and sprinkled with pepper, whilst the leaves, sere and yellow, furnished the sparse hair that came straggling out from beneath a hat that might have passed for an inverted flower-pot: there was a humorous twinkle in the leer of his slightly squinting eye, and the smile of a lizard played about his lips, which were twitching with suppressed laughter, while the general expression of his countenance denoted the benevolence of one who, excelling his neighbors in knowledge, conceives it his duty to enlighten their ignorance. We expressed ourselves grateful for his benevolent intentions, and willing to be benefited by them, as far as our obtuseness would permit. He spelled words for us—pronounced them for us, and endeavored to teach us to pronounce them. But his appearance was so odd, his manner so quizzical, and his looks, tones, and gestures, when correcting our mistakes, so irresistibly ludicrous: moreover, my friend B.'s countenance, the muscles of which worked convulsively in the determined effort to maintain his gravity, presented an aspect so excessively provocative of risibility, that the cachinatory explosions on the part of my brother and myself became more frequent and obstreperous; and as quite a large number of spectators had meanwhile gathered around us, and seemed to derive the greatest amusement from our indocility, and the original method of our instructor, I proposed an adjournment to our hotel, lest our dignity should be irretrievably compromised. We sought our pillows early, but sleep fled mine—the excitements of the day had been too much for my sensitive nervous organization,

and instead of sleeping, I lay ruminating on the sights and scenes through which I had just passed.

Clear and bright the sun rose next day, and part of the morning was spent in rambling about this old town. It is not worth describing. The streets are narrow, but clean, with scarcely any side-walk; in some streets none at all, in others barely sufficient to afford room for one passenger of tolerably stout proportions. There are some fine dwellings; but in general the houses are insignificant, some very old: adjoining our hotel, which is itself a large and commodious building, there is a queer and quaint-looking old house of stone, with *two gable-ends in front*, rough, weather-beaten, sombre, and dismal; its color and style of architecture indicate extreme old age; it looks, indeed, as if Cain, who built the first city, had furnished the model. In the afternoon we had a drive to Llanberislake and Dolbadarn Castle. Our equipage was furnished by our landlord, and we made a turnout in the genuine style of English posting, with a handsome open barouche, a span of fine horses, our post-boy mounted on the nigh horse, in small-clothes and one yellow top boot, which was worn on the outside leg, the other leg being protected by a long boot from being rubbed by the hide of the off-horse. The lad rode admirably, and the horses carried us at a smart pace over the fine, smooth, hard road. Mr. B. and myself took the box, the rest of the party occupying the inside; and as the weather was delicious, we greatly enjoyed the lovely scenery. We passed through some neat villages, prettily situated, and met great numbers of the Welsh peasantry, the women wearing the peculiar costume of the country. The slate quarries, in which this region abounds, furnish the inhabitants of the villages great facilities for the display of neatness and taste in their humble abodes. There are nowhere signs of wealth, except in the country-residences of the great land-owners, some of whom enjoy princely revenues.

A drive of eight miles brought us to the lakes and the castle. Llyn Peris, the upper lake, is somewhat more than a mile, the lower, Llyn Padarn, two miles in length; the distance between them is not more than

a quarter of a mile. Both are of great depth. Rough and sterile mountains of divers forms rise abruptly on both sides of these lakes, and those which encompass Llyn Peris (commonly called Llanberis) are truly majestic and sublime. The washings of the copper-mines have spoilt the sport which anglers were wont to find in these placid waters. From the Victoria Hotel, a fine, large establishment, but empty, because the taxes growing out of the war had greatly interfered with the usual summer-recreations of towns-people, we wended our way, by a rustic and quite romantic path, opened through a dense grove, to Dolbadarn Castle, the object of greatest interest in the neighborhood. It is a single and very ancient circular tower, occupying a rocky point at the lower extremity of Llyn Peris. Although its age is not certainly known, there is reason to believe that it dates back as far as the sixth century, because Maelgwyn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, is known to have held a stronghold in that locality. Having clambered as near to the top as the dilapidation permitted, I could perceive, at a glance, what must have been its importance, both as a look-out and a fortress, as it commanded the lakes and the whole valley. No invader could approach Caernarvon from this side, without passing this formidable pile, or without being seen from a great distance. The chieftain who selected this site had no small skill in strategics. At the foot of this old ruin spreads a meadow, called Dolbadarn, i. e. the holm or meadow of Padarn, which, giving its name to the castle, was itself named after a Saint, who here led a life of solitude and devotion, and to whom several churches in Wales are dedicated. Llewelyn, the last Prince of Wales of the British line, long held this castle, in which for twenty-three years (1254-1277) he kept his unfortunate brother Owen Goch, or the Red, imprisoned. There is an old Welsh ode still extant, which commemorates and laments poor Owen's hard fate.

"Dolbadarn Castle," says Black, "was maintained for some time against the attack of Edward I, by Dafydd, also a brother of Llewelyn; but he was at length compelled to abandon it, and, after vainly endeavoring

to conceal himself, with his wife and seven children, in the mountains and morasses, he was taken prisoner, and carried, in chains, first to Rhuddlan and then to Shrewsbury, where he was put to death with much cruelty. During the protracted struggles of Owen Glyndwr, in the reign of Henry IV and V, it was repeatedly in possession of each party, being warmly contended for as the master key to the region of Snowdon. The present remains, covering the whole summit of the rock, consist only of a portion of a round tower, which had evidently three floors, exclusive of a vaulted basement story, probably used as a dungeon. A few broken steps show that the intercommunication was by spiral stairs." The best view of the ruins is obtained by putting out, in a boat, into the adjacent lake; and when, as was now the case, the rays of the setting sun tip the peaks and jagged cliffs of the surrounding mountains with gold, and deepening shadows begin to settle on the plains and to darken the valleys, the reflection of this grim old ruin in the glassy and placid waters beneath is strikingly beautiful—a picture to fill up the dream-hours of a true knight-errant.

The side of the mountains facing the valley, through which we came from Caernarvon, is sadly disfigured by immense slate-quarries, which yield the owner, Thomas Asheton Smith, Esq., a very large revenue. But, although they certainly detract seriously from the beauty of this mountain-scenery, they are of great importance to the surrounding country, as they give employment to more than two thousand men and boys, whose mining operations, combined with the roar of locomotive engines that convey the slate to the coast, enhance not a little the wildness of these rugged mountain-ridges, between which the lovely valley of Llanberis, with its two smiling lakes, lies imbedded.

We returned to Caernarvon and our hotel in the lingering and soft twilight of these high latitudes, bringing to our supper, to which we sat down at 9 o'clock, an appetite sharpened by our exercise. The drive of this afternoon was the finale of our joint pleasure excursion; business requiring my brother's presence at home; he and his lady

left by next morning's early train, while the rest of us set out upon our tour through North Wales. I had often said that I hoped one day yet to enjoy a drive through English scenery in an old-fashioned English stage-coach, such as were running in all parts of Great Britain, before the days of railways; but when, during my passage out, I expressed this hope to one of my fellow-passengers, who was from Staffordshire, he replied, that he would like to know where I was to get such a drive; thus indicating his opinion, that stage-coaches had entirely disappeared. To my great satisfaction, however, we now set out in a genuine English four-horse post-coach, with a great receptacle for luggage behind, and ample accommodation for passengers outside, or on the top. As our sole object was, to see the country to the best advantage, and to enjoy the magnificent scenery, through which our route lay, we, of course, took outside seats, directly behind, and a little elevated above, that of our Jehu. He was, I fancy, a true representative of a class now almost extinct; a proper specimen of a variety of our species, now almost as rare as the Dodo among birds, soon, like this raris avis, to be numbered among the traditionary or even fabulous reminiscences of a bygone age. He was about five feet six inches in height, broadshouldered, with a slight stoop or roundness in the back; but the feature, most distinctively characteristic of a true English coachee, was his extreme redness of face. His nasal projection betokened a moderate but steady devotion to the service of Bacchus; in general, his features were arranged in a serious expression, as though he were conning over the pedigrees of his horses; but there was a roguish twinkle in his eye, and a tell-tale line or two about the corners of his mouth, which betokened the wag, so that I was not surprised at the sunny smile, the embarrassed giggle, the broad grin, or the sonorous cachinnation provoked by the jokes which, as we drove along, he dealt out with a glib tongue to the foot-passengers, men and women, boys and girls—and he seemed to know everybody—whom we passed on the road. Unfortunately he discoursed in Welsh, to me quite as intel-

ligible as Eskimo, so that his jokes were lost upon me.

As far as Llanberis, or nearly, our road was the same as yesterday; but soon we struck off to the right, our route lying through Beddgelert, Tremadoc, Portmadoc, Tanybwlech, Harlech, and Barmouth, thence around Monadnocto Dolgelly, the point where our first day's journey was to terminate. If any one will look up these names on the map of North Wales, he will perceive, that none but tourists in search of the picturesque, would pursue so circuitous a route from Caernarvon to Llangollen. After leaving Llanberis to the left, we entered the immediate vicinity of Snowdon, a name which, although it more properly designates the highest mountain in Great Britain, belongs also to the whole range which stretches across the County of Caernarvon. The most elevated point, 3571 feet high, is also distinguished by the name "Y Wyddfa," or The Conspicuous. As we did not ascend the mountain, I must refer you, my romantic friend, to Mr. Roscoe's "Wanderings and Excursions in North Wales," Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd's "Vacation Rambles," and to the last book of Wordsworth's "Prelude," for graphic and most animated descriptions of this lofty peak, and the magnificent prospect beheld from its summit. Our road, which passed close by several lakes, so small that, in the United States, they would be called ponds, left Snowdon on our right. We watched, with great interest, the aspects of this great mountain, ever varying with the windings of our road; the greater part of the time his head was enveloped in a veil of mist, and thus hidden from view. When this veil was occasionally withdrawn, the face of the summit appeared to me as though shovel-shaped thunderbolts had dug and riven out of it huge masses, leaving behind deep concave furrows and vertical gulches of vast width. Often the whole mountain was concealed by other intervening heights, and then again it stood out in some new form, clear and distinct against the bright sky, and our eyes grew weary watching the everchanging scene. The most striking portion of this mountain-scenery is the pass of

Llanberis, which somebody told us, it may be, correctly, was called the pass of Beddgelert; both names may belong to it. For rough grandeur and awe-inspiring wildness, there is nothing on this route to be compared to it. It is only within a few years that a new and very fine road has rendered this pass accessible to wheeled carriages, which now climb the steep ascent, and roll down the corresponding prone declivity in perfect safety, amidst the most majestic and sublime objects. The pass is a sharp, abrupt, and very deep cut through the solid mass of the mountains, whose sides, in some parts basaltic, are precipitous, sometimes crowned with huge crags that seem ready to topple down, and, running closely side by side, thus form this narrow passage. The many grotesque rocks that lie shattered around, hurled, at various times, from the overhanging cliffs, and the roar of a mountain-stream dashing violently along in the midst of them, add to the savage wildness of the scene, which assumes, at times, quite a terrific aspect. But presently our rapidly descending road takes a sharp turn to the right, and we pass from this awe-inspiring scene into one of surpassing loveliness, as we enter Nant Gwynant, the Vale of Waters, so called because within it lie the two sweet little lakes, Llyn Gwynant and Llyn-y-ddinas. The whole valley is inclosed within the towering masses of this ridge of mountains, which assume an aspect of fearful grandeur, particularly around this last-named sheet of water. Near this, the road passes a strange-looking, isolated rock, called Fort of Merlin, with which many marvellous traditions respecting the famous bard and prophet of that name are connected. Having extricated itself from the close embrace of the rugged mountains, our road now takes a gentle sweep into that charming and picturesque village, of which we have had occasional glimpses for some minutes past. It is Beddgelert; and here we are at the door of its spacious and handsome inn. I was quite sorry that the hour of dinner had not come, for the appearance of the house was exceedingly attractive and inviting, and very nice-looking people they all were that came to the door, or looked out from the windows, as we drove up. This village is,

of all the places on the road we came, by far the neatest and prettiest. The streets are clean, the houses have an air of cheerfulness and comfort, and everything around wears an aspect of prosperous thrift and easy circumstances. The village, so pretty and picturesque itself, is beautifully situated on a small grassy level, at the point where three valleys, formed by high and well wooded hills, join, while beyond them the prospect is bounded by the lofty mountains of this region. The place is much frequented by tourists, and the inn often crowded with visitors, during the summer season; but for us there was no tarrying; our Jehu stopped just long enough to change horses, and, while this was effected, I ran into the garden, which, lying directly opposite the inn, is laid out in quite a romantic style, with gravel walks and rocky paths amidst a variety of shrubbery and shady trees. But I had time only to seek the rustic summer-seat, which occupies the highest point of this charming retreat, in order to obtain a view of the pretty, ivy-mantled village-church. Having enjoyed the scene for a few moments, I was summoned to resume my outside seat on our coach, and off we rolled. But I must not leave Beddgelert, without casting a glance behind me, and recalling a few matters of too much interest to be passed over entirely.

When we had left Caernarvon ten miles behind us, a huge, solitary rock, lying very near the roadside, excited our curiosity. It was a very strange-looking object, very well fitted to serve as the head of a rude statue of the Cyclops Polyphemus; of course, we inquired what it was, and were told that it goes by the name of "Pitt's Head," because the very distinct profile which it presents on one side is thought to bear a strong resemblance to the peculiar countenance of that celebrated British statesman; and it must be admitted that there is a resemblance to the many likenesses which I have seen of that extraordinary man. Recalling to mind the many horrid wars and disasters which that man's administration of public affairs had brought, not upon Great Britain alone, but upon all Europe, I could not but think to myself, how much better those affairs might have been managed, had this rude rock occupied Pitt's

place in the cabinet. It would at least have been harmless; for it did not look as if it were likely to concoct any mischief; for it would have very quietly done, without making any fuss about it, what Pitt, and those who hounded him on in his mad career, never consented to do; it would, if any truth there be in the adage, that silence means consent, have acknowledged Napoleon as Emperor of France, and thus have saved the British government the disgrace of having to do it, *notens volens*, in the end, when policy made it necessary to conciliate the amity and alliance of the great Emperor's graceless nephew, Napoleon III, and to present the cheeks of the British Queen to the hirsute salute of his bushy mustache. On the side of the rock, facing the road, is painted, in large, white letters, the inscription; "PITT'S HEAD." *Sic itur ad astra*; a passage once pertly translated: "So goes the world to glory."

The next item of interest which I may not pass without notice, is another of those romantic legends with which this country abounds. Upon this, also, those matter-of-fact fellows, the critical historians, who thrust their discriminating and utilitarian noses into every sweet morsel of popular tradition, have laid their sacrilegious hands. The affecting incident to which tradition says that Beddgelert (the *dd* pronounced like *th* before a vowel) is indebted for its name, is thus related by Black: "Llewelyn the Great, with his family, had a residence here during the hunting season. One day, while engaged in the chase, the Prince was surprised by the absence of his favorite hound Gelert, which he had received as a present from his father-in-law, King John. On returning, he was met by his dog, hastening to him with more than ordinary manifestation of pleasure. Observing, however, that the animal's jaws were besmeared with blood, he became alarmed, and rushing to the house, he there found his infant's cradle overturned, and the ground about it bloody. Rashly concluding that the hound had killed his child, he drew his sword, and slew the poor animal while in the act of caressing his master. Soon afterwards, on removing the cradle, he found beneath it

his child alive, unhurt, and sleeping by the side of a dead wolf. During the absence of the family, a wolf had entered the house, and had been destroyed by the faithful dog in time to prevent its doing injury to the sleeping infant. The Prince, deeply affected by the incident, carefully buried his favorite, thus slain by his own hand, and built a tomb over his grave. Hence the place is still called Bedd Gelert, or the grave of Gelert. The poem suggested by this legend, written by the Hon. W. R. Spencer, is well known. There is a Welsh saying, which seems to allude to the story: 'He repents as much as the man who killed his dog;' and this might lead one to suppose that the sad tale is indeed true. But then the same story, with slight variations, is told in different places, and concerning different persons. It is said to be engraved on a rock at Limerick; it is told in an old English romance; it is repeated in France; and it is the subject of a Persian drama! Who, then, can be very confident in its truth?" Now, is not this pertinacious skepticism quite insufferable? What if a similar story is current elsewhere? We might as well argue, that because there was an old Rome, and an old Utica, and an old Palmyra, there are no such places now in "York State." Have those other localities villages to show bearing the name of Beddgelert? Can they produce the veritable grave itself, with its tomb in ruins, which, surrounded by a beautiful grove, I saw with mine own eyes? Such officious meddling with the poetry of nationalities should be discountenanced by old and young, and those impudent fellows, who delight in such disgraceful proceedings, ought to be put down by Act of Parliament, and by the indignant resolutions of a congress of poets.

THE GRAVE.—It buries every error; covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him.—*Irving*.

FRANK EDWARDS,

OR FIRMNESS OF RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE.

FRANK EDWARDS, a young married man, employed as a machinist in an English manufactory, was converted to Christ. His conversion was genuine, affecting both heart and life.

Very delightful was the first experience of that young man. A good workman, he enjoyed constant employment with wages sufficient to procure the comforts of life. He had a thrifty wife, who was led to Jesus by his own influence. Their cottage was the house of prayer. Religion, plenty, health, and contentment dwelt with them; probably there was not another home in England more pleasant than that of this young, pious mechanic.

But piety was not an effectual shield to defend from trouble. It supports—gloriously supports the sufferer—but his path to heaven is appointed to lead through “much tribulation.” As in nature the storm-cloud gathers in the horizon, while the sun shines with splendor in the heavens, so in the kingdom of grace, while the child of God rejoices in ease and prosperity, and ascends the summit of Pisgah, he may rest assured that events are in preparation, which may hurl him down to the vale of Baca—to the place of weeping and lamentation. It was thus with Frank Edwards and his happy family. In the midst of their prosperity, adversity looked in at their cottage door—poverty sat down at their table. Let us trace the cause of their trouble.

One day the machinery of the mill broke, and its operations were stopped. All of the hands were set to repairing it with the utmost haste. The week was closing, and the work was unfinished.

On Saturday evening the overseer entered, and said to the men, “You must work all day to-morrow.”

Frank instantly remembered the fourth commandment. He resolved to keep it, because he felt that his duty to God required him, under all circumstances, to refrain from labor on the Sabbath day. Offering an inward prayer to God, he respectfully addressed the overseer:

“Sir, to-morrow will be Sunday.”

“I know it, but our mill must be repaired.”

“Will you excuse me, sir, from working on the Sabbath?”

“No, Frank, I can’t excuse any one. The company will give you double wages, and you must work.”

“I am sorry, sir, but I cannot work to-morrow.”

“Why not, Mr. Edwards? You know our necessities, and we offer you a fair remuneration.”

“Sir, it will be a sin against God, and no necessity is strong enough—no price is high enough, to induce me to offend my Maker any more.”

“I am not here to argue the morality of the question, Frank; you must either work to-morrow, or be discharged.”

“I cannot hesitate, sir, a moment; I have resolved to please God. Cost what earthly price it may, I will keep his commandments.”

“Then, Mr. Edwards, if you step into the counting-room, I will pay you what the company owes you, and you will then leave our establishment.”

To say that Frank’s heart did not shrink from this trial, would be to deny his humility; but his faith came to his help. Casting himself upon God, he gathered up his tools, and entered the counting-room.

The overseer was extremely unwilling to part with Frank, for he was a superior workman, and since his conversion, had been the most trusty man in the employment of the company. He therefore addressed him very kindly while handing him his wages: “Mr. Edwards, had you not better reconsider your resolution? Remember, work is scarce, we pay you high wages, and it is not often we require you to labor on the Sabbath.”

“Sir,” replied Frank, “my mind is fixed—I will not work on Sundays, if I have to starve to death.”

“Very well, sir,” was the cool answer of the overseer, who, not being a Christian, could not appreciate the noble heroism of Frank’s reply.

On reaching his humble cottage, the

mechanic could not forbear a sigh, as the thought fitted across his mind that, possibly he might soon lose his home and comforts. But that sigh was momentary; he remembered the promise of God, and grew calm, peaceful. Entering his house, he said to his wife, "Mary, I am discharged!"

"Discharged, Frank! What has happened? O, what will become of us! Tell me why you are discharged!"

"Be calm, Mary, God will provide! I left the shop because I would not break the sabbath. They wanted me to work to-morrow, and because I refused, they discharged me."

Mary was silent. She looked doubtful, as if not quite sure that her husband was right. Her faith was not quite so strong as Frank's, nor was her character so decided. In her heart she thought, as thousands of fearful disciples would under similar circumstances, that her husband had gone too far; but although she said nothing, Frank read her thoughts, and grieved over her want of faith.

Sweet was the hour of family prayer to Frank that evening; sweeter still was the secret devotion of the closet, and he never closed his eyes with more heavenly calmness of spirit, than when he sunk to sleep on that eventful evening.

The following week brought Frank's character to a severer test. All his friends condemned him; even some members of his family said they thought he had gone beyond the strict requirements of duty. "It was well," they said, "to keep the Sabbath, but then, a man like Frank Edwards, ought to look at the wants of his family, and not strain at a gnat, and perhaps be compelled to go to the work-house."

This was dastardly language for Christians, but there are always too many of this class of irresolute, sight-walking disciples. Frank met them on all sides, and found himself without sympathy. A few noble, enlightened Christians, however, admired and encouraged him. Frank held to his purpose with a spirit worthy of a martyr.

The cloud grew darker. Through the influence of his former employers, who were vexed because he left them, the other corporations refused to employ him. Winter came on with its frosts and storms. His little

stock of savings gradually disappeared. Poverty stared them in the face; Frank's watch, Mary's silver spoons, their best furniture went to the auction shop. They had to leave their pleasant cottage, and one little garret held the afflicted family, and the slender remains of the cottage furniture.

Did Frank regret his devotion to God? No, he rejoiced in it. He had obeyed God, he said, and God would take care of him. Light would break out of darkness; all would yet be well. So spoke his unyielding faith; his fixed heart doubted not. The blacker the cloud, the more piercing grew the eye of his triumphant faith. With his Mary the case was different. Her faith was weak, and, pressing her babes to her bosom, she often wept, and bent before the sweeping storm.

The winter passed away, and Frank was still in his fiery furnace, rejoicing, however, amidst the flames. Some friends offered him the means of emigrating to the United States. Here was a light gleam. He rejoiced in it, and prepared to quit a place which refused him bread, because he feared God.

Behold him! that martyr mechanic, on board the emigrant ship. Her white sails catch the favoring breeze, and, with a soul full of hope, Frank looked towards this western world. A short, pleasant passage brought them to one of our Atlantic cities.

Here he soon found that his faith had not been misplaced. The first week of his arrival I saw him not merely employed, but filling the station of foreman in the establishment of some extensive machinists.

Prosperity now smiled on Frank, and Mary once more rejoiced in the possession of home and comforts. They lived in a style far better and more comfortable than when in their English cottage. "Mary," Frank would often ask, pointing to their charming little parlor, "is it not best to obey God?"

Mary could only reply to this question with smiles and tears; for everything around them said, "Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud; surely, he shall not be moved forever."

But Frank's trials were not over. A similar claim for Sabbath labor was made upon

him in his new situation. An engine for a railroad or a steamboat was broken, and must be repaired. "You will keep your men employed through to-morrow, so that the engine may be finished on Monday morning," said the chief overseer.

"I cannot do it, sir. I cannot break the Lord's day. I will work until midnight on Saturday, and begin directly after midnight on Monday morning. God's holy time I will not touch.

"That won't do, Mr. Edwards, you must work your men through the Sabbath, or the owners will dismiss you."

"Be it so, sir," replied Frank; "I crossed the Atlantic, because I would not work on the Sabbath; I will not do it here."

Monday came; the work was unfinished. Frank expected his discharge. While at work, a gentleman inquired for him. "I wish you to go with me to ———, to take charge of my establishment; will you go?"

"I don't know," replied Frank. "If, as I expect, my present employers dismiss me, I will go; if they do not, I have no wish to leave."

"This is settled. They intend to dismiss you, and I know the reason. I honor you for it, and wish you to enter my establishment."

Here again our mechanic saw the hand of God. His decision had again brought him into trouble, and God has come to his aid. The new situation for which he had just engaged was worth much more than the one he was to leave. God had kept his promise.

CONDENSED TRUTHS.—It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practise, that makes them righteous.

A good daughter is the morning sunlight and evening star of her parent's house.

WE may be as good as we please, if we please to be good.—BARROW.

(Original.)

THE SONG OF DEATH.

BY REV. W. H. LUCKENBACH.

"I AM both a friend and a foe to man,
And have been near' since the world began.
As a kindly nurse I have pillowed the head
Of millions of babes on my earthy bed:
As a dutiful servant times untold,
I have smoothed the grave for the trembling old:
But whether a friend or foe I be—
I am coming to thee—I am coming to thee—
I'm coming—coming—coming to thee!

"I'm busily gath'ring the young and the old
Together in crowds, to rot and mould—
To rot and mould in a common grave,
Where as good as a king is the veriest slave—
Where equally lie the great and the small,
And the worm is busy on *all—all—all*.
Tho' you are not busily thinking of me,
I am coming to thee—I am coming to thee—
I'm coming—coming—coming to thee.

"The ranks of men I am thinning fast—
O'er palace or hovel my pull I cast—
I cannot be partial to father or son,
Mother or daughter, old or young—
To good or to bad, but *all—all—all*—
Must yield me obedience when I call.
Tho' quiet yet quick my steps may be
While coming for thee—fast coming for thee—
I'm coming—coming—coming to thee.

"My realm's as wide as the human race—
My throne no human can ever displace—
I rule on the monument marble cold,
And here shall I rule till Time grows old—
Till long after you shall have passed away,
And the babe of to-day shall long have been gray.
And out of my realm none can flee:
I'm coming for thee—I'm coming for thee—
Coming—coming—coming—I'm coming for thee!"

Then the bluish hue, and the glassy eye,
And the fluttering pulse, and the struggling sigh,
And the rattling groan of a sickened one,
Shaded the room where death had come.
The sinking human had heard the call
And went to the bourne of *all—all—all*—
And away to another room went he,
To sing to another, "I'm come for thee.
Coming—coming—coming—I'm coming for thee."

LOCKPORT (NEW YORK), August, 1856.

HUMILITY.—Remember, Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone. Looking at our own shining face, is the bane of spiritual life and of the ministry. Oh, for the closest communion with God, till soul and body—head, face, and heart—shine with divine brilliancy; but, oh, for a holy ignorance of our shining.

LIFE'S PENDULUM.

AT every swing of the pendulum, a spirit goes into eternity. The measure of our life is a handbreadth; it is a tale that is told; its rapidity is like the swift shuttle or the flying arrow; it is brief as the fading flower or the dazzling meteor; it is a bubble, it is a breath. At every swing of the pendulum a spirit goes into eternity. Between the rising and setting sun, forty-two thousand souls are summoned before their Creator. Death is very busy, night and day, at all seasons, in all climes. True, as well as beautiful, are those lines of Mrs. Hemans:

“Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!”

He is supplied with a boundless variety of darts and arrows, with which he accomplishes his work. Could all the forms, in which death comes to man, be written together, what a long and fearful catalogue would it make. Think of the innumerable number of diseases, all at the command of Death. And, as though these were not sufficient, see how man is exposed to fatal accidents on every hand, and at every moment. It was a saying of Flavel, that “the smallest pore in the body is a door large enough to let in Death.” “The leanest gnat in the air,” says the same writer, “may choke one, as it did Adrian, or the Pope of Rome. A little hair in milk may strangle one, as it did a counsellor in Rome. A little skin of a raisin may stop one's breath, as it did the lyric poet, Anacreon.” A little ognail on a finger recently proved the avenue of death to a physician of this city, who was in the vigor of life and health. Even the food we eat to nourish us, and the air we breathe, may introduce death into our systems. And though everything else should fail to harm us, we might fall beneath our own hands should God permit a cloud to pass over our reason. O! how insecure is life! how near is death! What has been said of the mariner in respect to his ship, that “he always sails within four inches of death,” may be said of the soul in relation to the body. If the ship

splits, then the sailor sinks; if our earthen vessel breaks, the soul is plunged forever into the shoreless ocean of eternity. Were our senses not benumbed and deadened, we should read a warning in every sere leaf, and hear an admonition in every wind that sighs. Even sleep, “nature's sweet restorer,” would be a nightly monitor of death—an ever present emblem of mortality.—CYCLE.

LANGUAGE.

TO the genius of William Paley we owe this immortal sentence: “The world thenceforth becomes a temple, and life itself one continued act of adoration.”

We stand upon the threshold of that temple. Hark! Hear the pealing notes of the organ, twittering in the zephyrs, swelling in the cataract, thundering from cloud to cloud in the roar of the tempest!

Hark! sweet sounds pervade the air; songs of praise in soft and majestic symphony rise, like incense, before the altar, echo along the crowded archway, and murmur with gentle cadence in every sequestered nook of the vast cathedral;—innumerable voices join in the mighty chorus, and the heavenly vaults quiver and thrill with the melody of the rolling anthem. This, this is *Language* speaking with its thousand tongues, thrilling with its thousand accents, melting all discords into higher harmonies; Sanscrit and Persian, Latin and Greek, ancient and modern—all blending together and ascending in one harmonious, one triumphant strain: “Glory, glory be to thee, O God! Hosanna in the highest!”

RUTHVEN.

TEMPTATION.—That temptation, which, at first, is but a little cloud as big as a man's hand, may quickly overspread the whole heaven. Our engaging in sin is the motion of a stone down hill; it strengthens itself by going, and the longer it runs, the more violently. Beware of the smallest beginnings of temptations. No wise man will neglect or slight the smallest spark of fire, especially if he sees it among barrels of gunpowder. You carry gunpowder about you? O, take heed of sparks.

IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION.

WHEN the people govern themselves, as is the case in this happy country, knowledge is absolutely necessary to discern wherein their *true* interest consists. By interest I do not mean a momentary selfish advantage, but their real permanent good, which will benefit not only themselves but their posterity after them—which will inspire them with a love of their country superior to all others: for I affirm it, he that loves another nation to the injury of his own, is guilty of political whoredom, becomes a parricide, and is a greater monster than a man with two heads and two hearts. It will teach them that their private and individual interests should give way to that of the public where they chance to interfere, which will seldom be the case. When it is, they will be gainers by it in the end; like casting their bread upon the waters, it will return to them after many days. But morality must give direction and energy to knowledge; otherwise it might sometimes mislead; and degenerate into what is falsely called philosophy. I mean a morality founded on real genuine religion: resulting from a belief of an omnipresent and righteous Deity, who knows every movement of the heart, and will reward and punish according to the deeds done in the body. A man under such impressions, who makes a sense of his duty to God and man the rule of his conduct, may as safely be trusted in the bosom of a forest, far distant from any eye that might witness his actions, as if he was in the presence of assembled millions. If poverty and affliction should be his portion in this life, he is resigned and ever serene, his integrity is firm and unchangeable, well knowing that in no wise shall he miss his reward. If prosperity should fall to his lot, he is thankful and humble; none of that bloated pride and insolence of wealth which appears in the gilded guilty sons of mammon; none of that cold apathy of heart and vacancy of face attending fat contented ignorance. He becomes the guardian and protector of the innocent—the friend and comforter of the deserted and distressed;—and the faithful

steward of the poor: the blessings of those who were ready to perish fall upon him, like the fragrant dew of the morning, and his soul is refreshed therewith. He lays himself down in security with unbarred doors; conscious uprightness softens his pillow; an approving conscience prompts his repose; and his dreams are of Heaven. When he comes to die, he securely confides in his neighbor, that, as an executor he will be a friend to his widow, and father to his children, and he is not disappointed.

THE BIBLE.

HOW comes it that this little volume composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system, than all the other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvellous changes in the opinions of mankind—has banished idol worship—has abolished infanticide—has put down polygamy and divorce—exalted the condition of woman—raised the standard of public morality—created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home—and caused its other triumphs by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the wind and wave of human passions obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed, many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, run their course, and expired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no trace on the waters. But this book is still going about doing good, leavening society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with its consolations—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent—calming the troubled spirit—and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?

DEATH AND SLEEP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

IN brotherly companionship wandered together the Angel of Sleep and the Death Angel through the earth. It was evening. A melancholy stillness reigned around; the evening bells in the far-off villages were hushed. Quietly, silently, as is their wont, sat together in faithful amity the two beneficent friends of man; and already softly came the night.

Then uprose from his mossy couch the Angel of Slumber, and scattered with noiseless hand the invisible seeds of sleep. The evening wind carried them to the peaceful dwellings of the wearied peasants. Then fell sweet slumber upon the inhabitants of the humble cottages—upon the gray-haired patriarch leaning on his staff—upon the infant in its cradle. The sick forgot his pain, the mourner his sorrow, the careworn his anxiety. Every eye closed in refreshing, tranquil rest.

Then, his grateful task accomplished, sunk down again the benevolent Angel of Sleep beside his brother. "When the morning blushes," said he, with a smile of joyous innocence, "all men will regard me as their friend and benefactor. Oh! what happiness thus unseen and unsuspected to do good! How blessed are we both,—invisible messengers of the Good Spirit! How beautiful is our mission of peace!" Thus spake the kindly Genius of Slumber. The Death Angel regarded him with quiet sadness, and a tear—such as immortals may shed—stood in his large, shadowy eye.

"Alas!" said he, "I cannot like thee with such pleasant thoughts rejoice my heart. The world calls me its enemy—the destroyer of its joy!"

"Oh, my brother!" replied earnestly and softly the Angel of Sleep, "will not the good recognize in thee their friend—will they not gratefully acknowledge thee at the Great Awakening?—on the last morn? Are we not brothers?—messengers of One Father?"

Thus spake he. Then brightened the shadowy eyes of the Death Angel, and the two genii met in a cordial, brotherly embrace.

L. C. D.

SOLICITUDE FOR SOULS.

DURING a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismayed merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvas shelter on a deck almost level with the sea suggested the idea that there yet might be life on board. With all his faults, no man is more alive to humanity than the rough and hardy mariner; and so the order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat puts off with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting hulk go these gallant men, through the swell of a roaring sea. They reach it; they shout; and now a strange object rolls out of that canvas screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Hauled into the boat, it proves to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, so dried and shrivelled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes, and so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather round it; it shows signs of life; they draw nearer; it moves, and then mutters—mutters in a deep sepulchral voice—"There is another man!" Saved himself, the first use the saved one made of speech was to seek to save another. Oh! learn that blessed lesson. Be daily practising it. And so long as in our homes, among our friends, in this wreck of a world which is drifting down to ruin, there lives an unconverted one, there is "*another man*," let us go to that man, and plead for Christ; go to Christ and plead for that man; the cry, "Lord save me, I perish," changed into one as welcome to the Saviour's ear, "Lord save them, they perish." GUTHRIE.

SUFFERING.—There is a great want about all Christians who have not suffered. Some flowers must be broken, or bruised, before they emit any fragrance. All the wounds of Christ sent out sweetness; all the sorrows of Christians do the same. Commend me to a bruised brother, a broken reed—one like the Son of Man. To me there is something sacred and sweet in all suffering; it is so much akin to the Man of Sorrows.

THE FLOOD.

LOOK on the catastrophe of the deluge. We may have our attention so engrossed by the dread and awful character of this judgment as to overlook all that preceded it, and see nothing but these devouring waters.

The waters rise till rivers swell into lakes, and lakes into seas; and along fertile plains the sea stretches out her arms to seize the flying population. Still the waters rise. And now, mingled with beasts that terror has tamed, men climb to the mountain tops, the flood roaring at their heels. Still the waters rise; and now each summit stands above them like a separate and sea-girt isle. Still the waters rise; and crowding closer on the narrow spaces of their lessening tops, men and beasts fight for standing-room. Still the thunders roar and the waters rise, till the last survivor of the shrieking crowd is washed off, and the head of the highest Alp goes down beneath the wave. And now the waters rise no more. God's servant has done his work. He rests from his labors. And, all land drowned, all life destroyed—an awful silence reigning, and a shoreless ocean rolling—Death for once has nothing to do but ride in triumph on the top of some giant billow, which, meeting no coast, no continent, no Alp, no Andes, to break upon, sweeps round and round the world.

CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

INSTRUCTION in the Old Testament is gorgeous and awful; it glows in the jewelled breastplate of the high priest, speaks in thunder, and is felt in the thick darkness; miracle, prophecy, and portent attend on its way, and startle all the senses. But these are gigantic fragments, perfect only when built in the true temple of the person of Christ, glorious hieroglyphics, of which He is the interpretation. Embodying its predictions, developing its commands, the root and the offspring, the beginning and the end, the first and the last, the true wonder of the universe, the great "mystery of godliness," the marvel even of the Scriptures, the unimagined and the unimaginable, is the character of Christ.

(Selected.)

"HOW READEST THOU?"

LUKE 10 : 26.

THIS one thing now to read the Bible through,
 'Tis one thing now to read it with delight,
 And quite another thing to read it right.
 Some read it with a design to learn to read,
 But to the subject pay but little heed;
 Some read it as their duty, once a week,
 But no instruction from the Bible seek.
 Whilst others read it with but little care,
 With no regard to how they read, nor where!
 Some read it as a history, to know
 How people lived three thousand years ago.
 Some read to bring themselves into repute,
 By showing others how they can dispute:
 Whilst others read because their neighbors do,
 To see how long 'twill take to read it through.
 Some read it for the wonders that are there,
 How David killed a lion and a bear;
 Whilst others read, or rather in it look,
 Because, perhaps, they have no other book.
 Some read the blessed book they don't know why,
 It somehow happens in the way to lie;
 Whilst others read it with uncommon care,
 But all to find some contradictions there!
 Some read as tho' it did not speak to them,
 But to the people at Jerusalem;
 One reads it as a book of mysteries,
 And won't believe the very thing he sees;
 One reads with father's spees upon his head,
 And sees the thing just as his father said.
 Another reads through Campbell or thro' Scott,
 And thinks it means exactly what they thought.
 Whilst others read the book through H. Ballou,
 And if it cross his track, it can't be true!
 Some read to prove a pre-adopted creed—
 Thus understand but little what they read;
 For every passage in the book they bend,
 To make it suit that all-important end!
 Some people read, as I have often thought,
 To teach the book, instead of being taught;
 And some there are who read it out of spite,—
 I fear there are but few who read it right.
 So many people in these later days,
 Have read the Bible in so many ways,
 That few can tell which system is the best,
 For every party contradicts the rest! !

GOOD HUMOR.—Let us cherish good humor and Christian cheerfulness. Let us endeavor to shake off that sullenness which makes us so uneasy to ourselves, and to all who are near to us. Pythagoras quelled the perturbations of his mind by the use of his harp. David's music calmed the distraction of Saul, and banished the evil spirit from him. Anger, fretfulness, and peevishness prey upon the tender fibres of our frame, and injure our health.

SUBMISSION TO GOD.

THE conversion of the soul is the first submission. Before this it rebels, secretly and openly, against God's law. It turns always from God, and lives in a state of insubordination to him. When we are told of this in theological language, we doubt or disbelieve it. We cannot think, we say, that there is any *enmity* between us and our heavenly Father; and we invest the language of Scriptures, which so plainly asserts this, with some vague and metaphorical meaning. And yet after all, though we deny it in words, there is something in our secret consciousness which tells us it is true. In our sad and sorrowful hours, when we want some refuge to go to, we cannot find such a refuge in God. The soul, desolate and wretched, finding a blank in every *earthly* direction in which it looks, sees something worse than a blank in the direction of heaven. It instinctively paints to itself the face of God darkened by a frown. While everything looks comfortless below, it finds only a dark and gloomy dread of retribution when it attempts to look above. In a word, the unchanged soul of man has always a feeling, which no reasoning can remove, that there is a vast and eternal Power ruling sublimely above it, under whose mighty hand it has never yet been humbled. There are times in the experience of every reflecting mind, when the world seems to shrink into insignificant dimensions, and withdraws from the view. Its colors fade, its promises of happiness disappear; its sorrows and woes darken the whole horizon; its brief period of duration seems just at an end, and the heart longs to fly away in search of something to rest upon, but is repulsed by the still gloomier aspect of everything beyond the grave, where reigns supreme a Power to which it has never yet been willing to bow. Weary at length of this wretched isolation, and touched by a sense of the divine kindness and compassion which seek to draw us from it, we come and submit. We humble ourselves under the mighty hand which we feel it vain and wicked to resist any longer.—J. ABBOT.

GODLINESS with contentment is great gain.

RESIGNATION.

"Amid the various scenes of ills;
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sovereign love directs the rod?"

RESIGNATION is an exalted Christian virtue. It is a plant that grows not up from nature's soil. It is a grace that must be cultivated like the rose-tree, that it may flourish and shed forth its sweet fragrance amid the passing scenes of life. To possess resignation, calm and settled, under all circumstances, is a high attainment. Yet it is attainable; and blessed are they who live under its benign influences. It will shed a holy balm over the moral waste of life, and cheer us amid the darkest hours of our pilgrimage.

Life has its cares and its afflictions, its crosses and its conflicts, its disappointments and its sacrifices. But in every scene of earth, resignation, like the strong and faithful anchor that holds the ship in safety till the storm is past, secures its possessor peace and quietness, till the darkness and danger of the tempest are over, and the sunshine of tranquillity and joy again beams upon us. Nothing is ever lost to the just by the exercise of this virtue; but it will secure to the anxious, the impotent, and heavy-laden, much joy, blessedness, and consolation. It will render our afflictions, blessings; our crosses, pleasures; our disappointments, unexpected good; and our sacrifices, either for our own or the well-being of others, acceptable obligations to God. Then

"Though Heaven afflict, I'll not repine;
Each heartfelt comfort still is mine—
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale."

HOOR OF DEATH.—It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death, to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire, to have conquered millions, or enslaved the world.

SLAVES.

THEY are slaves, who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves, who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather, than in silence shrink
From the truth they need must think
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

HABIT—PUNCTUALITY.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

THERE is much truth in the remark made by Robert Hall, "That, if we look upon the usual course of our feelings, we shall find that, we are more influenced by the frequent recurrence of objects, than by their weight and importance; and that habit has more force in forming our character, than opinions have." If habits exert so much influence, how desirable it is that the right kind be acquired in our youth.

Among the habits, which it is important we should cultivate, is that of *Punctuality*. This we regard as a great virtue, essential to a man's comfort and usefulness in life. It is a trait of inestimable value to ourselves and to the world. No one can be successful in business or in study who is not prompt. A want of punctuality, it will be found, is a fatal enemy to diligence, improvement, and excellence. How often is an individual's influence diminished, or his credit impaired, by a disregard of this virtue! Every engagement should be promptly met, every promise punctually fulfilled, every duty faithfully performed at the appointed time, unless there be a physical impossibility, or such an impediment as cannot be referred to indolence, as an excuse.

There is no one who might not be prompt, if he were so disposed, and yet, how few comparatively possess this habit to the degree to which it is practicable! How often have we been subjected to inconveniences, and have had our moral sensibilities outraged by the want of punctuality in those with whom we have had business-transactions, and in whose veracity, we supposed, confidence could be reposed. How frequently has the minister of the Gospel been heard to announce the services of the sanctuary, for the next Lord's Day, at a particular hour, when he never expected to fulfil the appointment at the time designated. Can the influence of such a course in a public teacher of morals be any other than unfavorable upon the people of his charge? If he evinces so little regard for truth and the honor of his word, is it to be expected that others, influenced by his example, will always be the

most scrupulous? In this, as in other things, the adage, "Like priest, like people," is true. We all exert an influence, and we shall be held responsible for the trust committed to us. The evil is perpetuated. The habit is transmitted. It becomes woven into the habits of others, and it is no easy matter to tell how irreparable the injury that has been inflicted upon society.

But the punctual man can accomplish so much more than one who is deficient in this virtue. He will, also, perform the work with greater facility to himself, and with increased satisfaction to others. This is often the key of an individual's success in life. It is said of Lord Brougham, that, whilst he was Chancellor of England, when a kingdom seemed resting upon his shoulders, although he presided in the House of Lords, and in the Court of Chancery, gave audience daily to barristers, and found time to write reviews, and to be at the head of ten associations, which were, at the time, publishing works of useful knowledge; yet he was so punctual, that, when those associations met, he was always on the spot when the hour of meeting arrived, and was in the chair. Blackstone, when he was delivering his celebrated lectures, in exposition of the law, was never known to keep his audience waiting even a minute, and he could never be made to think well of any one who was not faithful to his appointment. Those profound and elaborate productions of Cuvier, so unrivalled in solidity of judgment and in accurate and extensive research, are said to have been the result of hours gained, by meeting *promptly* the multifarious duties of a high official station. At the time that Sir Walter Scott was putting forth works, at the rate of four volumes a year, he was faithful in the performance of his engagements as an advocate and clerk of the Court of Session, in Edinburgh. Men who are punctual, usually have the most leisure. The reason is obvious. They "gather up the fragments" of time, that "nothing be lost." If all men were punctual, how much precious time might be saved! A want of punctuality amounts to robbery. "A short time since, at a village in the neighborhood of London, a committee of eight ladies, who managed the concerns

of an institution, which had been formed for the relief of the neighboring poor, agreed to meet on a certain day, at twelve o'clock, precisely. Seven of them attended punctually at the appointed hour; the eighth did not arrive until a quarter of an hour after. She came according to her usual mode, with "I am sorry to be behind in the appointed time, but, really, the time slipped away, without my being sensible of it. I hope your goodness will excuse it!" A Quaker lady replied, "Had thyself only lost a quarter of an hour, it would have been merely thy own concern; but, in this case, the question must be multiplied by eight, as we each lost a quarter, so there have been two hours of useful time sacrificed by thy want of punctuality." It is said, that whenever Melancthon made an appointment, he expected not only the *hour* but the *minute* to be fixed, that the day might not run out in the idleness of suspense.

"There is great dignity in being waited for," said one, who was guilty of this habit, and, also, who had not much to gratify his vanity, except his want of promptness. "The congregation, or the committee, will, no doubt, be pleased to see you after having waited for you, but they would have been much better pleased to see you in your place at the exact time."

How often is the public assembly disturbed by the tardiness of one, who might have been there in time! After the exercises have commenced, and the congregation engaged in the devotions, the attention is often arrested, and the services disturbed, by one who comes up the aisle with a quick, noisy step, which always indicates a consciousness that something is wrong. How easily this could have been avoided, and the comfort of the worshippers promoted. The individual has attracted notice, and shown that he is of some importance, but he has certainly fallen in the estimation of those who are lovers of punctuality, and has done himself a serious injury.

There are some persons, who are, in this respect, habitually delinquent. The habit has so grown upon them, that they are never punctual. You would be surprised, if you were to find them doing a thing at the pro-

per time, or meeting an engagement, at the appointed hour. We knew such a one, who is said to have been just two hours behind the time selected for the celebration of his nuptials. How much he suffered in the respect of the company assembled to witness the ceremony, there will be no difficulty in deciding!

How we do love a prompt man! How pleasant it is to be associated with him in labor! We place confidence in his word. We can always depend upon his statements. In time of difficulty, in the hour of adversity, he is the man upon whom we can rely, in whose promises there is every security.

Let the young, who desire to be useful and happy, be careful in the formation of their habits. As they sow, so also will they reap. In regard to this life, as well as to the life that is to come, they shall "eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices." The folly of neglect we see exemplified in the terrible confessions of him, who cried,

"The thorns which I have reaped, are of the tree I planted; they have torn me, and I bleed;
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed!"

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

THE time has not long since gone by when the "million" were regarded by the upstart despots of a down-trodden humanity as a mass of mechanical and unthinking animalism; but a new epoch has arrived, and now shines with no common lustre. It is not merely now "king, lords, and commons, in Parliament assembled," with their "blue books" voluminous; but there is a "fourth estate," a ubiquitous and higher power—the superintending people, to whom all must appeal, all serve, and to whom all must bend, willingly or unwillingly. The genius of the age is, in short, the popular mind—the public opinion, acting by and through that powerful organ, the public press. It is the badge and mark of modern civilization. It is the people's own, the concentrated essence of their mind; as they progress to a higher civilization; it will speed onward before them with the increased velocity of the locomotive, until it reaches the terminus of the "good time."

Home Circle.

ADAM AND EVE.

TRANSLATED FROM GENIE DU CHRISTIANISME.

BY E. B. STORK.

SATAN has penetrated into the terrestrial paradise. In the midst of the animal creation,

"He saw
Two of far nobler aspect, erect and tall,
. of daughters, Eve."*

Our first parents had reclined themselves in the shade upon the banks of a fountain. There they were partaking their evening repast, in the midst of the animal creation, which were gambolling around their king and their queen. Satan, concealed under the form of one of these creatures, contemplates the happy pair, and feels himself almost softened at the touching spectacle of their beauty, their innocence, and by the thought of the evil he is about to cause succeed to so much happiness. Admirable scene! Meanwhile Adam and Eve discourse lovingly together near the fountain, and Eve thus addresses her spouse:

"That day I oft remember, when from sleep
. her silver mantle threw."†

Adam and Eve retired to their nuptial bower, after having offered up their prayer to the Eternal. They penetrated to the obscurity of the grove, and reclined upon its flowery bed. Then the poet, pausing before this opening arbor, sings a hymn to Hymen, with his eye gazing upon the polestar and the firmament sparkling with stars. He thus began this grand epithalamium, without premeditation and as if by an inspired breath, after the olden style:

"Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring."

"Healthful, conjugal love, mysterious law, originator of posterity!" It is thus that the Grecian army sang, immediately after the death of Hector, "*We have gained a glorious victory! We have killed the immortal Hector!*"

* Par. Lost, Book 4th.

† Par. Lost, Book 4th. ver. 449-502, inclusive, then the 591st ver. until the 609th.

tor!" In a like manner the Sabians celebrated the festival of Hercules, impetuously exclaiming, in Virgil: "It is thou who hast enchained the two centaurs, sons of a river-god," &c.

This hymeneal anthem gives the finishing touch to Milton's picture, and completes the painting of the loves of our primogenitors. We need not apprehend that we shall be reproached with the length of this quotation. "Voltaire remarks, that in all other poems, love is regarded as a weakness. In Milton alone is it a virtue. The poet has been able to raise with a chaste hand the veil which covers elsewhere the raptures of this passion. He transports the reader into this garden of delights. He seems to imbue him with the joy, the pure and impassioned ecstacy, with which Adam and Eve are filled.

"He does not elevate him above human nature, but only makes him superior to its excesses; as it is a *nonpareil* in love, so is it a unique in poetical compositions. If we compare the loves of Ulysses and Penelope, with those of Adam and Eve, we discover that the simplicity of Homer is more ingenious, that of Milton more magnificent. Ulysses, king and hero though he is, betrays some touches nevertheless of the rustic; a wild and artless manner characterizes his attitudes, his stratagems, and his words. Adam, though newly born and without experience, is already the perfect model of the man. We feel that he is not issued forth as the seed of the weak woman, but *he* is fashioned from the hands of the living God. He is noble, majestic, and at the same time full of innocence and genius. He is such as the Scriptures describe, as one worthy of being respected by the angels, and of walking in solitude with his Creator. As to the consorts,—if Penelope is more reserved, and afterwards more tender, than our first mother, it is because she has been disciplined by trial, and sorrow has rendered her distrustful and sensitive. Eve, on the contrary, joyously abandons herself. She is communicative and

bewitching; she is slightly touched with coquetry. And why should she be as serious and prudent in her manners as Penelope? Does not the whole world lie at her feet, and beckon her smilingly onward? If grief contracts the soul, happiness most certainly enlarges it. In the first example, there is no solitude deep enough to hide her sorrows; in the second, there are not hearts enough to rehearse her pleasures."

However, Milton did not design to paint a perfect character in his Eve; he has represented her as irresistibly charming, but as rather indiscreet and lavish of her words, in order, in some measure, to anticipate the mischief into which she will be plunged by this fault. As for the rest, the loves of Ulysses and Penelope are chaste and dignified, as it ever should be between wedded souls.

We would remark here that in luxurious paintings, the ancient poets betray at the same time a nudity and a chastity which is astonishing. They are most independent in their ideas, and no less free in their expression; we, on the contrary, bewilder the judgment with our extreme caution in managing the eyes and the ears. Whence originates this magic of the ancients, and why is it that a nude Venus of Praxiteles is no less charming to our minds than to our senses? It is that the ideal is beautiful and strikes upon the soul, rather than upon the senses. Thus it is that the genius and intellect alone become enamored, and not the passions; it is this passionate taste which can alone lose itself in the master-piece, or beau-ideal. Every terrestrial emotion is extinguished, and is replaced by a divine tenderness; the consuming soul winds itself round the admired object, and spiritualizes even the more sensual terms it is compelled to employ in the expression of its passion. But neither the loves of Penelope and Ulysses, nor that of Dido for Eneas, nor that of Alcestis for Admete, can be compared in point of sentiment to Milton's two nobler personages, in the sacred feeling which characterizes *their affection*. True religion can alone halo the character with a tenderness as holy as it is sublime.

In order to make his picture more complete, Milton has, by a fine touch of his

genius, hidden the Spirit of Darkness beneath the spreading branches of a noble tree. The rebellious angel spies out the beautiful pair; from their own lips, he learns their fatal secret; he rejoices within himself at their predicted downfall; and the whole description of the felicity of our first parents is truly but the first step towards frightful calamities.

Penelope and Ulysses recall a past misfortune. Eve and Adam anticipate unknown future miseries. All dramatic scenes fail of their effect, which presume to present a play, without a due commingling of joy with sorrow, either developed, or a foreshadowing of coming doom in its representation. Perfect happiness wearies us; absolute unmitigated evil repulses us. The first is shriven of remembrances and tears; the second, of smiling happiness and alluring hope. If you ascend from sorrow to joy, as in Homer's scenes, you will be more touchingly moved, or more gently melancholy; because the soul will remember the past, but as a dream of the night, and will sweetly repose itself in the enjoyment of the present: if, on the contrary, you descend from a condition of prosperous joy to tears and woe, as in Milton's pictures, you will be more deeply grieved, and more profoundly affected, because the heart is more suddenly and painfully aroused from its clustering delights with the foreshadowing evils which threaten it.

Therefore we must always, in every life-picture, unite happiness and misfortune together, and make the evil counterbalance the good, in order to be in true accordance with nature.

In the cup of human life are commingled two ingredients, the one sweet, the other bitter; but, deeper than the bitterness of the second, there yet remain the *lees*, which they both equally deposit at the bottom of the vase.

THE BIBLE.

WITHIN this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries:
Happiest they, of human race,
To whom their God has given grace,
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE WIFE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity.

Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in force to be the comforter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness the most bitter blasts of adversity.

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage and been lifted by it into sunshine will, when the hardy plant is rived by the thunderbolt, cling around it with caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise they are to comfort you."

And indeed I have observed, that a married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-re-

spect kept alive by finding that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little of love at home, of which he is the monarch.

Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion for want of an inhabitant.

HOW TO CHOOSE A GOOD HUSBAND.

WHEN you see a young man of modest, respectful, retiring habits, not given to pride, to vanity, or to flattery, he will make a good husband, for he will be the same to his wife after marriage that he was before. When you see a man of frugal, industrious habits, no "fortune hunter," but who would take a wife for the value of herself, and not for the sake of wealth, that man will make a good and affectionate husband. When you see a man using his best endeavors to raise himself from obscurity to credit and influence, by his own merits, marry him—he is worth having, for his affection will not decrease, neither will he bring himself or his partner to poverty and want. When you see a young man whose manners are of the most boisterous and disgusting kind, with brass enough to carry him anywhere, and vanity enough to make him think every one inferior to himself, don't marry him, girls—he will not make a good husband. When you see a young man, depending solely for his reputation and standing in society upon the wealth of his father, and other relations, don't marry him—for he will make a poor husband. When you see a young man one-half of his time adorning his person or riding through the streets in gigs, who leaves his debts unpaid, never marry him—for he will, in every respect, make a bad husband. When you see a young man who is never engaged in any affrays or quarrels by day, or follies by night, and whose general conduct is not of so mean a character as to make him conceal his name, who does not keep low company, gamble or break the Sabbath, or use profane language, but whose face is regularly

seen at church, where he ought to be, he certainly will make a good husband. Never make money an object of marriage; if you do, depend upon it, as a balance for the good, you will get a bad husband. When you see a young man who is attentive and kind to his sisters, or aged mother, who is not ashamed to be seen in the street with the woman who gave him birth and nursed him, and who attends to all her wants with filial love, affection, and tenderness—take him, girls, who can get him, no matter what his circumstances in life are; he is really worth having, and will certainly make a very good husband.

DR. FRANKLIN'S WIFE.

FRANKLIN, in a sketch of his life and habits, relates the following anecdote of his frugal and affectionate wife. A wife could scarcely make a prettier apology for purchasing her first piece of luxury.

We have an English proverb, that says,

"He that would thrive,
Must ask his wife."

It was lucky for me that I have one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper-makers, &c. We kept no idle servant; our table was plain and simple; our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was for a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a two-penny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon; but mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle; being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge, by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three-and-twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought *her* husband *deserved* a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate or china in our house, which afterwards, in the course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

WOMAN AND FLOWERS.

WOMAN, says a newspaper writer, loves flowers, and flowers are like woman in their beauty and sweetness, so they ought to grow up together. No flower-garden looks complete without a woman in it—no woman seems so lovely as when she is surrounded by flowers. She should have her fragrant bouquet at the party; window-plants in the parlor; if possible, some rich and rare flowering shrubs in her conservatory; but better than all these, and supplying all, every woman in the world should have a flower-garden. Every man who has the least gallantry or paternal feeling, should make a flower-garden for his wife and daughters. Every house, the smallest cottage, as well as the largest mansion, should have around it the perfume of lilacs, pinks, and other hardy odoriferous flowers that cost no trouble, but bring with them every year a world of beauty and fragrance.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

MY father liked to have, as often as he could, some sensible friend or neighbor to converse with him, and always took care to start some ingenious or useful topic for discourse, which might tend to improve the minds of his children. By this means he turned our attention to what was just and prudent in the conduct of life, and little or no notice was ever taken of what related to the victuals on the table, so that I was brought up in such a perfect inattention to these matters, as to be quite indifferent to what kind of food was set before me. In after life this has been a great convenience to me, for my companions are often very unhappy for want of a suitable gratification of their very much more delicate tastes and appetites.—*Franklin*.

BEAUTY.

It speaketh in the modest rose,
It whispereth in the night.
It thundereth in the howling storm—
The electric flash of light.
But rose, nor night, nor tree, nor wind,
Nor lightning glare, nor storm,
Such beauty hath as woman's eye,
As woman's matchless form.

HOME AFFECTIONS.

THE heart has memories that cannot die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are memories of home, early home. There is magic in the very sound. There is the old tree under which the light-hearted boy swung in many a summer day; yonder the river in which he learned to swim; there the house in which he knew a parent's love, and found a parent's protection—now there is the room in which he romped with brother or with sister, long since, alas! laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by yon old church, whither with a joyous troop like himself he has often followed his parents to worship with, and to honor the good old man who gave him to God in baptism. Why even the very school-house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of ferrule and tasks, now comes back to bring pleasant remembrances of many an attachment there formed, many an occasion that called forth

some generous exhibition of the traits of human nature. There he learned to tell some of his best emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being, who, by her love and tenderness, in after-life has made a home for himself happier even than that which childhood knew. There are certain feelings of humanity, and those too among the best, that can find an appropriate place for their exercise only by one's own fireside. There is a sacredness in the privacy of that spot which it were a species of desecration to violate! He who seeks wantonly to invade it, is neither more nor less than a villain; and hence there exists no surer test of the debasement of morals in a community, than the disposition to tolerate in any mode the man who disregards the sanctities of private life. In the turmoil of the world, let there be at least one spot where the poor man may find affection that is disinterested, where he may indulge a confidence that is not likely to be abused.

 Church Intelligence.

LUTHERVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—An important step in the organization of this institution has just been consummated by the Board of Trustees in the election of a male Resident Principal. Rev. CHARLES MARTIN has been unanimously called to the seminary as Resident Principal and Pastor, which call he has accepted, and will enter upon his duties at the commencement of the next session, on the 1st Monday of October. To those who are acquainted with Doctor Martin, it is needless to bear testimony to the many qualifications of head and heart, which so pre-eminently qualify him for this responsible post. He will prove a most valuable and efficient acquisition to the Lutherville Seminary, and under his auspices it will possess additional claims to an extensive patronage. The Rev. Dr. Morris still retains the relation of Honorary Superintendent. We predict for Lutherville and its excellent institution a career of most extensive and gratifying usefulness. H.

EAST PENNSYLVANIA SYNOD.—The members of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of East Pennsylvania have been notified by their President, Rev. GEORGE PARSONS, to con-

vene at Hughesville, Lycoming County, Pa., on Thursday evening, October 2d, 1856. The brethren coming from the East are informed, that they can leave Philadelphia in the cars going on the morning of that day, and arrive at Muncy, the residence of Brother PARSONS, at 1 o'clock, where conveyances will be in readiness to take them to the place of meeting. H.

CALL ACCEPTED.—Rev. M. J. STOVER, of Waterloo, N. Y., has received and accepted a call from the Lutheran congregation at Danville, Montour County, Pa., lately filled by Rev. P. WILLARD, and desires correspondents to address him, after September 8th, at that place. We take for granted that Brother STOVER will attach himself to the East Pennsylvania Synod, as the Danville charge stood in this synodical connection under his worthy predecessor, where he will be most cordially and affectionately received. H.

CHURCH EXTENSION.—WM. M. HEYL, the worthy Treasurer of the Church Extension Society, has recently acknowledged some encouraging contributions from various sources.

Among the number are \$100 from the congregation of Rev. H. BISHOP, at Emmetsburg, Md. \$50 from Rev. B. KURTZ, editor, of the *Lutheran Observer*. We still do not despair, that, by the favor of God, the Church Extension Society will yet *fully* realize the highest expectations of its friends and founders. It has already, despite all obstacles and discouragements, proved a very great blessing to the Church, and we doubt not will continue so to do in the future. H.

NEW LUTHERAN CHURCHES.—On the 27th ultimo, the corner-stone of a new Lutheran church was laid, with appropriate exercises, at Spang's Mills, Blair County, Pa., of which the Rev. J. FICHTNER is to be the pastor. The corner-stone of another Lutheran church was laid on the 2d of August, in the town of Tagh Kanic, Columbia County, N. Y. The discourse on the latter occasion was delivered by the Rev. N. H. CORNELL, of Ghent. We hail these evidences of the spread of the Lutheran Church in this country with unalloyed gratification. May the day be not far distant when there shall be a Lutheran church in every city, town, and village in the United States, from the Aroostook to the Rocky Mountains! The more churches we build, the better for us as a nation; the longer will our blood-bought liberties be perpetuated, and the more souls will be added as jewels to the glorious diadem of the World's Redeemer! What are the hills of Bashan compared to our beautiful and excellent Zion! Even in a temporal sense, for our individual and collective secu-

—the lowest of all possible estimates—we expect more substantial good to the country from but a single church, in which the pure and unadulterated Word of God is preached, than from our National Congress and all the State Legislatures combined. H.

CHURCH DESTROYED.—The new and beautiful Lutheran church, of which Rev. S. L. HARKEY is the pastor, located in the town of Menden, Illinois, we regret to state, was nearly levelled to the earth, at noon, on Saturday, August 2d, by a violent and destructive tornado. About three-fourths of the roof was carried away, the west gable wall blown down, the pulpit, lamps, and altar broken, and many of the pews demolished. H.

THE AFRICAN MISSION.—Brother OFFICER acknowledges, through the columns of the *Observer*, the following sums for the above mission, viz.: \$100 from a friend in Georgia, and \$25 from the Sunday School of St. Matthew's Church, Philadelphia. H.

LIBERAL DONATION.—Rev. W. A. PASSAVANT, editor of the *Missionary*, acknowledges, through the hands of Rev. C. W. SCHAEFFER, of Germantown, the receipt of a land warrant for 120 acres, being a donation from a pious widow in the church of the latter brother, to be located according to the judgment of the recipient, for the benefit of some Evangelical Lutheran church in any prominent western city. May this praiseworthy example find many imitators. H.

Editorial Book-Table.

"Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen."—JOINERIANA.

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up, on purpose to a life beyond life."—MILTOX.

— "Blest

Is he, whose heart is the home of the great dead
And their great thoughts."—FESTUS.

BIBEL-STUNDEN, von W. F. BESSER, Halle; Verlag, von RICHARD MUHLMAN, 1854.—These BIBLE-HOURS, by BESSER, contain the following popular expositions of the Scriptures, viz.: Vol. I, The Gospel, according to St. Luke; Vol. II, History of the Sufferings and Glory of Christ, according to the Four Evangelists; Vol. III, Acts of the Apostles; Vol. IV, The Gospel of John; Vol. V, The Epistles of John; Vol. VI, The Epistles of Peter.

These volumes, as indicated by the title-page, "Auslegung der Heiligen Schrift für's

Volk," are popular expositions of the several portions of the New Testament, included in the volumes above mentioned. These explanations have little show of learning, but a great deal of the reality. There is no parade of Hebrew and Greek, to puzzle the common reader. Whilst the expounder used the implements of learning, he has carefully put aside all his tools, and you see nothing but the finished workmanship, in its simple beauty. These works are eminently popular. They have none of the formal technicalities of learning, as in Tholuck; and little of the comprehensive and searching philosophy of Olshausen; and yet, the results of both are conveyed to the humblest reader, as to the ripest scholar. So far as we have read, and are able to understand his German, which is sometimes idiomatic, and difficult of apprehension to one accustomed to think in English, it is

really a most edifying and charming explanation of the Scriptures. It is a model commentary. If I should give, what struck me as the *characteristic* of the works, I should designate them as *suggestive*. Old and familiar truths are made to assume new phases and relations. To the minister these volumes will prove an invaluable auxiliary in his pulpit preparations. A help with which he cannot dispense, without great loss to himself and people. These volumes are sold by SCHAFER & KORADI, Philadelphia. T. S.

LYRA GERMANICA: Translated from the German by CATHARINE WINKWORTH; New York, Thomas N. Stanford, 1856.—Many Christian hearts will rejoice in these pious hymns, selected from the rich treasures of German song, and feel a kindred sympathy with those breathings of faith and love, that found utterance in words so sweet and musical. The tunes to which these sacred lyrics were first sung, no doubt, helped to deepen their impression on the popular mind, and to nationalize them. We are told, in the Preface, that a baker's boy, in New Brandenburg, used to sing the hymn, "Leave God to order all thy ways," while at his work, and soon the whole town and neighborhood flocked to him to learn this beautiful song. As a specimen of these German hymns, we give a part of this one, written by George Neumarck, 1653:

"Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him, whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him, in the evil days,
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the Rock that nought can move.

"Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways;
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee;
God never yet forsook, at need,
The soul that trusted Him indeed."

Of these hymns, in the original German, there is no need that we should say anything. Of the translation we must say, it is inimitable, wonderful! In most instances, the very soul, and sound, and musical rhythm, of the original, are transferred into the English. "A Christmas child's Song, concerning the Child Jesus," written by Luther for his little son Hans, is simple and touchingly beautiful. So is that hymn of Paul Gerhardt, "Cometh sunshine after rain." But why specify, when all are so admirable! We feel assured, that such a collection of uninspired poetry has never been published. Yet not wholly uninspired, if that name may be given to strains, which, like the airs that had touched the bloom of Paradise, "Whisper whence they stole those balmy sweets." The only thing we regret about this book, is its dedication to Chevalier Bunsen. We regret this, under the apprehension that it may awaken suspicion as to the

evangelical spirit and tone of these hymns. The Literary Churchman, of February, has this passage concerning Bunsen: "M. Bunsen has, at length, alarmed the Germans, and shown himself in his true colors. The Lutherans and the Reformers are everywhere exclaiming at his statements, that the doctrine of Christ's Divinity is not vital to the Christian scheme, and Justification by faith a non-essential point." If these affirmations be true of Bunsen, then it is to be deeply regretted, that such a collection of Christ-breathing hymns, so purely evangelical, should be haunted by his name in the dedication.

Of the whole outer and artistic part of the book, we will only say, that the casket is such as becomes the gems it contains; the body is such as besemeth the beauty of the soul. Every lover of devotional poetry should get the *Lyra Germanica*. T. S.

RECOLLECTION OF THE TABLE-TALK OF SAMUEL ROGERS. Appleton & Co.—We recommend this book to those who have a love for S. Rogers. I confess too little admiration of his smart stories and caustic criticisms, and still less for his poetry. I suppose his Table-Talk is the best memorial of him, as he was distinguished for his conversational powers. Perhaps that satire of Byron, on Rogers, gave me an early dislike to the man:

"Nose and chin would shame a knocker,
Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker,
Mouth, which mocks the envious scorneur,
With a scorpion in each corner.

"Eyes of lead-like hue, and gummy;
Carcase picked out from some mummy;
Bowels—(but they were forgotten,
Save the liver, and that's rotten.]"

There must have been some truth in this satire, for Sydney Smith says, he once half-offended Rogers, by recommending him, when he sat for his picture, to be drawn, saying his prayers, with his face in his hat. The book is interesting for its glimpses of some of the celebrities of his day. T. S.

THE SIX DAYS OF CREATION. By Taylor Lewis.—We have always entertained the greatest admiration for Prof. Lewis as one of our profoundest thinkers and most finished scholars. This is a masterly work on a subject of intense interest at the present time, and, indeed, at all times. It comprehends more substantial and reliable information, on the scientific and theological aspect of the Mosaic account of Creation, than any similar work known to us. His theory of the days of Creation, being indefinite periods, we feel unable to adopt; and there are other points upon which there will be diversity of opinion. But, apart from the main subject of the book, there are collateral topics introduced, of vast interest to the student. His philological criticisms on Biblical texts, are invaluable to every student of theology. No minister should

be without this addition to his library. We intended to give some of his happy illustrations of Scripture, but we have not space.

T. S.

A NEW DEPARTMENT IN THE HOME JOURNAL.—It has been felt by some of us, that the "Journal" hitherto has been too much of the character of a weekly newspaper in its intelligence and literary style. With a view of giving to it somewhat more of the real cast of a Monthly Review, it was determined to have a *Book-Table* Department. This department will be open to the review of books, and other

topics of a scientific and literary character. The present number must not be taken as a fair specimen of what we intend, or our ideal, at least, of what it should be. The present preparation was made in a secluded portion of the country, where we had scarcely any books, and access to none of the literary reviews, &c. The present number, however, will give some idea of what we intend when at home. *
T. S.

Notice of Lutheran Books next number.

T. S.

Editorial.

HABIT—PUNCTUALITY. By a Contributor.—A continuation of the series of articles, on practical subjects, which have from time to time appeared in the *Home Journal*, appears in the present number. If these articles were collected and printed separately, in book form, they would, in our opinion, constitute one of the most useful and saleable little volumes that has ever been issued from the press. We make the suggestion to the able and intelligent writer.
H.

From an excellent and highly classic address, delivered several years ago, before the Alumni of Hamilton College, N. Y., by Gen. LEWIS CASS, we make the following extract :
H.

VALUE OF NEWSPAPERS.—The wish of Archimedes is realized, and a place is found, where the world can be moved. Only a century and a half has passed away since the introduction of newspapers, and during many years their progress was slow and doubtful. In their infancy, there was little to commend them to public regard. They were chronicles of passing events, recording everything with equal gravity, whether trifling or important. There were no enlarged views, no interesting speculations, no elaborate discussions, political or statistical. But as they attained maturity, their character gradually changed, and they became, what they now are, the repositories of all that is important in the progress of human affairs, and of much that is valuable in science and literature.

Their duration is now beyond the reach of fraud or force. In republics, they are safeguards of freedom; in monarchies, they are jealous sentinels, prompt to discern, and fearless to announce approaching danger; and in all governments, they are the nerves which convey sensation through the political body. Benefits, when common, are rarely appreciated and the elements around us are among the

choicest blessings of life, which we enjoy without reflection, but which we would not lose without destruction. If the periodical press, with its rich treasures of intelligence and science, were struck from existence, we should then know how much we had possessed, by feeling how much we had lost.

PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.—The distinguished TALLEYRAND was once asked, whether the French deputies, who were then in session, had passed anything of importance? "*Passed!*" replied the veteran statesman, "yes! they have passed within a few days of *twenty-one weeks*, and I can imagine nothing of higher importance to mankind than *time!*"

If our two branches of Congress do not take excellent care they will stand in danger of subjecting themselves to the same bitter sarcasm. They have now passed nearly nine months of precious time, and have transacted little or nothing for the good of the country.

To the extraordinary development and indulgence of the *cacæthes loquendi* may this wretched waste of time be fairly ascribed. It is a lamentable fact, that there are more Orators in Congress than the interests of the nation can safely accommodate. Two or three powerful Speakers on each side take a comprehensive view of a subject, and exhaust it. But this nowise daunts a *crowd* of other speakers from so inundating the hall with a deluge of declamation, that if it were composed of *actual* milk and water, there would be palpable need of life-preservers. Not one listener of a hundred commits the egregious mistake of supposing, that all, or any part, of this performance, is designed for the enlightenment of the body to whom it is *ostensibly* addressed—but the world knows, that it is directed to the more important sympathies of "Buncombe."

A remedy for this state of things ought certainly to exist, and, if it exists, be applied immediately. The debates ought to be limited within reasonable bounds, and no member

should be allowed, on any one bill, to speak oftener than 63 times, make more than 219 motions, or propose over 321 amendments! This, we honestly think, would be all-sufficient to duly advertise "BUNCOMBE" of the wisdom and sagacity displayed in the selection of a representative. We doubt whether ERSKINE, or FOX, or PITT, or BURKE, or SHERIDAN, or WYNDHAM, ever did half so much on any question before Parliament, and yet they acquired a reputation as tolerably respectable debaters! It would be a public blessing, indeed, if legislators could be induced to believe, that speeches are not valued by their length, but by their depth, and that one good speech, during a session, will yield more solid reputation to the Speaker, than one hundred poor ones. On the score of personal interest, therefore, not to speak of the immense national interests at stake, a retrenchment of Congressional oratory would be highly desirable.

H.

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE.—The exercises of the 22d annual commencement of Pennsylvania College will be held in Christ's Church, in the Borough of Gettysburg, on Thursday morning, September 18th, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. The Baccalaureate Sermon will be delivered on Sunday morning preceding. The Address of Col. SAMUEL W. BLACK to the Philomathean Society, the address of Hon. JEREMIAH S. BLACK to the Phrenakosmian Society, and the address by EDWARD McPHERSON, Esq., of Gettysburg to the Alumni, will be delivered on the day preceding the commencement. The Faculty invite the friends of the institution, and the public generally, to be present at the exercises, which will doubtless be of a highly interesting character. H.

PENNSYLVANIA MEDICAL COLLEGE.—The *Missionary*, of the 28th ultimo, says: "This flourishing institution offers to the medical student every facility for acquiring a thorough acquaintance with the art of healing. Its standard is high, but the ability of its Faculty gives an ample guarantee that its standard may be reached by the student who knows how to use the advantages which it offers him. It commends itself especially to the Lutheran Church, as connected with its leading institution, and as having, in its Faculty, Dr. D. GILBERT, whose name will hold a distinguished place, not only in the profession of which he is an ornament, but in the annals of our church-operations, in which he has taken so important a part."

H.

LIBERAL BEQUEST.—We are gratified to announce, that Mr. E. W. CLARK, of this city, recently deceased, has bequeathed by his last Will and Testament, the handsome sum of TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS, to the *Northern*

Home for Friendless Children. May Mr. Clark find many imitators among the wealthy. There is not a more useful institution in Philadelphia than the "Home," and none to which the opulent may with more propriety leave a portion of their wealth. H.

REV. VICTOR L. CONRAD, we learn from the *Missionary*, is making arrangements to locate in Pittsburgh.

EXCELLENCE OF RELIGION.—The following is one of the most beautiful and truthful sentences we have ever read. It is from the pen of Sir HUMPHRY DAVY, of whom it is well observed that if he had not been the first of modern philosophers he would have been the first of modern poets:

"I envy no quality of the mind or intellect of others; not genius, will, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be the most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I would prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing: for it makes discipline of good—creates new hopes, when earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights, awakens life in death, and from corruption and decay, calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of fortune, and of shame, the ladder of ascent to paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths—the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and sceptic only view gloom and decay, annihilation and despair."

DOMESTIC LIFE.—No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what spirit and perseverance does he apply to his vocation; with what confidence does he resort to his merchandise or farm; fly over land; sail upon the seas; meet difficulty and encounter danger—if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! How delightful it is to have a friend to cheer, and a companion to soothe, the solitary hours of grief and pain! Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress, no sympathizing partner is prepared.

"WITHIN—WITHOUT." By Rev. B. SADLER, has been unavoidably crowded out. It will appear in the October number.

THE
Lutheran Home Journal.

OCTOBER, 1856.

WITHIN—WITHOUT.

BY REV. B. SADTLER.

MAN within, man without, is a unit—is one; the principle of his existence is within, the results of his existence are without.

Within dwells life, that mysterious bond between immortal spirit and mortal flesh; without are vigor and motion. As the life within, so its results without. In youth, the buoyant heart and the flowing spirits within—without, the merry laugh, the bounding step, and the rosy flush. In manhood, life matured within—without, the measured tread, the vigorous arm, and the thoughtful brow. In old age, life waning within—without, the bowed form and silvered head, weariness, sleep, death. Life extinct within, the corpse without, there the eye,

“That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,”

shut like the windows of a tenanted house, and even though “the rapture of repose” is there, it lacks the warm breath and heaving breast. The ice-cold corpse and the chilly earth are akin; the silent form and the silent grave, the rayless eye and the dark tomb are in harmony with each other.

God within—godlike without. Poorer than the foxes and the birds, the Son of God had no visible home; the home he asks and loves is man’s heart. He that receives him, converts his soul into the abode of God. Christ enters not alone. “He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son.” That guest accepted, he promises his entertainer, “My Father

will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.” The inner principle of existence will reveal itself without: God within, godlike without. Love, like beaming sunlight, will turn night to day; will scatter the cloud, or when it must lower and break, ’twill line its darkened edges with silver; will make the landscape radiant to the gaze of those even, who must look forth upon it from the home of poverty, or the chamber of affliction. God within—holy love, blessing, cheering, gentle and patient, with hands full of bread, and voice sweet with Gospel promises, and earnest in devout intercessions, will ever be the godlike issue. In this home of the holy God, “Holiness unto the Lord” is the inscription, and “Holiness unto the Lord” will be the language of every word and act. God is truth, and such within, such without; and man becomes a living epistle, read of men, a walking revelation of the truth, with “the Word” dwelling within, an humble and less perfect incarnation of the Word without. In short, God within—godly without.

Heaven within—heaven without. Such is the holy law of spiritual life. “Behold, the kingdom of God is within you.” Fitness first, then the inheritance; the wedding garment, then the feast; kings and priests unto God, then the throne and temple. The rotation is, “The Lord will give grace and glory;” the grace within, the glory without and above. True is the poet’s line,

“Heaven is first a temper, then a place.”

He who cannot, from the profoundest

depths of his heart, exclaim, "Thanks be unto God, for his unspeakable gift," will never join the choral throng, that sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." The kingdom of God that is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," the communion of the Holy Ghost, and through Him, the communion of saints—they are heaven within; God's presence, Messiah's throne, the new Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, the crystal river of the water of life, the crown, and harp, and rest—they are the heaven without. He looks too far, who looks above the clouds for heaven. Until this mortal shall have put on immortality, look within; after that, look around, above, without.

PARTICULAR PROVIDENCES.

THE doctrine of particular Providences, is a doctrine fraught with the greatest consolation of mankind, who are born to sorrow. Not only is it, that nothing can happen but what God permits—nothing can happen but what God enjoins. The notion of God should not be, that He has lit up the sun, and given the winds power to roam through the world; but rather His glance is in every beam, and His breath in every breeze. The idea should not be entertained, that, after having given life to men, God concerns himself no more with His creatures; but rather that through His special interference is it, that breath follows breath, and pulse succeeds pulse; so that in every trouble, and in every joy, in every hope which rises to cheer, and in every doubt which darkens, the hand of God may be discerned, producing out of a thousand seeming ills, and a thousand apparent discrepancies, not only a general but an individual good. And how much consolation is there to a heart, when deeply stricken with sorrow, to be able to feel that all afflictions are sent for a wise purpose, and that there is a bright kingdom hereafter, where pain shall have no entrance!

I THINK it must somewhere be written that the virtue of mothers shall, occasionally, be visited on their children, as well as the sins of fathers.—*Dickens.*

WESTERN AFRICA.

BY REV. MORRIS OFFICER.

THE vast continent of Africa, measuring four thousand six hundred miles from north to south, and three thousand five hundred from east to west, and embracing twelve millions square miles, is peopled by more than one hundred millions of men and women, who are ignorant of the Gospel and of God.

Here is a moral wilderness, so vast, so desolate, and so dreary, as to fill the mind with horror, and the heart with grief, to contemplate it. From this unfortunate and miserable country others may turn away in disgust, or discouragement, but the Christian must rather address himself to its improvement and recovery.

The Christian Church, in acknowledgment of her duty and of Africa's claims, has gone forth—feebly, it is true—but has gone forth, and is not without her triumphs; for the cheering, "Lo I am with you," is true even there. But only a few points have been taken, while the vast expanse is left for others still to enter, and teach its million multitudes.

This country extends from the Tropic of Cancer to the Tropic of Capricorn; measuring three thousand miles long, and averaging three hundred miles wide, and is both a paradise and a desert. Viewed with reference to its lofty mountains—rolling table-land, and wide-spreading plains—the sweeping curves of its sea-board, with their projecting headlands—its deep rivers, with their rippling branches—its tall forests and deep-shaded jungle, all clad in the verdure of perpetual spring, it is a paradise. But in view of its deeply degraded and miserable inhabitants—their superstitious notions, cruel laws, and revolting rites, it is a desert waste. If we except the Republic of Liberia, the colony of Sierra Leone, and a few other small settlements and mission stations, the whole country is inhabited by numerous tribes of people who are shrouded in a night of ignorance and barbarism. But as it is contemplated to administer relief to these unfortunate tribes, it is necessary more

particularly to notice the nature and extent of their wants.

These can best be shown by some details of their moral and physical condition. We begin with their theology.

The notions they entertain of religion are mostly so vague as not at all to constitute a system of doctrines of any kind, but are rather a few indefinite and often contradictory ideas, which they do not attempt to reconcile with each other.

Some are to be found who worship idols, but just as they have no definite system of doctrines, so they have no fixed forms of idol worship. Most of the images now found among them are composed of stone, were made by former generations, and are kept by the people now chiefly as curiosities, while others who attach some degree of reverence to them say that they were made by God, who made all things, and that they are good for some purposes, but they can hardly tell what. The accompanying cut



represents one of these stone images. They are generally six or eight inches high.

But their *most general belief* seems to be, that there is one true God, creator of the world and all that exists in it; but that he is too exalted to concern himself at all about the affairs of men, and therefore does man neither good nor evil. This creed is destitute of the essentials of true religion, as it affords no comfort to an immortal spirit sighing for its native heaven, and furnishes no motives for the practice of virtue.

As they deny all supervision or interference on the part of the Creator with the affairs of men and of this world, they believe that a being which they call "Devil" is the author of, at least, all that we call adverse providences—that he can injure and destroy—by fire, by storm, by lightning, and by various other means, the lives and property of men. To propitiate his favor, therefore, is their principal religious duty.

But this devil worship demands the sacrifice of human beings; especially to secure success in war, or as a suitable return for any victory that has attended them in battle. For these purposes young persons are generally selected, especially girls, and the horrid scene frequently does not end until hundreds have fallen by the hands of the merciless priests, and those appointed to perform the slaughter.

In some of the tribes about the Bight of Benin, there are appointed days of human sacrifice, for national prosperity, and on these days neither age, sex, or condition is regarded, but whoever chances to fall in the way of the executioners becomes a victim.

The cruelty to which these poor victims are subjected, and by which they are brought to their end, is of the most revolting kind. Some are fastened to the spot by being placed in a hole dug in the ground, and having earth packed closely about their limbs, are then smothered by a tight wall of clay built about them, and closed at the top. Others have their hands pinioned behind their bodies, knives thrust under their shoulder blades, rods of iron passed through their lips and cheeks, and by a string put through the nose are led about the town until they are unable to walk, and then are left to die of the wounds already inflicted, or are otherwise tormented to death. All this is done to secure the good will of the devil, who they fear would otherwise harm them. These cruelties with them are the requirements of religion, and thus it is that the religious principle in them, which, with the light of Revelation, would raise them to the estate of angels, without that light now sinks them below the condition of brutes.

This same religious principle, too, in the

absence of proper guidance, works itself out in other superstitious and degrading practices. One of the principal of these is the use of charms or talismans, called Greegrees.

These "Greegrees" are of various sizes and shapes as well as of various kinds of material. Those made by the Mohammedans are nothing more than small slips of paper containing some Arabic letters, or sentences, or a few unmeaning characters, and being folded up are incased in leather, and suspended to the neck, the limbs, and the body. Those made by Pagans contain only a few leaves of some particular tree, or a small quantity of sand or clay of a peculiar kind. They are supposed to have power to prevent various diseases, to ward off intended injuries by enemies, to preserve from the ferocity of wild animals and the poison of serpents, and in general, to secure the blessings and prevent the ills of life.

Another form in which their superstition appears, is the belief and practice of Witchcraft.

Various turns of fortune, numerous diseases, and a great variety of incidents in life, are supposed to be the work of witches, and the "witch-master's" presence and skill are required to detect the crafty enemy. This magical personage, with some degree of certainty, as he pretends, ascertains who the offenders are, and they are then subjected to what is considered a surer test, and also a just penalty, if guilty. This second trial consists in administering poisonous potations, which are said to be fatal if the accused is guilty, but harmless if he is innocent. If the poor victim chances to be an enemy of the witchmaster's or the judge, they can easily destroy him, or if a friend, can easily rescue him, by the deadliness or weakness of the poisonous draught; while the common people witnessing very different results from what they supposed to be the same testing, are confirmed in their belief of its virtue.

Nor is there any relief cast on this dark picture by a reference to their social and domestic condition.

Polygamy, that blight of morals and domestic peace, is universal among the tribes, and as common with men of all classes as their circumstances will allow. A common trader or head-man has from two to six

wives, a chief from six to ten, a king from twenty to fifty; while it is stated on good authority, that the king of Dahomey has just 3333 wives, 600 of whom constitute his body guard, and serve in war. These wives are generally bought from their parents without any regard to their own choice, and are subjected to a state of abject slavery, being required to perform all kinds of labor, while the men lead lives of ease and licentious enjoyment. They must plant and gather the crop, fish, cook, make cloth, and wait on the men in the most servile manner. So entirely do the men depend on their wives for support, that the word "*wife*" is a figurative expression for maintenance, and to take away a man's support is to "take away his wife," and to "take away his wife" is to deprive him of a living.

Domestic Slavery is so prevalent that three-fourths of the entire population are supposed to be in slavery to the other fourth. Although the servitude to which these slaves is subjected is not of the severest kind, yet they are liable at any time to be sold and dragged from home and friends, and to suffer many other calamities incident to their condition; and their children after them are also slaves.

Their mode of dress also indicates a state of degradation and vice. The dress of the men when at work consists simply of a small cloth tied about the loins, as is seen in the right hand picture (next page), which represents a laborer with his axe in his hand.

The common dress worn by the women is a cotton cloth, about one yard and a half wide and two and a half long, fastened round the waist. With this cloth they generally bind their small children on their backs, and thus carry them when on a journey, or when bearing burdens on their heads to market, as is shown in the cuts on next page.

The chiefs, the kings, and also some others, wear short pantaloons, reaching from the waist, where they are fastened with a draw-string, down to the knee, and in connection with them a long, loose robe, resting on the shoulders and dropping down nearly to the ankles. These robes are often ornamented with needlework—this style of dress is represented in the following cuts.

Children of both sexes generally go in a state of nudity till they are ten or twelve years old, and girls older than this often wear nothing more than a number of strings

of beads—sometimes as many as thirty—about the loins. This destitution of clothing among the children, and the want of decency in attire of the people generally, and of the



female portion especially, is deplorably degrading in its effect on the moral feelings.

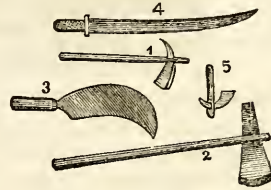
But their social, is scarcely worse than their political state.

Their languages are almost as numerous as the factions and remnants of tribes. There are perhaps fifty different languages and dialects spoken in Western Africa. None of these are written except by missionaries and a few persons who have been educated in the Mission Schools; and besides this, their language is very defective in words to express abstract ideas, and in modifications to express number, mode, and time.

It could hardly be expected that in the midst of such desolation as has always attended the slave trade, there could exist to any extent a knowledge of the common arts.

The art of *agriculture*, the most important of all, consists in Western Africa in the use of neither plough nor spade, but only of a sort of *hoe*, made of a piece of iron, hammered to an edge at one end and to a point at the other, which is then put through the end of a stick for a handle. (See No. 1, figure below.) With such an implement as this it is impossible to stir the soil to any considerable depth, after the first mellowness is once lost, and they are therefore

obliged to abandon their farms after two or three years' cultivation, till the land is again covered with a dense jungle, which destroys



the sod, and the burning of which on the ground again prepares it for easy cultivation. The axe used in clearing the ground and in cutting timber for various purposes, is shown in No. 2. The bokah, also used in cutting bushes and vines, but mostly in war, is a large hooked knife, about eighteen or twenty inches long. (No. 3.) The cutlass (No. 4), is used for cutting sticks, and for nearly all purposes for which we would use a hatchet, a sword, or a pocket knife. The adze (No. 5), is used in hollowing out canoes and wooden bowls.

Iron is manufactured in small quantities, by some of the inland tribes, and a few implements, such as have just been described, are made by native smiths.

Some of the tribes make large quantities of heavy cotton cloths, but the thread is

spun on a small stick or spindle, put in motion with the fingers in the same manner as a top.

The thread thus made is woven into strips of cloth only four or five inches wide, which are then sewed together, and thus made into a few simple garments.

The Mandingo tribe, particularly, are skilful in the tanning of leather and the manufacture of various braided articles—such as bridles, halters, belts, and whips.

Their houses are mere huts, made of mud and sticks; or, in some of the southern districts, of sun-dried bricks, and covered with

grass or bamboo leaves. They have none but earthen floors, no glass in the windows, generally no doors except mats suspended from the top over the doorways, and no chimneys or openings of any kind for the emission of the smoke, which finds vent through the thatch roof. The form of their huts is generally round, and the roof, sloping on all sides, takes the shape of a cone. A group of these structures crowded together, without any regularity, or reference to streets, is a *town*; a very correct representation of which is given in the accompanying cut.

Many of their towns are inclosed by two

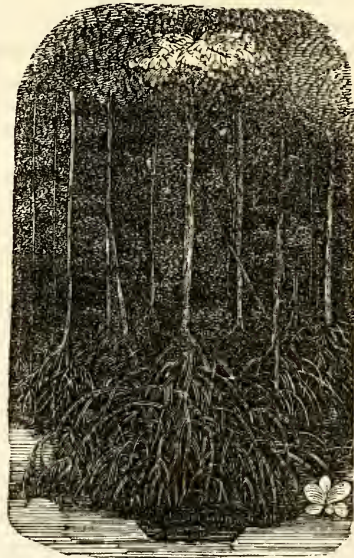


or three barricades, a few feet from each other, or by a mud wall first and a stockade within, and the space between filled up with sticks of hard wood, driven in the ground, rising two or three feet high and sharpened at the top, so as to prevent an approach over the mud wall to the fence or stockade.

The face of the country is much varied. Immediately on the coast, the land is generally low and flat, and where this is interrupted by the capes or promontories, which sometimes rise very abruptly, the line of flat land runs along behind the capes, and is nearly everywhere covered with swamp timber, the most remarkable of which is the Mangrove tree. The peculiar growth of this tree is shown in the accompanying cut. Its arching roots rise from four to eight feet above the mud and water at low tide, and the height is from twenty to seventy feet.

Next to this marsh, is a more elevated country, sometimes flat and covered with grass, but more generally undulating and

timbered, and becoming more and more



hilly as the distance inland increases, till it reaches the mountainous parts, some peaks of which rise two or three thousand feet high.

The soil along the rivers, on the lower savannas, or grass fields, and in the dales, is a loamy clay, and is very productive. On the hills there is considerable gravel and stone, but the soil is strong, and is best adapted to the coffee tree. The surface of the higher hills and mountains is too rough and rocky for tillage, but here the various kinds of fruit trees flourish and bear abundantly.

OPINIONS.

A GREAT portion of the opinions of mankind are notoriously propagated by transmission from one generation to another, without any possible option on the part of those into whose mind they are instilled. A child regards as true whatever his teachers choose to inculcate, and whatever he discovers to be believed by those around him. His creed is thus insensibly formed, and he will continue in after life to believe the same things, without any proof, provided his knowledge and experience do not happen to infringe upon their falsehood. Mere instillation is sufficient to make him believe any proposition, although he should be utterly ignorant of the foundation on which it rests, or the evidence by which it is supported. It may create in his mind a belief of the most palpable absurdities; things, as it appears to others, not only contradicted by his reason, but at variance with the testimony of his senses; and in the boundless region which the senses do not reach, there is nothing too preposterous to be palmed on his credulity. The religious opinions of the majority of mankind are necessarily acquired in this way; from the nature of the case they cannot be otherwise than derivative, and they are as firmly believed, without the least particle of evidence, as the theorems of Euclid by those who understand the demonstrations.

COLERIDGE, during one of his interminable table-talks, said to Lamb, "Charley, did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else," was the prompt and witty reply.

REGINA.

BY REV. C. W. SCHAEFFER.

LET us repeat the story of Regina. Perhaps many have heard it before. We have some recollections of it, that come down, it may be, from the days of our youth, when we lived and strayed about the place where its most affecting scene is laid.

If a pastor, or a parent, or a Sunday-school teacher, should wish to illustrate the importance of storing the youthful mind with Divine truth, either in the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth, or in the form of hymns and spiritual songs, he may find what he desires in the story of Regina.

After he had written thus far, we inquired of our next friend, "Have you ever heard the story of Regina?" and were answered, "Certainly, and can remember it, as far back as I can remember anything." It does take hold, then, of the youthful mind; and if rehearsed in the circle of the family, it may produce good impressions that shall live for many years.

The original statement is from the pen of Muhlenberg himself; and it is right, that the good patriarch should be allowed to repeat it in his own manner.

"In the month of February, 1765, I received a visit from a widow, a member of Pastor Kurtz's congregation. She was accompanied by her daughter, a young woman in the nineteenth year of her age. On account of the peculiar circumstances of the case, this visit was very refreshing to my spirit. The mother was a native of Rentlingen; the father had come from the neighborhood of Tuebingen. Upon their arrival in this land, with several children, they sought and secured for themselves a small but comfortable home in the interior of Pennsylvania, about one hundred miles west of Philadelphia. On account of physical infirmity, the father was incapable of any great bodily labor, and employed his time chiefly in teaching his children the word of God.

"It was in the summer of 1755 that General Braddock was defeated by the French and Indians. Immediately after this, the savages made an incursion into Pennsylvania, cruelly murdering the scat-

tered and defenceless inhabitants, most of whom were Germans, and carrying off their children into a dreary and hopeless captivity. Such was the calamity that befell the household of this Christian widow, October 16, 1755. She, with one of her sons, had gone several miles from home, for the purpose of having grain ground at the mill. The father, with the oldest son and two daughters, remained, and were employed about the house. Suddenly, the Indians came upon them, murdered the father and son, and, seizing upon the two girls, Barbara, of twelve years, and Regina, of nine, carried them off into the wilderness. Here, under a sleepless watch, they were kept for several days in one place. The number of Indians was frequently increased by the arrival of new parties from different directions; each party bringing an addition to the number of the captive children. The mother and her son returned from the mill in the evening; but, finding that all was consumed and destroyed, they fled in terror; and, pursuing their weary way, they reached, at length, the region of the Tulpehocken, where they now reside.

"The Indians, having now a considerable number of children in their power, despatched them to the West. The smaller children, when unable to travel, were bound upon the shoulders of the larger ones; and so, for weeks, through the unbroken wilderness, over stocks and stones, through briars and thorns, through swamps and marshes, were they driven on their painful way.

"Upon arriving at the country of the Indians, the children were divided amongst the different warriors and families of the tribe. Barbara, the elder sister, was detained, whilst Regina, with a little girl, of about two years, was taken some hundred miles further west. There they were both delivered up, as slaves, to an unfeeling and irritable squaw, who had only one son, upon whom she depended for her support. He, however, neglected his mother, and the duty devolved upon Regina, of providing for her cruel mistress. Both winter and summer, in company with the little child, who clung to her as to a mother, she roamed the forests, gathering in wood and bark to keep

them warm; digging up roots and wild garlic; and catching mice, and all manner of insects and vermin, to satisfy their hunger; and in this miserable way, she spent nine long years, lost to all hope of deliverance.

"She had been so completely broken down by her overwhelming calamity, that for a long time she was conscious of nothing but a mere physical existence. Gradually, however, as she became accustomed to her hardships, her spiritual sensibilities revived, and then the prayers her dear parents had taught her, and the passages of Scripture, and the edifying hymns she had committed to memory, began to engage her attention, and gave her peace and joy and comfort in her tribulation. Then hundreds and hundreds of times did she, in company with the little child, kneel down in the solemn silence of the lonely forest, and repeat her Christian prayers; and many a time, towards the close of her captivity, whilst she was pouring out her heart in prayer, did she enjoy a glimmering hope, that she might yet see the face of Christian friends again.

"Amongst other sources of comfort there were two hymns which she found to be especially rich and precious. The first was, '*Jesum lieb ich ewiglich,*' &c., 'Jesus I love forever;' the other, '*Allein und doch nicht ganz allein bin ich in meiner einsamkeit,*' 'Alone, and yet not all alone, am I, in my retirement.' These she had learnt from her father in the days of her childhood, and the repetition of them almost daily during the period of her bondage, was her usual means of reviving the memory of joys that were past.

"At length, in the year 1764, these Indian tribes, attacked by a force of Pennsylvania and Virginia volunteers, under the command of the gallant Col. Bouquet, were subdued and compelled to sue for peace. As one of the conditions of peace, they were required to deliver up their Christian captives. These captives were first collected together at Fort Pitt, on the Ohio. Almost entirely naked as they were, their very appearance melted the hearts of the soldiers of the garrison, who emulated each other in furnishing them with clothing and provisions for their journey eastward. From

Fort Pitt they were brought on to the town of Carlisle, in Pennsylvania. There they were allowed to halt, and recruit their wasted strength. Meanwhile, notice was given in all the public papers, to those whose friends or relations or children had been carried away by the Indians during the war; they were also called upon to come to Carlisle and identify and claim their own.

"The mother of Regina, in company with her son, went at once towards the designated spot. Arriving at Carlisle, she described Regina to the commissaries, and asked them if her daughter was among the captives? They could find no one answering to her description. The mother remembered her only as a child of nine years; she was now in her nineteenth year, a young woman, strong, active, and muscular. The commissaries then asked the mother if she could not think of some mark or sign, by which the daughter might be identified? The mother replied in the German language, that her daughter had often sung the hymn, '*Jesum lieb ich ewiglich,*' and another hymn she had loved so much, '*Allein und doch nicht ganz allein.*' Scarcely had the widow repeated these words, when a young woman, strangely excited, rushes out from the company of the captives, repeats the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer, and the two hymns the mother had mentioned, and finally, mother and daughter fall upon each other's neck, and are lost in each other's embrace, and for a long time, as the bystanders look on in mute astonishment, commingle their tears of joy. So the widow, with her recovered daughter, hurried back to bear the joyful news to her neighbors and her friends at home. This happened at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, December 31, 1764.

"In the month of February following, the mother and the daughter called upon me. The mother said, that ever since her return, Regina had been begging her to get a book, 'in which the Lord Jesus speaks so kindly to men, and in which men are taught to speak with him.' The phraseology, which she found in one of her favorite hymns, was her description of the Holy Bible; and to procure a copy of the Bible, these two, in

a most inclement season, and over the most difficult roads, travelled between sixty and seventy miles. I gave her one of the Bibles which the pastors Voight and Krug had lately brought from Germany. I gave her also money for a hymn-book.

"When I placed the Bible in her hands I asked her to open it, and read a verse for me. She did so, reading the second verse of the first chapter of Tobit, as follows: 'The same was also taken prisoner in the time of Salmanasser, the King of Assyria. And although he was a captive in a strange land, nevertheless he did not fall away from the word of the Lord.'*

"To me it seemed very remarkable, that, although she had not seen a German book nor a German letter for nine years, she was nevertheless able to read as well as she could when she was first carried away. She could understand the German tolerably well, though she could not converse fluently as yet in that language.

"In a word, this shows the value of early religious instruction, the necessity of having the character and work of the Lord Jesus Christ vividly presented to the eyes, and tenderly brought home to the hearts of the young.

"If Luther were yet upon the earth, and could he see, as I have seen, that a child of Rentlingen, that Free City that stood up so nobly for the Augsburg Confession in 1530, had been held up by the pure word of God for nine years in the deep wilderness of the West, so that her soul did not perish, he would thank and praise God with his whole heart; and we might once more hear him sing heroically, as he was wont to sing:

" 'The word of God they shall not touch,
Yet have no thanks therefor;
God, by his Spirit and his gifts,
Is with us in the war.
Then let them take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Though nought of these we save,
Small profit shall they have,
The kingdom ours abideth.' "

* "Tobit," is one of the Apocryphal books, now very rarely found in copies of the Scripture. The German version is from the Vulgate, and runs as translated above. Whoever compares the English copy of Tobit with the text, will find a considerable difference. The English version is a translation, not of the Vulgate, but of the Greek.

JOSHUA'S DYING CHARGE.

BY REV. G. A. WENTZEL.

AFTER the death of Moses, Joshua assumed by special appointment the leadership of the Israelites. Being guided by Divine wisdom, and upheld by the mighty power of God, he succeeded finally in conducting them safely into the land of which the Lord had said, "I will give it you," and divided it among the twelve tribes, that henceforth they might possess and enjoy it in peace. In the accomplishment of this object, his appointed mission had been fulfilled; and being now old and infirm, he was ready to be gathered to his fathers. The infirmities of age did, however, not lessen his concern for the future prosperity of his people. He still continued to feel a deep anxiety that they should maintain throughout all succeeding generations, that lofty position which, by the distinguishing favor of God, they now occupied, and continue uninterruptedly a prosperous and happy nation. But knowing as he did, from the experience of a lifetime, that these desirable advantages could only be fully and permanently secured to them, by preserving unobscured and unadulterated the knowledge and worship of the only true and living God, he felt constrained to gather around him once more the tribes of Israel, their elders, their heads, their judges, and their officers, that, in the presence of God, he might enforce upon them, in the most solemn and impressive manner, the vital importance of true and undefiled Religion. He well knew their proneness to forget God, and the readiness with which, in a state of prosperity, they relapsed into that gross and degrading idolatry which prevailed to such an alarming extent among the heathen nations around them. He also knew that God would not be mocked; that he would not suffer his kindness to be abused with impunity; that a continued disobedience to his laws, and a persevering neglect of his service, would kindle his indignation against them, cause him to withdraw his favor from them, convert their rich possessions into a barren wilderness, and consign them to an ignominious and miserable fate. He therefore

exhorts them most tenderly and affectionately to put away the false gods with which their fathers had defiled themselves, and to which they too had, at different times, bowed down, and engage henceforth diligently in the service of Him who had redeemed them.

And there was not, in that vast assemblage, a man more justly entitled to the exercise of this prerogative, nor one who could advance a better claim to their gratitude, veneration, and love, than he. With the exception of Caleb, of the precise time and attendant circumstances of whose death we have no record, Joshua was the only one remaining of those that had been born in Egypt. With their fathers he had groaned under the cruel yoke of oppression, in the house of bondage; with them he had crossed the Red Sea, accompanied them in all their wanderings through the desert of Arabia, shared all their hardship, privations, and sufferings; witnessed with them the wonderful displays of God's power and goodness in their behalf; accompanied Moses in his ascent of Mount Sinai, when he received the Law; had displayed an extraordinary degree of wisdom, prudence, courage, and intrepidity, in their numerous conflicts with the hostile hordes around them; had greatly distinguished himself by his fervent piety and ardent zeal for the honor and glory of God; and above all, was a man full of the Holy Spirit, who had been solemnly set apart to the office he held; whilst obedience to Him had been enjoined upon all the congregation of the children of Israel.

Such was Joshua; such the important relation he sustained to the assembly before him. And the place he had selected, how admirably suited to his purpose! Shechem, the valley of sacred memories, where monuments of remote antiquity rose on every side to remind the beholder of important scenes in the lives of his ancestors. Here it was where God had appeared a second time to Abraham, repeating his gracious promise and renewing his covenant with him. Here was the well where the youthful Jacob had first met with his beloved Rachel. There lay the fertile and pleasant grounds where he had once pastured his flocks. On their right rose Mount Gerizim, where a heap of

stones marked the spot where he had entered into a covenant of perpetual amity with Laban, his father-in-law. There, too, stood the ancient oak, under which he had buried the idolatrous images that had been retained in his family. There he had erected an altar to Jehovah. There, also, had God set before them, when they entered Canaan, blessings and curses. What surroundings! How must these objects and scenes and the reminiscences that clustered around them have solemnized and elevated the feelings of the assembled multitude, and prepared their minds to listen with more than ordinary attentiveness to the valedictory of their illustrious chief!

Joshua introduced his subject by recapitulating the numberless blessings which God had, at different times, conferred upon them as a people. He reminded them that from the day on which He had called their father Abraham from among the Gentiles, He had not ceased to exercise his watchful care over them. He had chosen them as his own, committed to them his truths and ordinances, recorded his name among them, and made their habitations the scene for displaying his power and glory. He had delivered them from the hands of their oppressors, made them to triumph over their enemies, rescued them from misery and degradation, and finally elevated them from a state of ignoble subjection and slavery, to one of liberty, independence, and prosperity, giving them "a land for which they did not labor, and cities to dwell in which they did not build, and vineyards and olive-yards to eat of which they had not planted." These things, Joshua declares, the Lord has done for you. "You are, as you well know, indebted to his unmerited kindness alone, for all you have and are; and therefore it becomes you 'to fear the Lord and serve him with sincerity and truth.' You should now manifest your gratitude for all these things, by rendering unto Him whatever service He requires. This is your duty. You can do no less. And the discharge of this duty you should esteem, not a task, but a delightful privilege. It should be your constant aim, your highest aspiration, to devote yourselves to Him. That you may do it, is my most anxious wish,

and I have called you together, at this time and in this place, with the intention of admonishing you, with my dying breath, to put away your false gods, and make an entire and unreserved surrender of yourselves to the God in whom you live and move and have your being. But if, after all, it should seem evil unto you to do this, if, notwithstanding his distinguishing favors towards you, you should still esteem it a vain and unprofitable thing to serve Him, say so at once. Come to a decision. Choose this day whom you will serve. Do not dissemble. Do not act the hypocrite, by professing to be one thing, whilst in reality you are another. Come, determine the matter now! Range yourselves either on the Lord's side, or take an open stand among the idolatrous Amorites. Be either honest and decided worshippers of the God of your fathers, 'Israelites indeed, in whom there is no guile,' or honest and confirmed heathen. Go either to the right or to the left. You enjoy perfect freedom of action. Exercise your freedom in accordance with whatever your inmost desires may dictate, and incline whichever way your preference may lead. Yet rest assured, that your course, whatever that may be, cannot influence my choice. My mind is made up. My determination is fixed. 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' He shall continue to be my God, and I will continue to be his servant. My few remaining days shall be devoted to Him. My family too shall not forget Him. Every member of my household has been dedicated to Him. My children have been reared in his service, and my parental influence and authority shall still be exerted to incline them more and more to honor his name and obey his laws."

Thus spake the aged and venerable Joshua. And who does not admire such bold and decisive language! Who does not feel himself irresistibly drawn toward a man of such honest, noble bearing! Here is no concealment of opinion, sentiment, or intention; no evasion, no equivocation, no ambiguity; but all is simplicity, candor, and truth. You are not deceived in such a man. You know at once where to find him. He has deliberately taken his stand, and is determined to

maintain it, in union with others, if it be possible; alone, if he must. "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord!" What a manly speech! How commendable, how eminently worthy of imitation!

But such a spirit or disposition should not be confined to one man; the Lord looks for its manifestation in all his servants. Without it they are not his. Whilst, on the one hand, He employs no compulsory measures to enlist men in his service, but leaves them perfectly at liberty, either to embrace or reject it, He, on the other hand, declares, in the most emphatic and unequivocal language, that He will admit no one to the enjoyment of the privileges and immunities of the children of God, who does not yield up to Him his whole heart, and give unmistakable proof of his attachment, by maintaining a decided and immovable stand by his side. With Him it is either all or nothing; for there is not, never can be, any concord between Christ and Belial.

And what the Lord, in days of old, declared by the mouth of his servant Joshua unto the children of Israel, the same He causes to be repeated within hearing of all who profess to be his followers now. His language still is, and will continue to be to the end of time, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve!" Whilst the mighty conflict between light and darkness, sin and holiness, is raging; whilst the powers of earth and hell are united in their opposition to his kingdom, putting forth their every energy to subvert it, He calls upon all to show their true colors. Let the world see who and what you are! Why halt between two opinions? If Jehovah is God, serve him; if Belial, serve him. If it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, leave his camp at once, and go over to that of the enemy. It is useless that you should exhibit the form of godliness, whilst you practically deny its power. It is hypocrisy "to draw nigh unto the Lord with your mouths, and honor him with your lips, whilst your hearts are far from Him." It is blasphemy "to declare his statutes, and take his covenant into your mouths, whilst you hate instruction, and cast his word behind you." Be either "hot or cold;" either a firm and decided

friend, or an avowed enemy. If you wish to be regarded in the light of a Christian, strive to live the life of one. But if you cannot, or will not, do this, say so at once, and leave off assuming a character which you have no disposition, in reality, to sustain.

Such is the import of Joshua's dying charge. And what effect, think you, did it produce on the minds of those to whom it was addressed?

An exhortation delivered by such a man, at such a time, amid such scenes, and under such solemn and affecting circumstances, could not but make a deep and lasting impression on the minds of those to whom it was addressed. They could not look upon their aged and venerable chief, standing, as he did, on the very border of the grave, and listen to his burning words, as they fell from his dying lips, without being influenced by that same spirit which animated him. They felt the justice and propriety of what he said, for they had themselves enjoyed and were actually at that moment in full possession of those very blessings which he had enumerated; and when, in addition to this, he avowed his fixed determination to continue on the Lord's side, their hearts were melted, and they answered, as with one voice, "God forbid that we should forsake the Lord and serve other gods!" A solemn dedication of themselves to God was, therefore, the first fruit of Joshua's address.

And here let us pause a moment and contemplate what one man, influenced by proper motives, and actuated by a right spirit, is able to accomplish for the cause of religion. The lofty attitude assumed by that single old man, his fearless declaration of the truth, his uncompromising integrity and unfeigned piety, were sufficient to arouse the sleeping energies of an entire nation, and excite them to resolute determination to engage in the service of God.

There are thousands of sincere and well-meaning Christians who often make the slow progress of true religion a cause of complaint. Far from being blind to the lamentable condition of things, both as existing within and without the Church, they behold with horror the indifference, lukewarmness, and worldly-mindedness, on the one hand,

and upon the other, the fearful increase of vice and immorality, and wonder whether the Lord has, perhaps, after all, not abandoned his Church. No, my brother, the Lord has not abandoned his Church, but Christians have. The Lord has not ceased to perform his part, but Christians have ceased to perform theirs. The means appointed to convert the world have not lost their power and efficacy, but Christians have ceased to employ and recommend them. They, and they alone, are chargeable with whatever is or may be amiss in the kingdom of God on earth, because they are too timorous and undecided, too inconsistent and wavering. They are either afraid to come out boldly on the Lord's side, and resolutely declare themselves his servants, or, having still a secret hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt, they manifest such glaring indifference in the cause of religion, that they convey none but the most unfavorable idea of it to those around them. The world is accustomed to form its estimate of religion from what they see of it in the lives and conduct of its professors, and this is either favorable or unfavorable, accordingly as these either adorn or disgrace it. And therefore it behooves every Christian to take a decided stand in the Church,—not out of it,—and tell the world, with a look and manner that will carry with it conviction of his sincerity, that nothing shall move him from his position; that, though they may continue at enmity with God, retain their idols and worship them, as for him and his house, they will serve the Lord.

Of the children of Israel it is said, "And Israel served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that overlived Joshua." When they said, "The Lord our God we will serve, and his voice we will obey," they were in earnest. They left off, at once, serving dumb idols, and set about the service of God, thus adorning their profession by a consistent life. This is as it should be. Fine words and specious promises do not satisfy the Lord; He requires action—bold, decisive, uniform, constant action. Look at the enemies of religion! Are they afraid to act out their principles? Do they attempt to conceal their enmity to

God? Do they show any reluctance in yielding up soul and body to the god of this world, whose cause they have espoused, and whose service is their delight? And if they show so much decision in a bad cause—in a cause which fills the earth with misery and woe—why should we refuse to call into action all our mental and physical energies in a good cause—in the cause of God? It is well known that the service of the world exerts a most hurtful influence upon those who engage in it, whilst the service of God purifies the heart, elevates the mind, tempers the passions, sanctifies the affections, refines the feelings, assuages our sorrows, robs death of its terrors, and crowns with everlasting life and happiness all those who continue therein. Let, therefore, the dying charge of Joshua find an echo in our hearts, as it did in the hearts of those to whom it was more immediately addressed, and let us henceforth "serve the Lord with sincerity and truth."

THE FIRST SABBATH.

Translated from the German of Krummacher, by
L. O. D.

THE sixth day of Creation drew nigh unto its close. The sun sank down to his rest. The shadows of evening spread themselves over the young earth. The first-born son of Creation stood on a high hill in Eden, beside him Eloah, his good genius and companion. Darker and darker it grew about that hill; the twilight deepened into night, and veiled with mysterious shadows hill and vale. The songs of the birds and the cheerful cries of the animals were hushed. Even the sportive zephyrs seemed to sink to still repose.

"What is this?" asked Man, softly, of his celestial companion. "Will the young earth vanish? Will it fall back to its olden chaos?"

Eloah smiled, as he answered, "This is the rest of the earth."

Now shone forth the heavenly orbs; the moon uprose, and the host of stars went onward in their high glory.

Man looked upward towards heaven with sweet astonishment. The angel of the Lord looked only with sacred joy on the upgazing son of man.

The night was tranquil; the nightingales sung louder and more melodiously.

THE WORLD—AS IT NOW IS—AS
IT SHALL BE.

BY REV. W. M. BAUM.

COULD we be borne aloft by that invisible power which raised the ancient prophets above the earth, to witness the displays of Divine grace and of human transgression, we should behold a scene, which would leave no doubt of the total apostacy of our race. The kingdoms of this world have not yet become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ. They are still beneath an usurper's sway; and a foreign foe still triumphs in despotism and in blood.

Look but at the many millions constituting the nations of THE HEATHEN WORLD. Though the creatures of our Lord, they know not their Creator; though fed from his table, they render him no thanks; upheld by his power, they do not adore him. Of old, "the world by wisdom knew not God," and that same thick veil of ignorance still shrouds the glory of the Almighty. Darkness still covers vast portions of the earth, and gross darkness vast numbers of the people. The faint glimmerings of the truth which are reflected from the works of nature, and imperfectly transmitted from the patriarchs and prophets, do not suffice to dispel that darkness. It is perpetuated from age to age, with ever-increasing obscurity and intensity. There is nothing vital in heathenism, nothing recuperative. Unwilling to retain the knowledge of God in his mind, man in his apostacy has "changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and fourfooted beasts, and creeping things." He has worshipped, and does still worship, the veriest reptile of the earth.

False in theory, his religion is also fearful and degrading in practice. Under its sacred mantle, there is still perpetrated every form of crime. Licentiousness, debauchery, and fraud, constitute inseparable ingredients in every ministrations at the altar. The inevitable tendency of these religious ceremonies is to demoralize, to degrade, and to debase. Such is the lamentable condition of the most populous portions of the earth, of China, Japan, Hindostan, Tartary, Africa, and

Oceanica. The heathen have not yet been given unto the Son for his inheritance, nor the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.

View, also, for a moment, the poor deluded followers of the False Prophet of Mecca. MOHAMMEDANISM still holds millions in its iron grasp. It still changes the truth of God into a lie, debases the word of revelation by the admixture of the most revolting fancies and fables, and preserves the sanction of divine authority for the ambitious and preposterous claims of the most arrant impostor ever on earth. Arabia, Persia, Turkey, and Egypt still brandish the bloody scimeter to defend the fabric of this cruel system, "based in falsehood, propagated by violence and blood, withering the rights which meliorate the condition of our species, and the virtues which exalt and bless it."

Add to this picture of heathen idolatry and Mohammedan delusion, the painful sight of JEWISH *Impenitence and Unbelief*; of perverted Christianity in *Romish superstitions and error*; of *Infidelity, Scepticism, and Hypocrisy* in Christian countries, and you will see at a glance, that, as yet, there is but a partial fulfilment of the promise: "All kings shall fall down before Him, all nations shall serve Him."

Such is the exhibit of "the world as it now is;" let us inquire what "it shall be" in the future. "The dayspring from on high hath visited us;" and as far as the plan of God can be learned from His Word and Providence, there ariseth the hope that ere long the Sun of righteousness will ascend to midheaven, dispensing light and heat to all the nations and families of the earth.

The word of God *cannot fail*. We dare entertain no doubt. We may mistake as to the precise period, but as to the final result we cannot err. God will, in His own time, establish on earth that kingdom which is an everlasting kingdom; He will introduce that reign which shall be forever and ever. The complete and perfect success of Christianity is not a problem. Christ has overcome the world in every form and element of opposition. He escaped from the bloody hand of the cruel murderers, who executed the inhuman command of the heartless Herod.

He conquered the "Prince of this world" in that glorious conflict in the wilderness. He showed his power over the kingdom of darkness, when at His word, those possessed of Devils were set free, and those whom Satan had bound were delivered. In His death he entered the confines of the enemy's dominion, and slew the monster in his own den, so that ascending on high, He might lead captivity captive, and give gifts unto men.

The very design for which the Universe was called into existence, was to establish the praise of God, in the triumph of truth and righteousness. The very purpose for which the Son of the Most High came to earth was, to lay the foundation of that kingdom, over which he shall reign forever and ever. Every event in history, every revolution among men, as well as every assault of the enemy, is overruled by God, and made instrumental in establishing Christ's Church.

As in the days of the Psalmist, the heathen do still rage, and the people imagine a vain thing; but though earth and hell be leagued against the Lord and against His anointed, their united forces shall never prevail. Our faith in the permanence and perpetuity of Christianity, in the universal prevalence and complete triumph of the religion of Jesus, and in the total overthrow and entire destruction of every opposing foe, rests securely upon the sure word of prophecy, repeated in every age of the Church.

We cannot doubt, when we examine either the past or the present, as to what the future will be. Has not God watched over our world with all the tenderness of Divine love? Does not every epoch in history show the introduction of some new instrumentality in effecting the change, which, when complete, shall restore the injury of the fall, and reinstate the supremacy of God's law? The wisdom of the omniscient One, the strength of the Omnipotent, and the resources of all Heaven, have been employed in this work.

Can any fear arise that God will fail to accomplish His sworn purpose; that He will abandon it, ere it be completed? The present aspect of the world bids every

doubt vanish. Science is furnishing the facilities, and Christianity the means, for the rapid evangelization of the entire world. The sympathies of man's renewed nature are going forth in one mighty, overwhelming torrent towards the poor benighted children of ignorance, superstition, and error. The consecrated energies of the Church are directed to the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom. The echo of the Macedonian cry for help is being answered. Theological Seminaries are multiplying the number of faithful ministers and missionaries of the Cross. The Church is, in some measure, pouring her funds into the treasury of the Lord; and private individuals are devoting large portions of their surplus wealth to the furtherance of the Gospel. In all this, we recognize the hand of God, the finger of Providence. It is He who is leading man from one invention to another; from one discovery to another, so that His faithful followers, moved by the impulses of His own Holy Spirit, might give wings unto His word, and bid it fly unto the ends of the earth. How mighty and stupendous have been the trophies of Divine grace during the past quarter of a century, reproving the weakness of the strongest faith. But who, save God, can tell the results of combined Christian effort during the *coming fourth of a century*? What imagination can picture the condition of the world at the expiration of that short period? May it not be that "in that day, there shall be upon the bells of the horses 'Holiness unto the Lord?'" Kings may then again be nursing fathers, and queens nursing mothers to the Church.

The threatenings against the enemies of the Lord demand, and will receive fulfillment. God's endurance may be well-nigh exhausted, and the total discomfiture of his foes already sealed. How bright the prospect, how encouraging to the eye of faith! Already do we see the preparations for future engagements, and the tokens of complete success! The Almighty is even now overruling and controlling the unparalleled activity of our age, and soon will He introduce the day, when the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth, as the waters cover the sea—when "the kingdoms of this world

shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever."

The world, as it now is, is but *partially* under the influence of the Gospel; hereafter, it shall be *entirely* devoted to the Lord.

INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF GOD.

ALL the discoveries of modern science serve to exalt the Deity; but they do not contribute a single iota to the explanation of his purposes. They make him greater, but they do not make him more comprehensible. He is more shrouded in mystery than ever. It is not himself whom we see, it is his workmanship; and every new addition to its grandeur, and to its variety, which philosophy opens to our contemplation, throws our understanding at a greater distance than before from the mind and conception of the sublime Architect. Instead of the God of a single world, we now see him presiding, in all the majesty of his high attributes, over a mighty range of innumerable systems. To our little eye he is wrapped in more awful mysteriousness; and every new glimpse which astronomy gives us of the universe, magnifies, to the apprehension of our mind, that impassable barrier which stands between the counsels of his sovereignty and those fugitive beings who trust their evanescent hour in the humblest of his mansions. If this invisible Being would only break that mysterious silence in which he has wrapped himself, we feel that a single word from his mouth would be worth a world of darkling speculation. Every new triumph which the mind of man achieves in the field of discovery, binds us more firmly to our Bible; and by the very proportion in which philosophy multiplies the wonders of God, do we prize that book, on which the evidence of history has stamped the character of His authentic communication.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

LIFE is a journey, and it is generally our own fault if we do not make a pleasure excursion of it.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

THE Roman poet says, "The man who overcomes himself is better than he who takes the strongest cities;" and the word of inspiration declares, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." The moderation of one's own passions is superior to deeds of valor, and the subjugation of one's own mind, to the conquest of a city. To master ourselves is more honorable than to vanquish an enemy in an open field, or to gain possession of a strong fortress, just as it is more glorious to quell an insurrection at home than to resist an invasion from abroad. Experience, as well as observation, teaches us, however, that such a conquest is no easy task. The disloyalty of our passions requires a closer inspection, and a stronger guard than any official authority, and the government of our own spirit is more difficult than the control of others. This warfare against self is, perhaps, the most difficult in which we can engage, but when the victory is once attained, the results are most valuable. Some of the greatest men, recorded in the pages of history, have failed in this contest. Conquerors, who have subdued nations, have often been the slaves to their appetites and passions. They overcame armies and fleets, but they could not overcome themselves. Alexander, we are told, conquered nearly the whole known world, but he could not conquer his native proclivities. Caesar triumphed over his enemies in many a battle, but he fell a victim to his own ambition. Bonaparte brought under his dominion the greater part of Europe, yet he could not subdue his inordinate desires. How often in our intercourse with mankind, do we find those who are easily drawn aside from the path of duty, because they have not the power to resist evil, to overcome temptation, or surmount some prejudice, because, in short, they have not acquired the habit of governing themselves.

Self-government is essential to all true dignity of character, and to all enjoyment, which is worthy of our rational nature and our immortal hopes. Justly has it been

pronounced the great regulator of our conduct, the very balance-wheel of life. Without it, we may imagine ourselves free, but we are, in reality, in the most abject vassalage; we are almost sure to fail in securing happiness, however great may be our gifts, however exalted our position. With it we may rise in the scale of being; we may be able to command, not only the world's wealth, but the world's respect, and what is of still greater value, the peace of mind "which passeth all understanding," the approval of our own conscience, and the approbation of our God.

How important then is it, that in early life our attention should be directed to the formation of this habit! We must learn in youth to obtain authority over ourselves. If our thoughts were disposed to play truant or to wander on forbidden objects, we must exercise control over them, and teach them to obey our bidding. If we are naturally irritable or passionate, we must strive to restrain our feelings and curb our temper. If we are selfish and intolerant, we must cultivate a generous and liberal spirit. If we are sullen or quarrelsome, we must endeavor to practise good humor and cheerfulness. If we are supine and indolent, let us accustom ourselves to activity and exertion. Whatever may be the defect in our character, let it be our object to correct it, and bring ourselves into subjection. By constant supervision and assiduous culture we may gain a nobler conquest than Macedonian, Roman, or Corsican ever won. We will grow wiser and better with every passing day, will more fully discharge the solemn duties of life, and answer the great purposes and responsibilities of our existence.

An important part of self-government has reference to the thoughts. It is a great mistake, into which many readily fall, that if our external conduct is exemplary, it makes little difference what may be the secret operations of the mind. Many persons seem to suppose that we may indulge with impunity in evil thoughts, so long as the tongue refrains from giving them utterance. But it should not be forgotten that a man's thoughts are among the primary elements of moral action. "As he thinketh

in heart, so is he." If our thoughts are habitually wrong, our feelings will be also; and the thoughts and feelings together make up, in the sight of Heaven, the whole moral character. So soon as we come to the conclusion, that no restraint is necessary here, we adopt a sentiment which will prove destructive to our best interests, and render us odious to our God. A vain imagination is one of the greatest evils with which we can be afflicted, and when once firmly established, there is scarcely any other habit which cannot be more easily eradicated. Let the imagination gain the ascendancy, and you will most certainly suffer the penalty of such reveries; the mind will become debilitated and the soul polluted with a stain, which the deepest repentance cannot fully do away. How often do we hear Christians lament, how difficult it is to restrain, even after their conversion, the ravings of an impure imagination? The thoughts should, in youth, be disciplined to flow in a proper channel, to be brought completely under the government of the will. This cannot, however, be done without severe and protracted effort, unless the habit is acquired when we are young.

We remark again, that there must be a suitable control exercised over our affections and appetites. Our natural evil propensities must be subdued, our passions must be held in subjection. They will not, however, be brought into obedience, unless there be employed in reference to this object a just amount of direct effort. So active and powerful are they, that they often plead their own cause, not only eloquently, but most successfully, in opposition to reason, the convictions of duty, reputation, and character, and many a one has sacrificed upon this altar everything valuable in this life and everything glorious in the future. How important is it that we should, in this respect, learn to govern ourselves, to place, in the morning of life, a vigilant sentinel at every watchtower of the heart, to guard all the avenues, and to consider the first approach of danger an occasion of alarm. We must break away resolutely from the enchanted ground, check evil in its bud, remembering that from small and imper-

ceptible beginnings sin gradually make its way, till it reduces the whole man to its dominion, and brings into captivity every affection and faculty of the soul. That which is apparently harmless, when first taken into the bosom, may, when warmed and nourished, inflict a mortal wound.

We might discuss this subject in its various connections, but we desire at this time to speak more particularly of Self-Government in reference to our temper, the improper indulgence of anger. "He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding, but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly." "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls." The difference in the happiness which is received and conferred by the individual who guards his temper and him who does not is very great. There is no misery so constant, so distressing, and so intolerable to others, as an irritable or querulous disposition, which has acquired the mastery over us, and which is constantly fretting and complaining. The evil of giving way to hasty and violent passions is always considerable and sometimes irretrievable. We thus deprive ourselves, for the time, of the power of regulating our own actions, while we must still be responsible for their consequences. An improper act is never excused because committed under the influence of anger. A single expression, employed at such a moment, will often leave a wound in the heart which no subsequent kindness can remove. Whatever injuries we may sustain, we should never permit ourselves to meditate a purpose of retaliation. Nothing is more noble than to be able to forgive an offence, instead of inflicting an injury in return. We should maintain a calm and forgiving disposition, no matter how great the provocation, however much our patience may be tried. How beautiful does the character of that Roman judge appear to us, in reference to whom Cicero says, "that he was accustomed to forget nothing except injuries!"* Moses was meek above all men, and continued to bear with the children of Israel while they constantly resisted him and rebelled against

God. How touching is the conduct of our Saviour, who, although armed with almighty power, which could have crushed with instant death his persecuting enemies, continues to entreat them with his love, and to offer them salvation, till the end, and whilst suffering upon the cross commends even his murderers to the forgiveness of the Father! Does not the imitation of such a character confer true dignity of character? The man who is most calm in the reception of injuries, is the very one who has the fewest injuries to forgive.

"What," asks Tertullian, "is the difference between the man who is irritated, and the man who has irritated him, except that the last did wrong first and the first afterwards?" If an individual has a quarrelsome disposition, let him alone; he will soon find employment. He may fight all his life, if he is disposed to be pugnacious. Resentment, even in a war of words, cannot be exercised with impunity. The bosom, from which it is poured out, becomes scalded with the burning fury. When an antagonist provokes you to recrimination, then he can claim the victory, for he has taken away your panoply, and your happiness is at his mercy. If you are so unfortunate as to get into a dispute with a boisterous, excitable enemy, keep cool, and you will soon have the best of the argument. The sympathy and respect of the company are always with the man who is tranquil under injuries, who keeps his temper under provocations and affronts. Withdraw into the sanctuary of your own integrity, and while he who would injure you foams, do you enjoy the holy luxury of a forgiving disposition!

How often have we found that "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." Truly has it been said, that "Rough words are like oil, which make the flame of anger burn the fiercer; meek words, often like water, put it out." Even when duty requires us to reprove and rebuke, the Apostolic injunction is, that it be done meekly. "In meekness," we are to instruct "them that oppose themselves." "If a brother be overtaken in a spiritual fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering

* Qui oblivisci nihil soles nisi injurias.

thyself lest thou also be tempted." The truth is to be spoken in love.

Silence has been recommended as one of the best remedies under provocation. It is said of Socrates, that it was always known when he was angry by his being silent. "I have known," says Cicero, "many sin by speaking, few by keeping silence; it is, therefore, more difficult to know how to be silent, than how to speak." How noble was that reply of Xenocrates! When he met the reproaches of others with a profound silence, some inquired, why he alone was silent? "Because," he answered, "I have, sometimes had occasion to regret that I have spoken, never that I was silent." If we talk while we are under the influence of excitement, our own feelings will invariably become more excited. When we experience the first risings of anger, we should make it a rule to pause and consider the sad consequences of such a spirit, and the guilt and folly of giving way to it. "In the multitude of words, there wanteth not sin." "The tongue is an unruly evil; full of deadly poison." "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

We should not be discouraged if our efforts to correct a hasty and fretful temper are not crowned with immediate success. By constant care and watchfulness, a great improvement may be effected. No one has a disposition, naturally so good, that it does not require some attention; and no one has a temper so bad, that it cannot be made better by culture. The man who at fifty seems among the most amiable of characters, perhaps in early life had a most ungovernable disposition with which to contend. One of the best-disciplined tempers ever seen was that of an individual who was naturally impetuous, irritable, rash, and violent; but by having the care of the sick, he so completely mastered himself, that he was never known to be thrown off his guard. Dr. Boerhaave was almost unmoved by any provocation, although he had much to excite his nerves. On being asked how he had obtained such a power over himself, he said, "That he was naturally quick of resentment, but that by daily prayer and meditation, he had at length attained this mastery over himself."

There are many instances on record, showing the wonderful influence that men have acquired over the temper. In what a beautiful light does the individual appear, who has gained this ascendancy over himself. Plato, being told on a certain occasion, that some one had spoken ill of him, said, "It matters not; I will endeavor so to live that no one will believe them." Antigonus, King of Syria, overhearing two of his soldiers reviling him behind the tent, "Gentlemen," said he, opening the curtain, "remove to a greater distance; for your king hears you." Cæsar, once having found a collection of letters, written by his enemies to Pompey, burned them without reading, "For," said he, "though I am on my guard against anger, it is safer to remove the cause." Sir Walter Raleigh having been challenged to fight a duel by a hot-headed young man, because he coolly declined the proposition, the fellow proceeded to spit in his face in public. Sir Walter took his handkerchief and, calmly wiping his face, said, "Young man, if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience, as I can the injury from my face, I would, this moment, take away your life." It is said of Henderson, who was distinguished for his great learning and varied attainments, although naturally of a very fretful and unpleasant disposition, that he had secured a remarkable influence over his temper, and his friends never saw him otherwise than calm and subdued. A student of a neighboring college, proud of his logical acquirements, was exceedingly desirous of a private disputation with this celebrated scholar. The subject was chosen, and the disputants argued for some time, in the presence of their friends, with candor and moderation. Henderson's opponent soon lost command of his temper; and at length perceiving that his defeat was inevitable, he so far forgot himself as to throw a glass of wine into the face of Henderson, who, without altering his countenance or changing his position, gently wiped his face, and deliberately replied, "That, sir, is a digression—now for the argument!" The case of Roger Sherman has often been told. "He was naturally possessed of strong passions, but over these

he finally obtained an extraordinary control. He became habitually calm, sedate, and self-possessed. Mr. Sherman was one of those men, who are not ashamed to maintain the forms of religion in his family. One morning he called them together as usual, to lead them in prayer to God; the old family Bible was brought out and laid on the table. Mr. Sherman took his seat, and beside him placed one of his children, a small child—a child of his old age; the rest of the family were seated around the room; several of these were now grown up. Besides these, some of the tutors of the College were boarders in the family, and were present at the time alluded to. His aged and superannuated mother occupied a corner of the room, opposite the place where the distinguished Judge of Connecticut sat. At length he opened the Bible and began to read. The child, which was seated beside him, made some little disturbance, upon which Mr. Sherman paused and told it to be still. Again he proceeded; but again he paused to reprimand the little offender, whose playful disposition would scarcely permit it to be still. At this time he gently tapped its ear. The blow, if it might be called a blow, caught the attention of his aged mother, who now, with some effort, rose from her seat and tottered across the room. At length she reached the chair of Mr. Sherman, and, in a moment, most unexpected to him, she gave him a blow on the ear with all the power she could summon. 'There,' said she, 'you strike your child, and I will strike mine!' For a moment, the blood was seen rushing to the face of Mr. Sherman; but it was *only* for a moment, when all was calm and mild as usual. He paused—he raised his spectacles—he cast his eyes upon his mother—again it fell upon the Book from which he had been reading. Not a word escaped him; but again he calmly pursued the service, and soon after sought in prayer, an ability to set an example before his household, which should be worthy of their imitation. Such a victory was worth more than the proudest victory ever achieved in the field of battle!"

Perhaps there is nothing in which Christianity displays a more heavenly triumph

than in the power which she gives us of governing ourselves. And yet there are some professors of religion, and among those whom, in the judgment of charity, we must regard as sincere Christians, who appear to be willing to do anything for Christ and their fellow-men, but restrain their temper and control their passions. What injury do such inflict upon a cause they profess to love, and whose interests they desire to promote! How much is their influence diminished! What good do they pervert! They bring a reproach upon their profession; they are to the world an occasion of scandal; they set a pernicious example; they mar the happiness of their friends; they disturb their own peace of mind, and endanger their progress in piety. Surrendering ourselves to the practical influences of the Gospel, let us ever bear in mind, that "A meek and quiet spirit is, in the sight of God, of great price!"

(Selected.)

HYMN.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Thy temple, Lord! creation stands,
Magnificently vast,
And o'er it Thine adoring hands
The roof of heaven have cast.

And there all sights and sounds proclaim
The glory of Thy power;
And preach Thine everlasting name
To every conscious hour!

But though Thy temple be all space,
The heaven of heavens Thy throne;
Yet deign with condescending grace
This earthly fane to own.

O, here may vocal incense rise,
And songs of Zion sound;
And lowly hearts, and lifted eyes,
Thy presence feel around.

Salvation through the blood of Him
Who conquered Death and Hell,—
Assist us, O ye seraphim!
In strains like yours to tell.

And may Thy living Gospel reign
Till sin and darkness flee,—
And ransomed earth be pure again
As when it came from thee!

RAILROAD REFLECTIONS.

II.

BY LEWIS L. HOUPT.

THE comparison has been often made between the human frame, with its complex motions, and a carefully adjusted machine, full of wheels, pulleys, levers, &c., with capacity to work in obedience to the impulse given, or power applied.

But the comparison is equally forcible with respect to man's spiritual condition; his moral nature may be likened to a machine, or to a train of cars, without motion and powerless, until moved by some outside agency, or attached to the engine.

Thus, the human mind is composed of feelings, diversified by nature, education, or habit; a will naturally wayward; a judgment readily biassed by evil associations, or the mal-advice of false friends; a conscience, soon seared, or rendered callous, by contact with the world. These, then, are but the different parts of the machinery of his mental organization; the different cars in the train; and, unless influenced by the Spirit of God, he makes no progress in the divine life, walks not in obedience to God's commandments, nor seeks to work out his salvation.

In this condition, without the aid of the Spirit of God, Sabbaths would be useless, the Bible remain unread, and man continue impenitent forever.

Just as a train of cars, no matter how strong, or beautifully finished, must ever remain inoperative, unless some motive power be applied.

The Holy Spirit, then, is the *band* which connects the machinery of man's spiritual nature with the enginery of God; the coupling which unites the train of cars to the locomotive, and thus brings man in connection with the impulses of the Divine mind: through the influence thus imparted, he is induced to attend the house of God, and the services of the sanctuary; to read the Bible, to bow in prayer, to confess his sins, to seek heaven. It matters not that the locomotive comes near: the cars still remain stationary unless the coupling be applied,

and secured to the train: so the Holy Spirit may draw near to a sinner; so near that the still small voice is heard, awakening in his mind a sense of danger; yet the offered opportunity must be embraced; he must actually take hold of the coupling, or remain stationary in his impenitence forever.

But suppose, from some flaw in the gearing or defect in the track, the coupling should be broken, the engine, having been once attached, would cease to impart its influence to the train, and gradually get further and further off, until, at last, it is gone beyond recall.

So, too, a defect in man's disposition may interfere with the operations of the Spirit; he may determinedly resist all its strivings, and, having thus broken the coupling, his only tie to a better world, he gradually loses the momentum he had gained; the distance between him and the Spirit becomes greater, until it is finally grieved away, never to return; when the soul, without ambition, and with no incentive beyond this world, is left to rust upon the track of life.

"Quench not the Spirit of the Lord :
He will not always strive.
O! tremble at that awful word,
Sinner, awake and live."

WOMAN AND FLOWERS.—Woman, says a newspaper writer, loves flowers; and flowers are like women in their beauty and sweetness, so they ought to grow up together. No flower-garden looks complete without a woman in it; no woman seems so lovely as when she is surrounded by flowers. She should have her fragrant bouquet at the party; window-plants in the parlor; if possible, some rich and rare flowering shrubs in her conservatory; but, better than all these, and supplying all, every woman in the world should have a flower-garden. Every man, who has the least gallantry or paternal feeling, should make a flower-garden for his wife and daughters. Every house, the smallest cottage as well as the largest mansion, should have around it the perfume of lilacs, pinks, and other hardy odoriferous flowers, that cost no trouble, but bring with them every year a world of beauty and fragrance.

TRAVELS IN WALES.

NO. III.

AND now, my good Fred, lest you should grumble at the length of my story, I will hasten on to the termination of our to-day's journey, merely adding a few words on the immediate precincts of the road which we have been travelling. From time to time we passed a number of cottages, or rather cabins, near the roadside, which looked as if some giant had hurled a pile of huge stones into an indiscriminate heap, whilst the scenery amidst which these misshapen specimens of a primitive architecture occurred, was generally wild, with occasional snatches of the most picturesque and fascinating loveliness. But, in general, the road from Caernarvon to Tanybwch, passed through beautiful environs, and what was most striking to me, who am accustomed at home to see little else but fences mapping out the country, were the hedges which lined our road on both sides. When there was nothing else to attract my attention, I feasted my eyes on these hedges. Consisting of thorn, or holly, or again both, they were beautiful objects in themselves; but what delighted me most of all was, that the red foxglove, which grows wild in this country, flourished, in luxuriant growth and in full bloom, on either side of them. Thousands of these plants reared their graceful stems half the height of the lofty hedges, whilst their long clusters of bright red flowers, standing out in strong relief from the dark foliage of the thorn or holly, produced a most striking and pleasing effect. But besides these, the hedges were copiously intergrown with bushes of the red and the white dog-rose, and interwoven with the lithe branches of honeysuckle vines, one and all in full flower, and the latter perfuming the air all around with their delicious odor. The hills also, as they gently sloped or precipitously rose from the roadside, were covered with heather, whose red flowers gave them a peculiar aspect, and blended softly with the both darker and brighter tints of the hedgerows. Sometimes we drove for a considerable distance through plantations of larches, stretching away on either side of the

road, and covering the hills, where they flourish even in soil that looked too stony and sterile to produce anything. These graceful trees, which are here much cultivated of late years, because they make the best sleepers for railways, form a beautiful feature of this ever varying scenery. Altogether, there is so much to attract and charm on this route, that I might go on talking about its beauties *ad infinitum*. But this will not do—and so, here we are at Tanybwch, where we are to dine. The inn, a fine, large house, occupies an elevated spot, and commands a very fine view of a pretty, quiet, and fertile valley, traversed by the little river Dwyryd; at the southeast the picturesque village of Maentrog, behind which the steep road to Pfesting is seen ascending the mountain, bounds the prospect. Close by is the entrance lodge of Plas Tan y Bwlch, the residence of the *non-resident*, Mrs. Oakeley, surrounded by the most beautiful grounds, of which we saw no more than the eye could scan from the gateway, not having time to enter, which strangers are readily allowed to do. The view of the valley obtained at this spot, is beyond conception beautiful; but I must not even attempt a description. Concerning the scenery which is here spread out before the eye, Mr. Wyndham once wrote: "If a person could live upon landscape, he would scarcely desire a more eligible spot than this."

I had set my heart upon feasting to-day upon Welsh mutton; but my hopes were destined to be disappointed. The dinner made a fair show to the eye, for the covers were well arranged, and the viands nicely garnished. But when we attempted to eat the mutton, it proved to be high, whereat my friend B. was wroth, for our stomachs put in a demurrer. The *trjm* servant-maids left us very much to our own devices, and this treatment was not calculated to soothe the usually placid, but now somewhat ruffled temper of my friend, which was still more provoked by a saucy answer from one pert damsel, whom he called to account for the neglect. But when, upon her return to our dining-room, he demanded, in a tone that indicated his displeasure, whether she

had said so and so, her impudence broke down, and she labored most earnestly to explain away every cause of offence. She conducted her defence with such ingenuity and skill in special pleading, that nothing remained but to acquit the culprit of malice prepense. But I must hasten on.

Our route still bore southward. A little beyond Tremadoc we again struck the sea, i. e. on the northern shore of Cardigan Bay, which, running at one place an arm into the country, compels the road to make a detour of about eight miles, whilst the distance directly across is about one mile. As the clouds were threatening rain, we regarded this circuitous affair with no particular complacency. Sure enough, after the circuit had been made, and we were again skirting the bay, the rain came down in torrents, driving Mrs. B. and myself into the inside of our coach, Mr. B. maintaining his outside seat: no stress of weather could at any time induce him to seek shelter. This rain prevented my having a good view of Cardigan Bay, with which some interesting traditions are connected. It is generally believed that the sea has here, to a great extent, encroached upon the land, gradually submerging what was once a fertile plain. But tradition speaks also of a sudden and very destructive inundation, which Black, without saying anything further about it, places in the year 620. We were told, on the spot, that it had occurred in the 12th century, engulfing six or seven churches, besides several populous villages. We were told that, to keep out the sea, extensive embankments had been constructed, and that men were appointed constantly to tend the sluices or gates, which it was necessary to close when the tide was rising. On one occasion these men, instead of attending to their duty, indulged in a drunken carouse, and when the tide came up, it found the sentinels drowned in liquor, the gates open, and rushing in, swept all before it. One small church, standing now at the very edge of the water, was pointed out to me as the only one of the seven which, standing farther inland, was not destroyed. It looked like a very ancient building, and seemed in some degree to vouch for the truth of the tradition, to which

my instinctive dread of critical historians forbids my affixing my own indorsement. A little farther on, about half a mile from the sea, and close by the roadside, we passed the still imposing ruins of Harlech Castle, erected, as well as that of Caernarvon, by order of Edward I. It was a quadrangle, of which each side measured from 200 to 220 feet, the round towers at the angles, and at each side of the main entrance being massively solid, and surmounted by light and elegant turrets, of which but few remains are now to be seen. On the west side, i. e. toward the sea, the perpendicular cliff which forms the base of the castle rendered approach impossible. Unfortunately the pouring rain prevented my exploring these picturesque ruins of a castle, concerning which not only tradition, but authentic history, has many a wild tale of war and bloodshed to relate. One of the most interesting incidents connected with this old stronghold is, that in 1460, after the defeat of Henry VI, at Northampton, his proud and high-spirited queen, Margaret of Anjou, took refuge there for a season.

Apart from this interesting object, the scenery had, for a while past, been tame and unattractive; but soon it began again to assume aspects of varied beauty, and, at times, of great sublimity. Our road continued winding along the sea-shore, from which, and from a small river flowing between, a wall separated us. Happily the rain diminished as the scenery improved. Mrs. B. and myself resumed our outside seats, and when our coach rattled into the town of Barmouth, at the north side of the mouth of the estuary of the Maw, or Mawdach, the sun was again shining brightly. Barmouth is a queer old town, thus described by Black: "The houses are built at the foot and upon the sloping side of a lofty and steep rock, some of them being disposed on the level of the sandy beach, and others on the acclivity, where they form successive terraces, to which there is no approach but by steps cut in the rock. The whole has a singular appearance, far from pleasing to the eye, and is extremely inconvenient for residence. The lower buildings are subject to much annoyance from the drifting of the

sand, often carried by the wind into every open window and doorway; and the more elevated dwellings are difficult of access, and exposed to the smoke rising from the chimneys of their lower neighbors. Barmouth has been frequently but most absurdly compared with Gibraltar and Edinburgh. It is frequented during summer for sea-bathing, for which it has the advantage of smooth sands. The accommodation for visitors at the inns and lodging-houses is not of the best description, and its popularity as a watering-place is evidently declining. The surpassing beauty of the ride from Dolgelley will always attract visitors, but the greater number may be expected, after a short rest and stroll, to return to Dolgelley."

From this place our road carried us eastward along the shore of the estuary before mentioned; and here we enjoyed a succession of charming views: hills covered with verdure, beautiful woods, extensive parks, elegant mansions, and anon rustic dwellings, picturesque in their rude appointments, and sweet cottages embowered in shrubbery and roses and fragrantly blooming creepers. On our right the hills assumed, after a while, a grander aspect, until, at last, Cader Idris, 2914 feet high, the peak next in height, among the mountains of this island, to Snowdon, was, with the surrounding summits little less lofty, full in view, and, being partially enveloped in clouds, presented a truly magnificent spectacle. But our Jehu whipped up his steeds, and at half-past seven we dashed up to the door of the "Golden Lion," the principal hotel in Dolgelley, where we were to pass the night. Having taken possession of our several apartments, we had tea as soon as it could be obtained, whereupon Mr. B. and myself sallied forth to see the lions.

Dolgelley (the dale of hazels) is situated between the rivers Aran and Wnion, a little above the junction of the latter, and the Mawddach. The town is completely encompassed by hills, among which, on one side, the Cader Idris towers aloft in majestic grandeur. The valley formed by these elevations is of considerable extent, highly fertile, and presents, in its surroundings, a

great variety of beautiful hill scenery, which contrasts finely with the stern sublimity of Cader Idris. The town must be very old, although it is singularly barren of historic interest. That it was known to the Romans may be inferred from the discovery, in a well, of some Roman coins, bearing the inscription Imp. Cæsar Traian. Owen Glyndwr assembled his Parliament here in 1404; here also he signed the treaty of alliance into which he had entered with Charles, King of France. In the civil wars of England, the partisans of Charles I were prevented from raising fortifications about this town, by Mr. Edward Vaughan, who, with a small band, routed them completely, and took their leader prisoner. This gentleman was the ancestor of the present Sir Robert Williams Vaughan, whose beautiful seat is quite near the town, and who is the proprietor of the place and the surrounding country. The streets of Dolgelley are narrow, with sidewalks just wide enough for a good-sized cat, and very irregular: indeed, there is no arrangement at all about them; the houses, most of them old and ugly, although better ones are gradually being erected, seem to have been dropped at haphazard, anywhere, so that the streets may be said to run mad with confusion. To my friends and myself, the old church, which is at no great distance from the Golden Lion, was the chief object of interest, and we hastened to summon the sexton, so that we might gain admittance before the departure of daylight. It is a spacious building, without any pretensions to architectural beauty, either within or without, but it occupies an elevated site, and, as the dark walls are almost entirely covered with ivy, it forms a striking and picturesque object. There are no pews, but benches with backs, partitioned off into separate seats of greater or less extent: these benches are made of the most common material, and in the most unadorned fashion. But to us the most striking feature of this old edifice was one to which it probably has an exclusive claim: it is to be hoped, at least, that it may not be found elsewhere. A custom prevails here that, at the decease and after the burial of a parishioner, a metal plate, like those which in other places are

affixed to the coffin-lid, having the name of the deceased, as also the date of birth and death inscribed upon it, is suspended upon the wall or one of the heavy pillars that support the roof. These plates are of different sizes, of great variety of patterns, more or less ornamental, plated with tin, the central shield generally covered with lacker or black varnish. We found the inner walls and pillars of the church completely covered with them up to a certain height, and the effect is far from agreeable. Some one told us, that they are first attached to the coffin-lid, whence, previous to burial, they are transferred to the church, and left suspended, either as long as they keep nice, or until room is required for new ones. This is an odd and very unpoetical way of preserving the memory of the dead.

After leaving the church we asked the sexton how old it was, besides a variety of other questions, to not a single one of which he had any other answer than, "I don't know." He was a most unqualified Know-Nothing—a genuine blockhead. He had lived, since his birth, directly opposite that old church, and yet he knew nothing more about it than that there it stood before his nose. I remarked to Mr. B., that if the most illiterate Yankee had lived there six months, he would have known all that could be ascertained concerning the church, the town, and its vicinity; and, after failing in a renewed attempt to elicit information from our automaton cicerone, he told him pretty sharply what I had said. I was frequently amused at the earnestness and energy with which my facetious friend lectured the ignorant Welsh upon their backwardness in the arts and culture of civilized life, and the serious face with which he told them, time and again, that they would never get on and improve, until they gave up their uncouth language, and made the English their vernacular. Most of the people whom we addressed in the streets, or the outskirts of the town, we found quite as dull and ignorant as our sexton cicerone; but the most frequent reply to our inquiries was, *Dym sassenach*—No English.

A great many of the Welsh are exceedingly superstitious, and firm believers

in witchcraft; they cherish a strong prejudice against the English language, and their obstinate resistance to its introduction among them makes them slow to improve in any particular, because it isolates them: the worst thing any people can do. The only present symptom of assimilation to the English is the gradual disappearance of the national female costume; but I was assured that there is now more Welsh spoken than was the case twelve or twenty years ago. There are other notable buildings in the town, and among them an old and ugly structure, now much dilapidated, standing in the court behind the Post Office; this is called the Parliament-house, and said to be the same in which Glyndwr, as aforesaid, assembled his Parliament. But darkness stole upon us, and we had to abandon sight-seeing; and, wearied with the day's long drive, we were glad to seek our pillows. Having neglected to put my slippers into my carpet-bag, when I left Liverpool, I was obliged, as I wished my nether integuments cleaned and polished, to ask Boots for a pair. And a most extraordinary pair he brought me, after spending so much time in getting them, that I dare say he had to turn the whole Rumpelkammer of the hotel upside down, before he found them. One of them was of yellow leather, and capacious enough to accommodate my two feet at once; the other had uppers of deerskin with the hair left on, and just hung upon my toes, at every step hanging down nearly perpendicularly, as though suspended from a hook; it looked so ancient, that I suspect I have had the honor of wearing the slipper with which, and its lost mate, Owen Glyndwr was accommodated, at the time of yon Parliament. But, *quoad* myself: as the one was too big, and the other just hitched on my toes, both being nothing more than tips, it may be conceived what an awkward thumping and clatter I kept up, whenever I attempted to perambulate my chamber. Before I go to sleep, I would just yet mention another circumstance which struck me at Caernarvon, at Dolgelley, and other places, but in Bala more than anywhere else, and which I may as well introduce here, so as not to refer to it again. The number of people who bear

the name of Jones, in these Welsh towns, is incredible. To judge from the sign-boards, in towns and villages, three-fourths of the people in Wales are called Jones, the remaining fourth rejoicing in the appellations of Owen, Lloyd, Davies, Hughes, Evans, or something similar, all of which goes to prove that there is a great scarcity of names in Wales.

The rain, which had returned during the evening, pattered me to sleep. It rained hard all night. On the following morning we had breakfast at seven, and at eight o'clock another coach, with another driver, was at the door; and as the rain had ceased, we took our outside seat again. Our new driver was a tall, stout, broad-shouldered, good-looking man, with a full and very red face, but withal so genteel in his appearance and deportment, that Mrs. B. expressed to me her suspicion that he might be one of those country-gentlemen, who, from their fondness for driving four-in-hand, sometimes actually offer their services as drivers of stage-coaches. Although it appeared eventually that he did not belong to the class of society supposed, we learned that he was a very respectable man, and well connected. I can certify that he was a good lines-man, and drove us along at a smart pace. Our road led us this morning through a beautiful and fertile country, in general hilly, with extensive pastures and cultivated fields. After a while it again began to rain, and Mrs. B. and myself were once more driven to the shelter of the inside. Here we were presently joined by a plain, farmer-looking man, whom we overtook, as he was plodding along, *per pedes apostolorum*, in the mud. I endeavored to extract from him some information respecting the country through which we were passing, and the stream which, swollen by the recent rains, was dashing and roaring along near the roadside; but his answers, and the many communications which he volunteered in addition, were unintelligible to me. The inquiries which I had made seemed to provoke his conversational powers, and he became quite communicative; but whether he had an impediment in his speech, or whether he spoke Welshified English, or whether I was

more than usually stupid, whatever may have been the cause, I believe I actually did not understand a single word of all that he said, and I could only express my interest in his statements by affirmative grunts, and nods indicative of gratified intelligence; and in this way we got on very well. This animated and interesting conversation, the *modus operandi* of which seemed greatly to puzzle and amuse Mrs. B., continued during a great part of the time that our coach was conveying us along the banks of Bala Lake, a very pretty sheet of exceedingly pure water, very deep, about four miles long, and averaging half a mile in breadth. The banks are low and level, and singularly bare of trees, so that the scenery in the immediate vicinity is tame and void of interest; but the distant mountains are lofty and imposing, and afford the promise of magnificent views, when we shall have approached near enough. At the northern extremity of the lake we entered Bala, a small market-town, built with greater regularity than Welsh towns generally are, and kept clean and in nice order. It is positively amazing to see, by the sign-boards, how the Joneses predominate here. I suspect that here, as I have known it to be in some places in this country where Browns and Smiths abound, the necessary discrimination is effected in the same manner in which Dandy Dinmont distinguished his terriers: "There's auld Pepper and auld Mustard, and young Pepper and young Mustard, and little Pepper and little Mustard." I promised a while ago to say nothing more about Jones & Co.: well, set a traveller talking, and you can never know when he will stop.

Bala has, as the guide-book informs us, a market on Saturday, and five annual fairs, chiefly for the sale of live stock. As this was not Saturday, and as there was a great gathering in the town of men and of women in costume, all of whom seemed, maugre the rain, to be engaged in some sort of trading, the men in the sale or purchase of sheep and cattle, of which there was a great number in stalls and pens, we are authorized to conclude that we had the distinguished honor of witnessing one of the five annual fairs of Bala. Our coach, modestly forbid-

ding me to say anything of ourselves, appeared to attract the eager curiosity and the speculative regard of this rustic crowd: standing about in the rain, men, women, and children stared so hard and with such unanimous consent, that I began to fear that they took me for a member of Parliament, and might call upon me for a speech. Whatever they may have thought of us, we were quite amused at the strange attitudes which the staring curiosity of many of these people led them to assume.

Seven miles beyond Bala, and half-way between that place and Corwen, our driver stopped to water his horses; and as we were now approaching a very interesting region, and the clouds had again suspended operations, Mrs. B. and myself again returned to our outside seats, and to Mr. B.'s agreeable company. The scenery soon became beyond description beautiful; the most of what we had yesterday was grand, rugged, sublime: now we had such alternations, intermixtures, and blendings of the beautiful and sublime, as could not but fill the most apathetic with admiration and delight. There were lofty hills in a high state of cultivation, and deliciously green to their summits; then again a narrow strip of level land stretching into the dim distance, and scalloped at the edges by the spurs of the verdant hills that lined it, and dwindled in the perspective vista, into little hillocks: anon a sweet valley, lying in calm and hazy slumber between surrounding eminences, formed, with its luxuriant vegetation, its darker green, its groves and cottages, and softly winding rivulets, a lovely picture in a gorgeous frame of nature's handiwork; and more than once a dashing stream, or a plunging, flashing waterfall, lent animation and new charms to scenery already indescribably beautiful. At Corwen the road strikes the river Dee, and now runs through that part of this great valley which is particularly designated as "the Valley of the Dee," and terminates in the far-famed and lovely vale of Llangollen. The Dee is a rapid and turbid stream, which is sometimes considerably swollen by a strong tide driven up from Bala Lake by a violent south wind.

About two miles from the town of Llan-

gollen, I saw in a low meadow, lying between green hills and groves of dark-green foliage, the first ruined abbey that I had ever seen: the picturesque ruins of Valley Crucis Abbey. Somewhere in this neighborhood, I do not precisely recollect where, but on the left of the road, and quite distinctly in sight, is a sort of sunken spot in a field: this is said to be the site of Owen Glyndwr's castle. A little further on, there stands on the top of a not very high hill, a high, round, or conical mound, which is evidently a work of human hands, and beneath which, tradition says, that the mortal remains of the great Welsh chieftain lie buried. But, lest I should come into collision with the sceptics, I shall content myself with simply stating what I heard.

The most conspicuous object in this lovely valley, is a high conical hill at no great distance from our road, and though not isolated, towering aloft above the range of picturesque hills which bounds the prospect on the left. Altogether it is rather a steep hill, but toward the top the slope becomes extremely so. On the very summit, and occupying the entire crown of the eminence, 290 feet in length and 140 feet in breadth, are the ruins of a fortress called Castell Dinas Bran. Nobody knows when or by whom it was built. The dismantled walls and scattered materials present a scene of wild confusion. These ruins are visible to a great distance and from all points of this valley; and as we gradually approached them, they more and more attracted my attention and interest: occasionally some interposing object would conceal them from view, and when they appeared in sight again, they had assumed some new and more eccentric form. But there was one part of them, which, as our position became relatively more and more favorable, grew increasingly distinct in its singular outline. This part or group is popularly called "The Lion;" and it is undeniable that the large stones of which the building was constructed, have here fallen in such relative positions, as actually to present a most striking image or figure of a huge lion, standing with head erect: the several legs being represented by distinct masses of stone, the figure is thus rendered more perfect, and the illusion more complete.

This hill and ruin, although surrounded by the loveliest scenery that ever human eyes feasted upon, nearly monopolized my attention during the remainder of our drive, the hill being only about a mile distant from Llangollen. About 1390, a beautiful and accomplished lady, a daughter of the house of Tudor-Trevor, dwelt in that old castle, where she was wooed by a distinguished bard in an impassioned ode, which is still extant, and of which the Rev. Evan Evans has, in his collection of such ancient literary monuments, published a spirited translation. The castle must have been in ruins a long time, for even as early as the sixteenth century an eminent poet describes it as "an old ruynous thinge."

After we had left Bala we continued to receive accessions to our travelling company, and that too, very agreeable ones, so that in the end, we reached Llangollen with quite a load, all delighted with our morning's drive. But here the romance of the trip ceased; for from the outside of our coach we had to descend to the unpoetical, purely utilitarian,

furiously prosaic railway-car. While we were waiting for our train, an express train came tearing past with a perfectly terrific velocity, that set one thinking of collisions and other shocking disasters. But soon the steam-whistle of an approaching train rouses us from our reflections, and bids us be ready; there is a few moments' bustle until we are all seated, and casting yet one lingering look behind upon old Dinas Bran and the surrounding scenery, we are whirled away, and arrive, at 4 P. M., in the old town of Chester, where we get dinner. This disposed of, we again take the rail for Liverpool, which is quickly reached, and soon we sit around Mrs. B's smoking tea-urn, discussing the various incidents and interesting sights of our trip through North Wales, which now fills my mind's eye, like a beautiful dream-land, and sets me wondering, that so few of the many Americans who visit Europe should think it worth their while to spend a few summer days, in enjoying the sublime and the lovely scenery of this interesting country.

Home Circle.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR DAUGHTERS.

"That our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."—DAVID.

"To her new beauty, largely given,
From deeper fountains looked and smiled,
And like a morning dream from heaven,
The woman gleamed within the child."

STERLING.

WE cannot say in our day what Fenelon said in his, that nothing is more neglected than the education of daughters. There is, in our age and country, an unusual interest upon this subject. We regard this as among the most hopeful signs of the times—symptomatic of an advancing civilization, and prophetic of the good days coming. In many respects we hail this increased attention to female education, with even more hope than the multiplication of colleges; for, as Fenelon says, "the educa-

tion of woman is more important than that of men, since the latter is always her work."

The language of the Psalmist, freely interpreted, adequately defines the true idea of female education. The comparison suggests the idea of solidity and polish, the union of the useful and the graceful in the education of woman, fitting her to become the support and grace of social life. Let it be the aim of all intrusted with this department of education to realize the ideal of the Psalmist, that our daughters may be "polished corner-stones." Let their training have special reference to the home-life. And in this prospective reference we include good house-keeping. This may seem rather prosaic and homely to sentimental young ladies, and yet is among the fine as well as useful arts, and rightly viewed, its very utilities, like the fountain of living water, sparkle into beauty.

But they are not only to be corner-stones, but polished after the similitude of a temple, Let every attention be paid to the culture of pure taste, a refined imagination, and that natural grace of manner which will invest her true womanhood with the graces of refinement and social courtesy, as distinguishable from the artificial manners of fashionable life, as the dewy freshness and sparkling beauty of a spring morning, from the glittering frostwork of winter. But religion is "the highest jewel in her crown." Let her learn early to sit at the feet of Jesus, whose deepest truth and inmost life was revealed to the sisters of Bethany. Then will she be prepared to fulfil her holy mission, as the priestess in her household of an immortal faith, folding the hands of infancy in prayer, and pointing with her own to heaven.

"She can so impress

With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessing."

T. S.

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

A MOTHER, sitting in her parlor, overheard her child, whom a sister was dressing, say repeatedly, "No, I don't want to say my prayers, I don't want to say my prayers."

"Mother," said the child appearing at the parlor door.

"Good morning, my child."

"I am going to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute, I want you to come and see me first."

The mother laid down her work on the next chair, and the boy ran toward her. She took him up. He kneeled in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backward and forward.

"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she, in a kind and gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am very well."

"I am glad you are well. I am very well, too; and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy in a low tone—half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at its work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down and sitting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine now—how it goes beating."

"Yes," says the child.

"If it should stop beating I should die."

"Should you?"

"Yes, I can't keep it beating."

"Who can?"

"God." A silence. "You have a pulse too which beats here in your bosom, in your arm, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you—nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?"

"I don't know," said the child, with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.

"So, when I waked this morning, I thought I'd ask God to take care of me and all of us."

"Did you ask him to take care of me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask him yourself."

A long pause ensued—the deep and thoughtful expression of his countenance showed that his heart was reached.

"Don't you think you had better ask him yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy, readily.

He kneeled again in his mother's lap, and uttered, in his simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection of Heaven.

Editorial Book-Table.

CATHARINE DE BORA, &c. By J. G. MORRIS, D.D. For Lutheran Board of Publication. Lindsay & Blakiston.

We begin, by the commonplace remark, that this is a beautiful book. Beautiful without and within. We confess to a sort of instinctive admiration of all the Doctor's productions. There is something so genial and life-like about his writings, that one cannot help but admire them. And this peculiarity makes his works popular, as they deserve to be. This little book, lifting the veil from Luther's home-life, is exceedingly interesting. Every Lutheran should have it, to form a complete idea of Luther. For, you never know any man fully, until you see what he is at home. The Doctor has done much to enrich the Church with this kind of literature. We hope he will continue to be useful in this way. Carlyle sometimes signed his name THOS. CARLYLE, *Book-maker*—so the Doctor after a while will be able to sign himself JNO. G. MORRIS, *Book-maker*.

But, with all my admiration for this book, I was a little provoked at the Doctor's estimate of Catharine De Bora's character. In the eighth chapter, he says, "There was nothing remarkable in her history, apart from her illustrious husband . . . distinguished by no extraordinary talents, . . . nothing more than the virtuous woman described by Solomon . . . never neglected *domestic* duties; a devoted wife and mother, the comforter of Luther," &c.

What a jumble of inconsistencies! I will say nothing of the estimate the Doctor makes of her intellectual character. If we can judge from Luther's letters, we should say, that he regarded her as possessing a noble mind; and, I should think, a man ought to know something, in this respect, about his own wife. But what does the Doctor mean, after conceding to her every excellency that belongs to woman, by saying, that there was nothing remarkable about her, only the virtuous woman described by Solomon? Did the Doctor expect to find her something more than a *woman*? So it would seem. The Doctor has committed the very mistake of some critics, who find fault with Shakspeare, because his female characters are inferior to his characters of men. He saw what some seem unable to see, how woman can equal man, without becoming man; or how she can differ from him, without being inferior to him. Equality according to their ideas, involves identity, and runs directly into substitution. On this ground, woman cannot be made equal to man, except by unsexing and unsphering her; a

thing which Shakspeare was just as far from doing as nature is. To say that Catharine was not remarkable, in the sense that Luther was, is simply to say that she was a woman, as she ought to have been, and not a man, as Luther had reason to rejoice she was not.

The whole theory of the Doctor about Catharine, is infected with the heresy that the head is greater than the heart. He seems to repudiate the doctrine that "woman is the representative of affection, man of thought; woman carries her strength in her heart; man, in his head; that man, by eminence, is intellect—woman is love." He sees nothing remarkable in Catharine, because she is *ONLY A WOMAN*. His ideas are tainted with the old barbarous error, which sets Napoleon above Howard; and a great reasoner or orator above a working saint. Now, to tell us that Catharine was all a wife or mother could be; that she was full of kindness and love; a ministering angel beside the couch of sickness; and in the hovels of poverty and pain; and then, to say she was only a woman, receiving all her glory from her husband, is preposterous in the extreme. Why, in the presence of such a woman as Catharine De Bora, the intellect of a Plato would be abashed. "In sight of such excellence, I am ashamed of intellect; I would not look upon the greatest mind that ever spake to ages yet unborn."—

"What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect!
The intellect is finite, but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted."

But, after all, the book is admirable. It appears in a dress, chaste and beautiful. Lindsay & Blakiston are unrivalled in their taste and style of getting up books.

T. S.

SERMONS. By REV. C. H. SPURGEON, with an Introduction by E. L. Magoon. New York, Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

We scarcely know how to characterize these sermons. Perhaps no volume could be named, in which there are so many excellencies and blemishes combined; in which there is so much beauty commingled with deformity; so much of true eloquence with rant and fustian; so much of the vulgar and the sublime; of the solemn and the ludicrous; of seeming clarity and the most hateful bigotry; so much bad theology with earnest piety; so much apparent humility with the most repulsive egotism and self-conceit; of devotion with so much revolting irreverence.

Spurgeon has genius and power; but he is a spoiled child. His sermons, as such, have little merit; and yet no minister can read

them without profit. Whilst no one would be disposed to take them as models, they are full of suggestions as to what true preaching ought to be. He abounds in illustrations taken from common life, anecdotes, and often startling antitheses. There is an earnestness, a directness, an impassioned enthusiasm, indicated in these sermons, which, with eloquence of tone and manner, will account for his wonderful popularity. And yet a physiognomist, looking at "the sea of upturned faces" in his chapel, would no doubt detect in his auditors, a class of people different from that which throngs the churches of Mellville and Cummings. A recent English correspondent says, "His manner and style are rambling and coarse, and calculated to take with the more ignorant and vulgar, who appeared to be the majority of the crowd."

Whilst these sermons are not to be thought of as models, they may be read by every minister with profit. There is a soul and life in his sermons, an earnestness and enthusiasm about the man, which, with evangelical truth, are, after all, the great elements of power in the pulpit. What do most people care about rhetorical sentences, and polished figures, and studied proprieties, in the man who comes to proclaim the Eternal counsels—to treat with them of everlasting things, of life and death, of hell and heaven! Nothing can compensate for the want of life and earnestness in the pulpit. And the controversy about reading sermons has proceeded upon principles that are not involved in the vital question at issue. I have listened to men who read, but who stirred my inmost soul; I have listened to what are called extemporaneous sermons, that were dull as night. No—let a man put his soul into his sermon, let him be in earnest, and no one cares about his notes. The most powerful sermon ever delivered in this, or any country, was read, by President Edwards, with the manuscript held near his face. But Spurgeon's sermons, read them. They will do you good.

T. S.

SERMONS, DOCTRINAL AND PRACTICAL. By WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER, A.M., Philadelphia. Parry and McMillan.

These sermons will soon become classical in modern theological literature. They are equal to any sermons we have ever read, for originality of thought, richness of imagery, brilliance of fancy, exuberant eloquence of words—combined with lucid expositions of the great truths of the Gospel, and instinct with profound spiritual life, and intense fervor of piety. The North British Review says, "Few sermons in our language exhibit the same rare combination of excellencies; imagery almost as rich as Taylor's; oratory as vigorous often as South's; piety as elevated as Howe's; and a fervor as intense, at times, as

Baxter's." Ministers will do well to possess these sermons. Some ministers affectedly boast of their having no sermons in their library—never read other men's sermons. What would you think of a statesman, who tells you he never reads Fox, or Erskine, Calhoun, Clay, or Webster? What would you think of an artist, who tells you he never studies any of the old masters? I leave you to make the application of these interrogatories.

T. S.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ULRIC ZWINGLI. Translated from the German of Hottinger, by Prof. T. C. PORTER. Harrisburg. Published by Theodore F. Scheffer.

The history of the great Swiss Reformer, by Hottinger, is the best that has yet appeared. The peculiar cast of Hottinger's mind, as an analyst, is seen throughout the work. It is not a mere collection of facts and incidents, in the history of this great man, but a philosophical analysis of his inner and outer life, and an unveiling of the great principles that were working out in the great deeds and revolutions of that eventful epoch of the world.

The work confirms the statement of Mosheim, that Zwingli was a man of vast erudition and sagacity, as well as of uncommon decision and heroic daring. It is equally obvious, that he caught glimpses of the truth, in his mountain home, before Luther came to an open rupture with the Church of Rome. The history falsifies the attempted disparagement of his work, by the assertion that he only took the words out of Luther's mouth. Zwingli says, "Before any one in our country ever heard the name of Luther, I had commenced to preach the Gospel, in the year 1516. Who, then, shall give me the nickname of Lutheran? I will bear no name but that of my Captain, Christ, whose soldier I am; I hope everybody will understand why I do not wish to be nicknamed Lutheran; although I esteem Luther as highly as any man living." The odium which some have attached to the end of this Reformer, falling on the field of battle, is effectually removed; and the aspersion of his fair fame, in this point, is seen to originate in a total misapprehension of the genius of the Swiss nation in that century.

The history of such a man, living and acting in that eventful era of the Church, cannot fail to possess an absorbing interest to every reader. As founder of the Reformed Church, his life has a peculiar interest to every student of Church history.

Mr. Scheffer, the publisher, has demonstrated, that books can be made in Harrisburg as well as Philadelphia. The entire mechanical execution of the work, will compare favorably with the issues of our best publishing houses.

T. S.

LUTHERAN BOOKS.—We have not noticed some of the more recent Lutheran Publica-

tions, because they have already been brought before the people in the papers of the Church. Any additional notice here, would be a work of supererogation. Others have been overlooked, because not sent to us. We buy all Lutheran books (with an occasional exception), as a matter of principle. But, unless books

are sent to the Home Journal, with a request to have them noticed, they can have no place in this department. We have now more books on hand, that have been sent to us from different publishing establishments, than we can notice in the present number of the Journal. T. S.

Editorial Miscellany.

CHURCH CONSECRATION.—The new, elegant, and spacious German Lutheran Church, recently finished at Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., of which Rev. J. VOGELBACH is the beloved pastor, was solemnly dedicated to the service of God on Sunday and Monday, September 21st and 22d. Two able and eloquent discourses in German were preached on Sunday by Rev. W. J. MANN, of Philadelphia, on each occasion to crowded and highly interested audiences. On Monday afternoon, a German discourse was preached by Rev. Mr. DUBBS, of the German Reformed Church, and in the evening of the same day Rev. E. W. HUTTER preached in English. This is one of the most beautiful and attractive church edifices belonging to the Lutheran denomination in the United States, and speaks volumes in testimony of the Christian liberality and enterprise of the Lutherans in that section of the State. The English Church, under the pastoral care of Rev. B. M. SCHMUCKER, in the same town, is also in a flourishing and prosperous condition. The Lutheran Church in our German counties evidently exhibits unmistakable proofs of a most gratifying augmentation, both of spirit and numbers. When we contrast the present condition of the Lutheran Church at Allentown with what it was, when we lived there, twenty years ago, we find it difficult to realize the amazing and stupendous change. The work of the Lord in that garden spot of Pennsylvania is mightily on the increase. Nor is the change merely external. True, heartfelt, evangelical piety, has received a wonderful impetus. Prayer-meetings are numerous. The Sabbath-schools are well filled, and the audiences during Divine service are attentive and devout as any in the land. The contributions to benevolent purposes are tenfold larger than formerly. In a word, the ministers of Christ are not laboring in vain. The work of the Lord is most abundantly prospering in their hands. H.

WESTERN AFRICA.—Our pages, this month, are enriched by a valuable contribution, from Rev. MORRIS OFFICER, on the character and condition of the population of Western Africa, and the prospects of establishing a mission among that degraded people. The article is

compiled from a pamphlet issued by the same brother, which is sold, for the benefit of the mission, at twenty-five cents each, and which we should be glad to see extensively read and circulated. Brother OFFICER, it is perhaps not generally known, has spent some time in Western Africa, has travelled there extensively, and therefore speaks what he knows, and testifies what he has seen. He has been appointed General Superintendent of a mission for Western Africa, to be organized under the auspices of the General Synod, and is now engaged in visiting the Lutheran Churches, and collecting moneys for that purpose. This is a noble, although gigantic undertaking, and we trust the self-denying and praiseworthy efforts of Brother OFFICER will meet with a suitable response from our Lutheran charges. H.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES AT GETTYSBURG.—The concluding exercises in the College and Seminary, at Gettysburg, at the close of last month, attracted an unusual number of visitors; and were more than ordinarily interesting. Col. SAMUEL W. BLACK, of Pittsburg, delivered an address before the Philomathean Society. Hon. JEREMIAH S. BLACK, of the Supreme Court, before the Phrenea Kosman Society; and EDWARD M. PHERSON, Esq., of Gettysburg, before the Alumni of the College. The addresses were all listened to with marked interest, and were most favorably received by all who had the pleasure of hearing them. They will of course be printed. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on Prof. EGGERS, of Hagerstown; and that of Doctor of Divinity, on the Rev. W. J. MANN, of Philadelphia; honors wisely and worthily bestowed. We are happy to find, that among the great body of Lutherans throughout the country, an increasing interest is being manifested in the prosperity of our educational institutions; and, we bespeak in their behalf, the prayers and the patronage of all our people. H.

THE EAST PENNSYLVANIA SYNOD meets at Hughesville, Lycoming County, in the charge of Rev. GEORGE PARSONS, on Thursday, October 3d, 1856. H.

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TOMB-YARD LITERATURE.

BY REV. W. H. LUCKENBACH.

WHILE leisurely strolling through the avenues of Laurel Hill Cemetery, some time since, my attention was directed to a very simple, yet very significant emblem, which stood out in bold relief on a plain marble tombstone. It was a hand, whose index-finger pointed diagonally towards heaven, and immediately over it was the word "GONE." How fruitfully suggestive such a word in such a place is, even the most thoughtless cannot but realize. It struck my senses like an echo from the other world. It was the index of a departed soul. It seemed to refer indirectly to the volume of the past, and directly to the sealed folio of the future.

As unwilling as I was at the time to entertain the thought, it occurred to me irresistibly, that, although in one sense the emblem was literally true, in another it *may* be false. The word as predicated of the dead was appropriately chosen. The pointing of the finger towards heaven, although chiselled there by the direction of fond and affectionate survivors, may have been, to use no harsher term, a gross mistake. It requires no horoscopic knowledge, nor prophetic inspiration, to determine, in general terms, whither a soul goes, when the ligaments which bind it to earth are sundered. Eternity is the common destination of all. So far as the emblem may have referred to *it*, no one could have found fault with its design. The perfect "*abandon*," however,

with which symbols and scriptures are used in the language of the cemetery to indicate the condition of the departed, to my mind, is a gross violation of the rules of propriety and taste. Unless the volume of their past history can furnish the most indubitable *à priori* arguments, thoroughly convincing the surviving friends that the departed are at rest, how can these friends *conscientiously* perpetuate, by engraving upon marble, what must, upon sober reflection, appear to them as false? The finger on the monument pointed towards heaven. True, the hand of affection had graven it there, and the offices of affection should ever be respected. But it should ever be remembered, that the judgment of love may err as egregiously as the judgment of hate, or of any other passion. At least, that it is not always *impartial*, a slight acquaintance with human nature will readily prove; and that its decisions in instances of this kind should be uttered cautiously, and never without the most assuring evidences of correctness, the most ardent friend must admit.

The utterance of such sentiments as these may appear to some to be unkind on the part of the writer. They may seem to be a cruel attack upon the memory of the dead. They are meant not as a reflection upon the departed, whose souls have been disposed-of by Him who alone directs the issues of life and death, but rather in kindness, as a corrective for what has certainly degenerated to an evil, on the part of the living. Many of these, misled by the instincts of affection, and by the prompting of a mere wish, with-

out any other warrant for so doing, are induced virtually to perpetuate an epitaph whose eulogistic tone harmonizes but very little, if at all, with the tone of their deceased friend's former life. Could some of the dead rise from their clay pillows, and stand before the index of their character which had been chiselled over them, although they may have formerly loved their friends, and always respected and appreciated the offices of their affection; yet, acting under a sense of justice, which was quickened by a residence in eternity, they would doubtless cut off from their monuments every excrescence which had been sculptured on them. Many who are now slumbering unconsciously under columns and sepulchres of pompous sculpture, made radiant with the relation of attributed virtues, instead of re-chiselling the characters of the eulogistic epitaph, which the wear and tear of time had almost effaced, like Scotland's Old Mortality, would doubtless rather assist in finishing the work which Time had begun, by obliterating them at a stroke—preferring a naked blank on the marble that designates their resting-place, before any elegiac or prosaic flattery.

I wish not to be understood as repudiating that affection for the memory of the deceased, which prompts the living to beautify the place where their friends are buried. On the other hand, I would rather encourage it. It is a noble impulse that directs the mourner to soften the asperities of the grave, by crowding it with flowers, and by making it as attractive to the passer-by, as its solemn realities will admit of. Plant the evergreen around its borders. Cultivate the "forget-me-not" on the little mound raised over the loved form lying beneath it. Make it a sunny spot instead of a gloomy one. Let the living see that the dead are not wholly forgotten. Let the heartless world know that the associations of friendship and love cannot be dissolved, even by the moisture of death; but let all this be done without transcending the bounds of truth and justice. But few individuals are solicitous about what kind of ornament shall decorate their tomb, after they are once gone; and but fewer still are willing to have their virtues

emblazoned to a gaping crowd, on the cold marble, however deserving of such an advertisement they esteem themselves to be. Why not act, then, in accordance with what their wish would be, could they communicate it to us from the other world; and instead of capitalizing their merits, and publishing to the world in letters of stone, an assurance in reference to them, which may have no safer basis than a wish, leave their monument destitute of any letters or graven characters, save those of the bare name, age, and date of birth and decease?

LOCKPORT, October, 1856.

A COMPLETE SALVATION.

SALVATION is finished. It is offered. Shall it be rejected? Take the good of it, and give Him the glory. "He is the God of our salvation." "In His name we will set up our banners." In that ladder, whereby Faith climbs her way aloft to Heaven, there is not a round that we can call our own. In this ark, which, with open door, offers an asylum in the coming storm—a refuge in the rising flood, from stem to stern, and keel to deck, there is neither nail, nor plank, nor beam, that we can claim as ours. The plan of redemption was the design of infinite wisdom; its execution was left to dying love, and it is Mercy, generous Mercy, whose fair form stands in the open door, bidding, entreating, beseeching you all to come in. Listen to the voice of Jesus, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And let His mother teach you, how to speak; and learn from angels, how to sing. With her, the casket of a divine jewel, who held the babe yet unborn in her virgin womb—with Mary, say, "My soul doth magnify the Lord; my spirit has rejoiced in God, my Saviour; for He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and Holy is His name." Or, hark to the angels' song! glowing with seraphic fire, borrow seraphic words, and sing with them, ere they wheel their bright ranks for upward flight, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good will to men."—GUTHRIE.



IDA PFEIFFER, THE FEMALE TRAVELLER.

IF the consistent pursuit and ultimate accomplishment of a purpose entertained from an early period of life, and the courage and perseverance with which that purpose has been carried out, and the self-denial necessary to that end, can excite feelings of admiration, truly the subject of this memoir, Madame Ida Pfeiffer, is fully entitled to them, and she may be regarded as, without exception, the most wonderful woman of the

age. Madame Pfeiffer was born at Vienna in the year 1797. From her early infancy she displayed a determination of character that nothing was able to subdue, and which developed itself with her increasing years. One trait of her character will suffice to show her fixity of purpose. When Napoleon was residing at Schönbrunn, after his entry into Vienna, he was to hold a grand review of his troops, at which all the inhabitants of Vienna went, from a desire to see the greatest general of his time. Ida, who was then eleven years old, had learned from books

and persons by whom she was surrounded to look upon him as a tyrant and an oppressor of her country, and she consequently entertained the most intense hatred towards him. She had refused to go when asked by her mother, but the latter, not wishing to be deprived of the pleasure, took her daughter by force to the review. They obtained a good station, from whence they could see all that passed. At length the procession began to move, and as a body of officers were riding by, Ida, in order that her eyes might not be polluted with the sight of the man she so thoroughly detested, turned her back towards them. The Emperor was not, however, amongst them. Her mother, annoyed at her obstinacy, took her by the shoulders and turned her back again, but Ida determined not to look at him, resolutely closed her eyes, and kept them shut till the Emperor and all his retinue were passed.

She informs us, in the preface to her first work, of the intense desire for travel she experienced during her childhood, but which circumstances prevented her from indulging. In 1820 she married Dr. J. Pfeiffer, of Lemberg. By this union she had two sons, one of whom followed the musical profession, and studied under the great Mendelssohn, and the other became a merchant. On the death of her husband, the desires of her youth were renewed in all their vigor, and she thought that, having fulfilled her duty to her family, in bringing them up and establishing them in life, she was not acting contrary to her duty in following the bent of her inclinations. She knew that dangers, difficulties, and even death, might befall her, but should any of these happen to her during her travels, she would thank God for the sweet hours she passed in beholding the wonders of His creation; and she begs her readers not to impute to her in her travels a desire for notoriety alone, nor to judge her by the common opinion that such a life is not befitting a woman.

When she had, by several years of strict economy, amassed a sufficient sum, she set off upon her first pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the Holy Land, "for," says she, "I always felt the most intense longing to tread the spot rendered so holy by the footsteps of

our Redeemer." She returned safe, filled with delight at her success, and published her first work, entitled, "The Travels of a Vienna Lady to the Holy Land," a work of great interest, and bearing the impress of truthfulness in every line.

The experience Ida Pfeiffer gained—that, blessed with a robust constitution, limited means need not prevent her from undertaking still greater travels—made her form the resolution of visiting scenes of a totally different character; and, accordingly, we find her publishing her travels in the extreme north of Europe, Iceland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. These interesting travels were published in Pesth, in 1846.

Ida Pfeiffer had seen the East, and the waters of the Geysers of Iceland had bubbled at her feet; she now entertained the project of making a voyage round the world. This she performed during the years 1846 to 1848. She quitted Vienna the 1st of May, 1846, and landed, after a stormy passage, at Rio de Janeiro, on the 18th September, of the same year. During her journey through Prague to Hamburg, she met with a travelling companion in a somewhat extraordinary manner. We give the circumstance in her own words: "While in Prague, I met with Count Berchtold, an old acquaintance; when he saw me, he cried, 'Where are you bound for now?' 'To Brazil, Count.' 'To Brazil? I have often wished to go there; I will go with you.' 'Have you been thinking of making this journey for any length of time?' 'Not long—only since I have been speaking with you.'" Madame Pfeiffer went to Hamburg, where the Count joined her; he hastily concluded the business that brought him there, and they set sail together a few days after their arrival. After travelling through the Brazils, Ida went round Cape Horn, travelled through Chili, visited Otaheite, set sail for China, and then went to India. Thence she went up the Tigris, to visit the interesting ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, then wandered through Kooristan and Persia, passed the Caucasus and travelled through the south of Russia, thence to Constantinople, and through Greece home. When we remember the dangerous regions she traversed, we are astonished at the

intrepidity of a woman travelling alone, amidst the most savage tribes on the face of the earth, passing from country to country, and from tribe to tribe, braving dangers, fatigue, hunger and thirst; and it is indeed impossible to withhold our admiration from the lady who could undergo all these trials and hardships, and display a courage that very few of the opposite sex can boast of. We can paint to our imagination the mild, defenceless, unassuming woman, patiently and hopefully wending her way through savage hordes—amongst Chinese, Malays, Hindoos; amongst Persians, Arabs, Khoords, Turcomans, Bedouins, and Turks, unharmed—taking shelter beneath the lowly tents of the women, partaking of their humble fare, making trifling presents to the children, busying herself in their household affairs, teaching them many little useful arts. The wild men allowed the harmless woman to go in and out amongst them from tribe to tribe, from tent to tent with her staff in her hand, free from injury and insult—her very helplessness being her best protection, and her right to partake of their simple hospitality. She tells us how she heard, in a distant land, of the disturbances that were taking place in Vienna, and of the anxiety they gave rise to within her, in a far-off land, separated from all she held dear on earth; how tardily the hours dragged on with her, and how slowly the ship seemed to sail which was bearing her back to her native land. When she arrived, she happily had no loss to mourn, and in the joy of meeting with her family, all the cares and anguish she felt in their absence were forgotten. Her love of travel was not yet quenched, for scarcely had she given to the world an account of these travels, than she planned out another; and, on the 22d May, 1851, she arrived in London, and took her passage on board a vessel that was starting that very day, and on the 11th of August reached the Cape of Good Hope. She was obliged to relinquish her intended journey into the interior on account of the expense, and therefore took ship again for Singapore, in order to visit the islands of the Indian Archipelago; after this, she went to Sarawak, in Borneo, thence through the dangerous country of

the Dayaks to the Dutch possessions in the interior and on the west of the island. This may be considered the most interesting of all her travels, if we look at the people among whom she passed, and who are almost unknown to Europeans, except as pirates.

After visiting the Moluccas, she purposed going to Australia, but her means would not permit. She therefore sailed to California, "the cursed land of gold," as our traveller not inappropriately terms it, and which every one must agree is not too severe a term to apply to a country in which such scenes as she here describes can take place. "Of all countries that I have travelled through," says Madame Pfeiffer, "of all the dissolute, immoral places that I ever beheld or heard of, whether in barbarous or civilized lands, the gaming houses in California are the worst. I went into one, in company of a friend. The doors stood open; every inducement was held out to enter; splendor in every shape, temptation in its most subtle and powerful form was there. Everything united to allure the soul and body to destruction—magnificent hangings, carpets, splendid paintings, the subjects, however, of such a disgusting character that I was obliged to put up my hand to save my eyes from their pollution. Wine and luxuries of every description were free to everybody. Everything was arranged with such devilish art as to lead poor mortals into the arms of sin and death—yet everything in such exquisite taste, and so beautiful to the eye, that its influence steals into the soul like the deadly poison of the Upas tree. Is it surprising that, with passions aroused, and the brain heated with drink, allured by beautiful women, who are seated at the table and watch the game whilst the heaps of gold lie piled up before him, that the poor victim hurries to the gaming-table to seek fresh excitement, and a new phase of pleasure?"

Our space warns us that we must draw our remarks to a close; but, before doing so, we may observe, that Ida Pfeiffer has travelled more than any of the celebrated men of the middle ages, or indeed of the present, for she has not only visited the Continents of Europe, Africa, and Asia, but

America and the Polynesia; she has traversed over 130,000 miles by water, and 18,000 by land.

In appearance she is slight, and rather under the middle size; her complexion is somewhat darkened by exposure to weather and the heat of the climates in which she has travelled. The portrait accompanying this notice is considered a faithful likeness. She enjoys most excellent health, and possesses, according to her own description, "nerves and sinews of steel."

We cannot better conclude our remarks upon this lady, than by quoting the impression made by her upon one of our countrymen who met her at Vienna, and who afterwards was in a company in which she was the subject of conversation: "Madame Pfeiffer," he remarked, "is, by most people who have seen her, considered plain. I cannot understand that any one, who has seen her while conversing, can say so. Her smile is particularly sweet and captivating. Her soul beams from her eyes, and I can compare her smile to nothing less than the sunbeams darting from behind a cloud. She is very unassuming in her manners; animated and easy in her conversation. She spoke of her travels in an unaffected style, and her thoughts flew in a moment from one part of the world to the opposite, whenever she related a story, and wished to draw a contrast between different people. She has been where no white man has ever dared to venture—amidst cannibals in both hemispheres. She is now making a journey to Madagascar, with a letter of introduction to all the world, from Humboldt, the oldest and greatest living traveller.

DR. FRANKLIN recommends a young man in the choice of a wife to select her "from a bunch"—giving as his reason that, when there are many daughters they improve each other, and, from emulation, acquire more accomplishments, and know more, and do more, than a single child spoiled by parental fondness.

It is a Chinese proverb, that "the tongue of a woman is her sword, and she never suffers it to grow rusty."

MORNING ON THE HILLS OF THE KENTUCKY RIVER.

BY M. R. M.

MORNING upon the hills! The free wild hills,
Crowned with the forest's unshorn majesty,
And by unfettered streams made musical!
Morning upon the hills! The saffron tints
That drape the eastern heavens, momentarily
Are deepening. The lustrous living blue
Between is tremulous with ecstacy,
And consciously doth palpitate, while beams
The God of day in goldenest glory,
At the horizon's verge. His altar fires
Quiver and flash, till the empyreal depths
Glow in the kindling light. The priestly Sun,
Who offereth up the morning incense—
Far down the luminous east, trail the deep
Fringes of his sacrificial robes, purple
And gold. Far and wide floats the broad splendor
And pours in lambent streams the rich libation.
Even the shining drops of last night's rain,
That trembling hang upon the swaying boughs,
Are all transmuted into burning gems.
The deepest recess in this ancient forest
Is all bedropt with gold. And yon hoar cliff
Doth clasp on its gray front a jewelled crown.
Earth wakeneth and greets the early light
With all her myriad voices. Every tree
Gives grandly out a different note to swell
The diapason. Birds chant interludes;
And rippling waters breathe a soft contralto;
Through these green arcades wakeneth the hum
Of myriad insect life: and butterfly
And bee glance in the air like winged gems.
A thousand flowers yield their fresh young hearts
To deck the Sun's bright altar; and the air
Is freighted with the ambrosial incense.
In the distance, thy blue waves, Kentucky,
Flash in the glittering sunshine jubilant!
Even the patient oxen in the vale,
With their uplifted eyes offer mute thanks;
But the sobbing winds, a miserere
Chant for the pale dead night, and strew upon
Her noteless grave, dewy and odorous leaves.
Morning upon the hills! Wake thou, my heart!
If these insensate things such homage yield,
What offering hast thou for purer light!
For thy fair birthright of immortal hope,
That brighter glows, though the great Sun be dark-
ened,
And all this beauty perish like the moth?
Waken, my heart, and consecrate thy powers,
Thy aspirations, and thy deep affections,
In the pure freshness of this early light.
Offer glad praise like the exultant waters;
Like the flowers, that offer their full hearts.
Offer thine *inward life*, as thy best incense.
And, if so be, that, like the wailing winds,
On hopes that faded in their starry promise
Thou strew the leaves of passionate regret,
Yet offer praise, that, like yon hoary cliff,
Thy life is brightened with supernal glory;
And the dark lone chambers of thy sorrow,
Like the recesses of this ancient forest,
Are everywhere bedropt with most fine gold.

MIDSUMMER, ROSEHEATH, KY.

THE JEWS.

BY REV. WILLIAM GERHARDT.

THE history of the Jews has no parallel. Hence it must be a matter of no small interest to the lover of historical research to trace the character, fortunes, and transactions of this singular people, the once favored few of God. Their perpetuity, as well as their national immortality, is at once striking to the human mind. To the philosopher it furnishes ample means for deep speculation; to the political inquirer it is a problem of the most curious kind; and to the Christian and philanthropist it affords a subject of profound and awful admiration. While nations, religions, and countries have been indiscriminately swept away, they alone have withstood the impetuous torrent of time, and preserved a perpetual sameness through rolling ages. Greece and Rome are no more. *Their* descendants, mixed with other nations, have lost even the traces of their origin; while the Jewish nation, a population of a few millions, so often subjugated, have stood the test of thirty revolving centuries of persecution, and now stands, like an unbroken column, amidst the wreck of worlds and the ruins of nature.

We find them at first a small pastoral family in the lovely land of Palestine, despised, indeed, by the surrounding heathen, but the people of God in embryo. They gradually swell into a nation, presenting the most singular phenomena in their movements and transactions. "At one time they are nearly consumed with famine, then they are slaves, then they wander as outcasts in a wilderness, and again they are restored to their land of promise through the interposition of kind heaven." After many wars, ten of the tribes are carried captive to Assyria, whence they have never returned. The remaining two tribes, after seventy years' captivity in Babylon, are permitted to return to their native land, to rebuild their city and their temple, and to become the instruments of dispensation which embraces the dearest interests of all the sons and daughters of Adam. Their long-promised, long-expected Messiah appears. The prophecies become clear. The predictions

of God's word are fulfilled. Every type meets its antetype; for "*the Word was made flesh.*" But behold! the deluded Jews reject the Messiah! They crucify their God! The cup of their wickedness is full. The climax is complete, and the curse of God follows.

Upon the destruction of Jerusalem followed the annihilation of the political existence of the Jews. All that survived that dreadful event were doomed to drag out a miserable existence as slaves in a foreign country. Their land was portioned out among strangers, and they were no longer permitted to look upon their holy city and their sacred temple. "Dispersed and exiled from their native soil and air, they now wander over the face of the earth without a king, either human or divine; and even as strangers they are not permitted to touch with their footsteps their native soil." They are found in Europe and America, in the wildest regions of Asia and Africa, and even within the walls of China, but all bearing substantially the same character. Centuries, indeed, have rolled on, revolutions have convulsed the globe, wars and civil commotions have swept over kingdoms and nations, new and strange opinions have disturbed the human race, but the Jews have remained unchanged. They are the same as the dark superstition of the middle ages made them—the same as when they fled from the sword of the merciless Crusader. Unhappy race! They are despised and hated by all. Their very name has become a term for villany and extortion. They are scorned by saint, by savage, and by sage. Pagans, Christians, and Mahomedans have united in treading under foot the scattered remnant of fallen Israel!

No one can contemplate the former and present condition of the Jews without emotions of profound and awful admiration. *Once* they constituted a powerful nation, concentrated in one land, and bound together in peace and harmony—*now* they are scattered over the whole habitable world. *Once* they formed the pride of all the world—*now* they have become the contempt of every nation. *Once* they were the favored people of God—*now* they are despised by man and neglected of God!

"They for whose sake rolled back the swelling sea,
Whom fire and cloud led forth unharmed and free—
Behold them at their nation's proudest hour,
When neighboring kingdoms feared and felt their
power.

Beneath their fig-tree's shade and creeping vine,
With peace and plenty crowned they safe recline.
Their sweet green fields each fertile valley fill,
Their flocks roam free o'er every vine-clad hill.
On Zion's height, the pride of all the land,
In awful grandeur see the Temple stand;
O'er its white walls those golden turrets glow,
Like sunset, lingering on the mountain snow.

"But vengeance came to quell their impious pride,
And o'er them rolled destruction's fiery tide.
No more from Palestina's woody dells
The sacred anthem to Jehovah swells;
The heavenly harp is hushed on Zion's hill,
And prophets walk no more by Siloa's rill;
That shrine which so magnificently shone,
Razed to the ground, its deep foundations gone;
Themselves in hopeless exile doomed to roam
Far from the land they fondly call their home;
Of all earth's nations once the chosen race,
Now heirs of scorn, oppression, and disgrace."

But behold the conduct of the Jew amid all reverses, persecutions, and reproaches! His bosom does not swell with indignation. Assured that his Shiloh will yet come to deliver him and restore him to his long-lost home, he still looks anxiously forward to his temporal emancipation and spiritual redemption. Mindful of his once exalted position, he rises above all contempt, and looks forward with hope, though false it be. "Like the haughty Roman, banished from the world, the Israelite throws back the sentence of banishment, and still retreats to the lofty conviction, that his race is not excluded as unworthy, but only kept apart as a sacred people, humiliated, indeed, but still hallowed and reserved for the sure though tardy fulfilment of the Divine promise." He exults in the idea that his election will yet be crowned with momentous results, when his long-expected Messiah shall appear, far from believing that *that* Messiah whom he so confidently expects has long since been crucified by his own benighted race!

The question is natural, *What may be the prospects and future expectations of the Jews?*

The sure word of prophecy points to the day-star which shall yet arise on the mountains of Judea, and gild once more the eastern shore of the "great sea." Jerusalem is not forever to be trodden down of the Gentiles, nor is the Moslem Crescent forever

to supplant the fallen "banner of the Cross." Gloomy as the present condition of the Jews may be, a light is springing up in the far East, which seems to invite them back again, once more to breathe the air of their "own native land." There are, without doubt, indications of glorious results in that far-off land. The Christian world has looked with deep concern upon the late political convulsions in the East, and the gradual assimilation to more enlightened nations, and the evident leniency towards other creeds on the part of Turkey has raised the hopes of the Jew and the Christian. The Jews are anxious to re-establish themselves in Palestine, the object of their future glory. Besides, Mahomedanism is on the decline, and it is not too much to say, that ere long there must be a transfer of the dominion from Moslem to Christian hands. This once effected, and the exiled and wandering Jews will soon be permitted to enter the peaceful land of their fathers, to throng their native shores, to rebuild their fallen cities and ruined temple. Yes, then they shall again tune their harps and raise their voices to Jehovah's praise, and make the hills and valleys with "strains harmonious" ring! Yes, then their praises shall ascend, not from the altar of bullocks, but from the altar of their hearts—not to Jehovah alone, but to Jehovah's Son, the once despised but now acknowledged Jesus!

Cheer up then, Juda, and look forward to the hour of redemption. Long, indeed, and repeated have been thy persecutions, but they shall cease. Long, indeed, hast thou been exiled from thy native land, but thou shalt return. Long, indeed, has thy morning-star of glory been enveloped in dark and gloomy clouds, but it will appear again with additional splendor, and shed a halo of effulgence round thy fallen race!

HE that is gone so far as to cut the claws of the lion, will not feel himself quite secure until he has also drawn his teeth.

GOD hears the heart without the words; but he never hears the words without the heart.

THE LESSON.

A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

THREE young ladies were seated in a richly furnished apartment. They were the Misses Amanda and Emma Ellis, and their cousin, Deliah Carleton. The latter was engaged in the womanly occupation of sewing; the two former in discussing, critically, a ball at which all three had been present the preceding evening.

"I don't like that Mr. Barton at all," said Miss Amanda, continuing the conversation.

"Nor I either," responded Miss Emma, who was the eldest.

"And why not, cousin?" asked Deliah, "I am sure he is handsome enough, is he not?"

"Yes, but—"

"But what, coz?" said she to Emma, who had spoken last. "Surely, his manners are pleasing and language polished,—without affectation."

"Yes, yes, but for all that he is vulgar," said Emma pettishly, "vulgar in his ideas."

"Vulgar!" exclaimed Deliah, "you must again allow me to differ with you, coz," she continued, looking into her cousin's face with a smile, "I think he is quite refined,—more so than Mr. Price or Mr. Brown, and many other gentlemen."

"Only think of comparing Mr. Barton to Mr. Price or Mr. Brown,—to *gentlemen!*" exclaimed Miss Amanda Ellis. "Why, Mr. Barton is a *mechanic!*"

"Well, suppose he is, dear," said her cousin, "does that make him vulgar or less respectable? For my part, I think a mechanic can be as much a gentleman (in the true sense of the word) as a millionaire."

"Well, I declare, Cousin Lile, you do have some of the funniest notions," said Miss Amanda, "just for all the world like pa; he thinks one man just as good as another, even though he be a laborer."

"Yes," said Emma, "I do wish he would be a little more circumspect, and find better company for his daughters than *mechanics*. It is his fault that Mr. Barton comes here; he gives him such pressing invitations. I suppose he wants me, or you, Amanda. Wouldn't it make a fine paragraph for the

papers?—Miss Amanda (or Emma) daughter of James Ellis, merchant, to Mr. Charles Barton, mechanic. Oh, dear!" and the spoiled beauty (for both sisters possessed great personal attractions) threw herself back upon the sofa and laughed heartily, as also did her sister.

"Well, well, girls," said Mr. Ellis, who, hidden by the half open door of the apartment, had been an unobserved listener to the conversation, and who now entered the room, "you may laugh now, but you may live to regret that you did not try to obtain Mr. Barton for a husband; mark that." And the old gentleman, taking his hat, left the apartment.

"Who would have thought that pa was listening!" said Miss Amanda, "but I don't care."

"I declare, if there is not Mr. Barton on the steps!" exclaimed Emma, who was looking through the blinds. "Come, come," she continued, addressing her sister, "let us go up stairs to the other parlor, and leave cousin Lile to entertain him; it will be a pleasure to her, for she is partial to mechanics," and the sisters left the room.

The object of the foregoing conversation was a young man whom Mr. Ellis had introduced to his daughters and niece, some months before, as a master mechanic. But, unlike their father, who valued a man for his character and not for his money, the Misses Ellis were great sticklers for respectability,—their standard for which was riches,—and the consequence was, as we have seen, that Mr. Barton did not stand any too high in their good graces. Mr. Ellis knew that a false estimate of respectability was a predominant fault in his daughters' characters, and he determined to give them a practical and salutary lesson. How he succeeded the sequel of our story will show.

A few moments after the sisters had left the room, Mr. Barton entered. He was about the middle height, with a fine figure, regular features, and intelligent countenance. His eyes were of deep blue,—his eyebrows finely arched, and his forehead high and white, from which the jet black hair was pushed back, displaying its fine proportions. He was certainly a handsome man, which fact

even the Misses Ellis did not attempt to deny, and the ease and politeness with which he greeted Miss Carleton, spoke his claim to that which that lady had herself awarded him—the title of gentleman.

He was soon seated, and in conversation with Deliah. Deliah Carleton was a charming girl. It is true that she did not exhibit the exquisite proportions and the regular features of her two cousins; but there was ever a sunny smile upon her face, and cheerful sparkle in her clear, light-blue eye, and she had such light and bounding spirits, that made her appear, if not as beautiful as her cousins, at least more bewitching; at least so thought Mr. Barton, as he gazed upon her laughing countenance. How much better, thought he, would it be to possess her as a wife, dependent as she is upon her uncle, and dowerless as she would be, than either of the Misses Ellis, with their spoiled tempers and their fortunes. Thinking thus, is it to be wondered at that he left her with a half-formed determination to win her love, if it lay within his power.

When Deliah appeared at the dinner-table that day, many were the meaning and inquisitive glances her cousins cast upon her. At last, unable to restrain their loved habit of "running" their cousin, they spoke.

"I hope you spent a very pleasant morning, cousin," said Miss Amanda, with a mock arch look.

"A very interesting tete-a-tete, was it not?" whispered Emma across the table.

"I spent the morning very pleasantly," answered Deliah, blushing slightly.

"Oh, I dare say," said Emma sarcastically. "I suppose he gave you a dissertation on mechanics, did he not, coz?"

"Well, and suppose he did?" said Mr. Ellis, who had been listening patiently, but into whose honest face the color now rose. "Is it not better to listen to that than to the senseless conversation of the foplings, half men, half monkeys, who disgrace humanity?" and the old man cast such a look upon his daughters as made them quail beneath it.

"But never mind, Lile," he continued, in a softer voice, and patting his niece's rosy cheek, "never mind, Mr. Barton is worth three or four such would-be gentlemen as

Mr. Price and Mr. Brown in more ways than one. Mark that, girls! *He is worth two or three such in more ways than one.*" The last sentence he addressed to his daughters.

Days, weeks, and months rolled by, and Mr. Barton had become a frequent visitor at Mr. Ellis's. It was very evident that he was paying "*particular*" attentions to Deliah Carleton, and it was also plain to see that they were not unacceptable. This fact furnished an ample subject for the sisters' sarcastic remarks. As for their father, whenever they indulged in them in his presence, a knowing smile would play upon his face, and he would repeat to them his assertion, that they would some day wish they had obtained Mr. Barton for a husband.

Thus things continued for some time. At length one morning about three months subsequent to the period when our story commences, Mr. Ellis entered the parlor where his daughters were sitting, with a light step and sparkling eye.

"Well, girls, what do you think of it?" said he, rubbing his hands in glee.

"What?" asked both the young ladies in a breath.

"The wedding we're going to have."

"The wedding! what wedding?"

"Your cousin's."

"Deliah's?"

"Yes. She is going to honor the *mechanic* with her hand. What do you think of it, ha?"

"I don't think *much* of it," said Miss Emma, with a toss of her head.

"Nor I," said Amanda.

"You don't, eh! Well, suppose I was to tell you she is going to marry a man worth two hundred thousand dollars, would that alter your opinions?"

"Why, what *do* you mean, pa?"

"Listen, and I will tell you, girls," said the old gentleman, bending upon his daughters a grave and somewhat stern look. "The father of Mr. Barton, to whom your cousin is soon to be married, was an old friend of mine; we were playmates in boyhood. He was apprenticed to the carpenter's trade about the same time that I entered the counting-house. Soon after he had finished learning his trade he went to the city of

Baltimore, and there started business for himself, and where he married. Being possessed of genius, and having a good education, from a master mechanic and builder he soon became an architect, and so subsequently amassed a large fortune. Knowing the reverses of fortune to which all are liable he resolved to make his only son a good architect, so that if ever the 'fickle dame' should desert him, he would have wherewith to earn honestly his daily bread. He succeeded. A year or two ago he died, leaving his son his whole fortune,—his wife being already dead, and Charles being an only child. About six months ago, Charles came to this city on a visit. He called upon me as his father's friend. In the course of conversation, I asked him why he was not married. He said that he had never yet met with a young lady that he thought worthy of calling his wife; that he could find enough who would marry him for the sake of his *money*, but that such a one he would never marry. I told him that I would introduce him to some of our city ladies, and see if he could not find one among them to suit him. He required then that I should conceal his wealth, and introduce him only as a master *mechanic*. I acquiesced, and knowing your false estimate of respectability, I embraced the opportunity of teaching you a salutary influence. I knew when I brought him home with me, and introduced him, that neither of you would be his chosen, because I was certain that you could not *stoop* so low as to marry a master mechanic, but the event which will soon take place, I easily foresaw. Your cousin knew nothing of his wealth until to-day. I see you look surprised, girls, but did I not tell you that you would be sorry some day you did not obtain him for a husband? And did I not tell you he was *worth* two or three such ninny-hammers as Mr. Price and Brown in more ways than one? Remember, girls, that wealth is a false standard by which to judge of respectability and worth. Not that a rich man may not be *respectable*, but that very often he who *earns* his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, is more of a *gentleman* than he who counts his thousands."

And they did remember it. For, in after

years, they showed in their choice of husbands that they had not forgotten their honest old father's *lesson*.

(Original).

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

BY LEWIS L. HOUPPT.

OUR country's flag—the glorious flag of freedom!
 Long may it wave o'er mountain top and vale
 Until from the confines of this mighty nation,
 The glad shout rings out—Our blessed country, hail!

The proud stars and stripes, unfurl them to the breeze,
 Inviting to this refuge the oppressed of every clime,
 The stars, as the symbol of our great confederation
 Each state shining bright until the end of time.

Hang out the gorgeous tri-color, like the bow of promise,
 The promise of a future still more glorious and bright;
 The white, the type of purity; the blue, of truth, the symbol;
 The red, the blood of heroes, who fell amidst the fight.

Soldiers of Christ! unfurl the beauteous ensign,
 Let its colors round the cross be forever more entwined,
 Gird on your burnished armor, take the helmet of salvation,
 Let your temperance and zeal be with love and faith combined.

Then, Christians, let us rally around our nation's banner,
 And like the hosts of Shiloh, do battle for the right;
 Let each denomination be a star upon the colors,
 To shine throughout eternity, when faith is lost in sight.

Ye ransomed of the Lord, come and welcome to our standard,
 America's proud trinity, the glorious three in one,
 Though clouds and dust surround you, still press onward to the prize,
 Hope on, nor be discouraged, though the battle's just begun.

March on, ye Christian warriors, your Saviour leads the van,
 He has fought the battle for you; he died and rose again;
 Gaze on the stars and stripes—the stripes that he received;
 The stars that speak of glory, for all by Him relieved.

May the red, white, and blue of our nation's flag be hallowed;
 The red, as it tells of the martyred ones of yore,
 The white, as a truce, speaks of peace when war is over;
 Whilst the blue, heaven's color, points to Jordan's happy shore.

SUNDAY READING.

OUR LORD'S MANNER OF TEACHING.

BY THE REV. DR. SCOTT.

THE style and manner in which Jesus Christ addressed his followers and the multitudes that waited on his ministry, are unique, original, and superior. As, in his character, He is infinitely above all mere men, however excellent; so, also, his *manner* of teaching evinces his incomparable superiority. Faithful and sincere in all his conduct towards his followers, he told them fully beforehand what they were to expect by becoming his disciples. He told them they must deny themselves, take up their cross and follow him. He told them they would be called to endure persecution, suffering, and death for his sake. He promised them no exemption from the ills of life. He promised them no earthly honors or worldly riches. He only promised to be with them, to bless them, to sustain them to the end, and if they were found faithful to death, to give them a crown of glory. Again, with what authority and majesty did our Lord speak of his Father and of His kingdom! The dignity, purity, and grace of his manner, no less than the weight of his discourses, constrained his hearers to say: "*Never man spake like this man.*"

It is regarded as an infallible rule, that a teacher cannot do justice to his subject or profession, unless he is imbued with its spirit. The professor of mathematics or of logic, must be strong in reason; and the lecturer on poetry or the fine arts, is expected to have a delicate taste and a refined and elevated imagination. But in religion, above all things, the teacher must be inspired with the very soul of his theme. He must *know, believe, and experience* himself the power of the truth which he teaches to others. And, according to this rule, what kind of a preacher was the Son of Mary? His enemies confessed, saying: "Master, we know that thou teachest the way of God in truth;" and even the devils said: "We know thee—who thou art—the Holy One of God." All that heard him were constrained to bear witness that He sought not his own

glory; but that they that heard him might be saved. Mild, patient, persevering, and affectionate, his whole life was spent in doing good, and all his teaching was to guide and reclaim the erring, restore the prodigal, and save that which was lost.

And what were the EFFECTS OF OUR LORD'S PREACHING? His words were as potent as those that first called forth the universe. When God said, "Let there be light," there was light: so when Jesus Christ spoke to the winds, saying, "Peace, be still," there was a great calm. And evil spirits went out at his command, and entered no more into the possessed. And Peter and his fellow disciples, Stephen and Paul, were obedient to his call, and left all and followed him. He has ordained by his Spirit, and sent forth his disciples now, to open men's eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, and to translate them from the power of Satan unto God, that they might receive an inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith in Him. The design of the preaching of the Gospel, in all ages, is to produce conviction of sin and conversion to God. Though the same degrees of Divine power are not witnessed now that were manifested on the day of Pentecost, yet the effects are substantially the same. The conversion of a sinner and the salvation of the soul, are the same everywhere, and at all times. Ministers of the Gospel now have nothing more to do than to continue the great mission of the Son of God. They are His ambassadors to beseech men to be reconciled to God.

The effective energy that crowned our Lord's preaching, was not wholly owing to the intensely practical nature of his doctrines, nor to the appropriateness of his moral precepts, nor to the sympathetic earnestness with which He plied home truths to the hearts of his hearers. The effectiveness even of His preaching was owing to the presence of his Spirit. His preaching was full of important things, and these things were so presented, that the most careless were compelled to listen, and the most insensible to feel. What a solemn earnestness and combination of energy with simplicity have we in his command, "to pluck out a right eye, and cut off a right hand,

rather than having two eyes and two hands, to be cast into hell fire!" Who ought not to tremble at his description of the fire that shall not be quenched, and the worm that dieth not? His statements of truth, and their illustrations, are all in familiar terms. His figures are all from ordinary life. The character, occupation, and scenery, as well as the necessities of his hearers, enter into the subject of his discourses. Yet He always speaks with force and with tenderness—always mild, but never feeble. Weeping with Martha and Mary, as a man, as a most affectionate brother; and yet calling Lazarus from the grave as God only could do. He is the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, and yet He is the lion of the tribe of Judah, clothed with terrible majesty. He is mighty to save, but who can stand before Him in the day of his wrath?

If such, then, be the claims of Christ, as a preacher, what is our duty?

First.—We should hearken to Him, as the God of salvation. A profane poet was once surprised reading the prophecies of Isaiah, and when his friend expressed his wonder, he replied: "I read this book for the bold Eastern imagery with which I adorn my writings." It is possible, therefore, to be brought up in the Church, and to be able to repeat the catechism, and to pay considerable attention to religious doctrines, and yet be a stranger to the spirit of the great Teacher. The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost! Would it not have been an insult to Jehovah, for the Jews to have listened to the voice of God on Mount Sinai, merely for the purpose of learning how he pronounced Hebrew? And is it not just as great an insult to admire the works of the Creator, and adore His vast designs of Providence, and yet refuse to hear Him speaking from Heaven, when he says: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him!" While we are come to Mount Zion, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel, let us rejoice in God, as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus

Christ, through whom we have received the atonement.

Secondly.—Having such a Teacher, even Christ, who, as our prophet, reveals to us, by His word and spirit, the will of God for our salvation, let us be careful to obey all his instructions. Blessed are they that HEAR and KEEP his words. We can be saved from sin only by trusting in Him as an atoning Saviour, and by keeping his commandments. The way of salvation is plain. What saith the Word of God? "It is nigh thee," saith the Apostle, "even in thy mouth, and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith, which we preach: that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in thine heart, that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Rom. 9: 8-10.

Thirdly.—We should always read the Bible, and hear the Gospel preached with fervent prayer for the aid of God's Spirit to lead us to a knowledge of the truth. If we lack wisdom, we are told to ask it of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not. But if we regard iniquity in our hearts when we pray to God, He will not hear us. We must, therefore, call upon Him out of a pure heart. We must worship Him in spirit and in truth. The only sacrifices that he will accept, are a broken heart and a contrite spirit. What doth God require of us, but penitence for our sins, faith in his son Jesus Christ, and fervent charity to all men! Without these we cannot be saved. Go then to the house of God. Honor His word and ordinances by keeping his Sabbaths holy, and by worshipping with the solemn assemblies of his saints. Pray always with the pious Psalmist: "Create in me, O God, a clean heart, and renew within me a right spirit;" and to thy name through Jesus Christ be all the glory forever. Amen.

GOD'S PEOPLE are like stars, that shine brightest in the night; they are like gold, that is brighter for the furnace; like incense, that becomes fragrant from burning; like the chamomile plant, that grows the fastest when trampled on.

EXTRACTS FROM MACAULAY'S
HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHARACTER OF JEFFREYS.

THE great seal was left in Guilford's custody; but a marked indignity was at the same time offered to him. It was determined that another lawyer of more vigor and audacity should be called to assist in the administration. The person selected was Sir George Jeffreys, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. The depravity of this man has passed into a proverb. Both the great English parties have attacked his memory with emulous violence; for the Whigs considered him as their most barbarous enemy, and the Tories found it convenient to throw on him the blame of the crimes which had sullied their triumph. A diligent and candid inquiry will show that some frightful stories which have been told concerning him are false or exaggerated: yet the dispassionate historian will be able to make very little deduction from the vast mass of infamy with which the memory of the wicked judge has been loaded.

He was a man of quick and vigorous parts, but constitutionally prone to insulence and to the angry passions. When just emerging from boyhood, he had risen into practice at the Old Bailey bar, a bar where advocates have always used a license of tongue unknown in Westminster Hall. Here, during many years, his chief business was to examine and cross-examine the most hardened miscreants of a great capital. Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves called out and exercised his powers so effectually that he became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. All tenderness for the feelings of others, all self-respect, all sense of the becoming, were obliterated from his mind. He acquired a boundless command of rhetoric in which the vulgar express hatred and contempt. The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary could hardly have been rivalled in the fish-market or the bear garden. His countenance and his voice must always have been unamiable; but these natural advantages,—for such he seems to

have thought them,—he had improved to such a degree, that there were few who, in his paroxysms of rage, could see or hear him without emotion. Impudence and ferocity sat upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed; yet his brow and eye were said to be less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment-day. These qualifications he carried, while still a young man, from the bar to the bench. He early became common sergeant, and then recorder of London. As judge at the city sessions he exhibited the same propensities which afterward, in a higher post, gained for him an unenviable immortality. Already might be remarked in him the most odious vice which is incident to human nature, a delight in misery merely as misery. There was a fiendish exultation in the way in which he pronounced sentence on offenders. Their weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously; and he loved to scare them into fits by dilating, with luxuriant amplification on all the details of what they were to suffer. Thus, when he had an opportunity of ordering an unlucky adventurer to be whipped at the cart's tail, "Hangman," he would exclaim, "I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady! Scourge her soundly, man! Scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas; a cool time for madam to strip in! See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly!" He was hardly less facetious when he passed judgment on Ludowick Muggleton, the drunken tailor who fancied himself a prophet.—"Impudent rogue!" roared Jeffreys, "thou shalt have an easy, easy, easy punishment!" One part of this easy punishment was the pillory, in which the wretched fanatic was almost killed with brickbats.

By this time the nature of Jeffreys had been hardened to that temper which tyrants require in their worst implements. He had hitherto looked for professional advancement to the corporation of London. He had therefore professed himself a Roundhead, and had always appeared to be in a higher state of exhilaration when he explained to

Popish priests that they were to be cut down alive, and were to see their own bodies burned, than when he passed ordinary sentences of death. But, as soon as he had got all that the city could give, he made haste to sell his forehead of brass and his tongue of venom to the Court. Chiffinch, who was accustomed to act as broker in infamous contracts of more than one kind, lent his aid. He had conducted many amorous and many political intrigues, but he assuredly never rendered a more scandalous service to his masters than when he introduced Jeffreys to Whitehall. The renegade soon found a patron in the obdurate and revengeful James, but was always regarded with scorn and disgust by Charles, whose faults, great as they were, had no affinity with insolence and cruelty. "That man," said the king, "has no learning, no sense, no manners, and more impudence than ten carted street-walkers." Work was to be done, however, which could be trusted to no man who revered law, or was sensible of shame; and thus Jeffreys, at an age at which a barrister thinks himself fortunate if he is employed to lead an important cause, was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

His enemies could not deny that he possessed some of the qualities of a great judge. His legal knowledge, indeed, was merely such as he had picked up in practice of no very high kind; but he had one of those happily constituted intellects which, across labyrinths of sophistry, and through masses of immaterial facts, go straight to the true point. Of his intellect, however, he had seldom the full use. Even in civil causes his malevolent and despotie temper perpetually disordered his judgment. To enter his court was to enter the den of a wild beast, which none could tame, and which was as likely to be aroused to rage by caresses as by attacks. He frequently poured forth on plaintiffs and defendants, barristers and attorneys, witnesses and jurymen, torrents of frantic abuse, intermixed with oaths and curses. His looks and tones had inspired terror when he was merely a young advocate struggling into practice. Now, that he was at the head of the most formidable tribunal in the realm, there were few indeed who did not

tremble before him. Even when he was sober, his violence was sufficiently frightful; but, in general, his reason was overclouded, and his evil passions stimulated by the fumes of intoxication. His evenings were ordinarily given to revelry. People who saw him only over his bottle would have supposed him to be a man gross indeed, sottish, and addicted to low merriment, but social and good-humored. He was constantly surrounded, on such occasions, by buffoons, selected, for the most part, from among the vilest pettifoggers who practised before him. These men bantered and abused each other for his entertainment. He joined in their ribald talk, sang catches with them, and, when his head grew hot, hugged and kissed them in an ecstasy of drunken fondness. But, though wine at first seemed to soften his heart, the effect, a few hours later, was very different. He often came to the judgment-seat, having kept the court waiting long, and yet having but half slept off his debauch, his cheeks on fire, and his eyes starting like those of a maniac. When he was in this state, his boon companions of the preceding night, if they were wise, kept out of his way, for the recollection of the familiarity to which he had admitted them inflamed his malignity, and he was sure to take every opportunity of overwhelming them with execration and invective. Not the least odious of his many odious peculiarities was the pleasure which he took in publicly browbeating and mortifying those whom, in his fits of maudlin tenderness, he had encouraged to presume on his favor.

The services which the government had expected from him were performed, not merely without flinching, but eagerly and triumphantly. His first exploit was the judicial murder of Algernon Sidney. What followed was in perfect harmony with his beginning. Respectable Tories lamented the disgrace which the barbarity and indecency of so great a functionary brought upon the administration of justice; but the excesses which filled such men with horror were titles to the esteem of James. Jeffreys, therefore, after the death of Charles, obtained a seat in the cabinet and peerage. This last honor was a signal mark of royal

approbation; for, since the judicial system of the realm had been remodelled in the 13th century, no Chief Justice had been a lord of Parliament.

THE DYING CHILD.

"There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,—
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone!"

WITH grief oppressed, a mother stands beside
the sufferer's bed;
Her pale and sunken cheeks foretell that hope hath
nearly fled:
Yet do not call her wretched,—for in accents low
and clear,
Such sweet consoling words as these fell gently on
her ear:

"I'll not be with you long, mother,—
I soon must say good-bye;
But, mother, we shall meet again
In God's bright home on high.
Oh, mother, don't you know you said
Sweet brother's living there,—
And that he is an angel now,
So beautiful and fair!

"He will know me when I come, mother,
He will take me by the hand;
And we'll always be together there,
In yonder peaceful land:
And, mother, I shall wear bright wings,—
I'll be an angel too!
And then before God's golden throne,
I'll kneel and pray for you.

"I like to feel your hand, mother,
So soft upon my brow;
I always loved its gentle touch,—
'Tis dearer to me now.
Oh, mother, do not weep for me,
I'm not afraid to die;
Your lip is trembling, and I see
The tears are in your eye.

"Lean closer down—your ear, mother—
My voice is growing weak;
You are weeping yet,—I felt a tear
Just fall upon my cheek.
My eyes grow dim,—and, oh! I hear
Sweet music from the sky;
It is for me,—I'm going now,—
Mother,—good-bye,—good-bye!"

And like the last soft beam of light, that fades at close
of day,
That gentle spirit took its flight, and passed from
earth away:
But now in shining vesture clad, with radiant face
he stands,
Blending his songs of love and praise with bright-
robed angel-bands.

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

THE editor of the *Cleveland Herald*, recently at Washington, has written some interesting letters. He visited Mount Vernon, and thus describes a spot so very dear to every American.

The road from Alexandria to Mount Vernon at this season of the year is nearly impassable, and a considerable portion of the distance is over a poor country. For some three miles as you approach Mount Vernon, there is hardly a dwelling, and the land is not worth cultivation. In entering the old plantation of Washington, containing over a thousand acres of good soil, an ancient gateway and dilapidated porter's lodges are passed. The road leads through a rough ravine, and ascending a bank the lane terminates at a gate which opens immediately upon the grounds surrounding the sacred and venerable mansion of the Father of his Country. On the right is a range of brick negro quarters, still occupied, but much decayed, and a brick wall enclosing one of Washington's gardens. The garden is large, and kept in good order. Forest trees and shrubbery nearly surround it, embracing a great variety of timber, and the trees, &c., planted by Gen. Washington have been carefully guarded and preserved.

The Mount Vernon Mansion stands on the high bank of the Potomac, and fronts the river. It is of wood, two stories high, ninety-six feet in length, with a portico to the roof, extending the whole front. The outside is finished in imitation of stone, and the house is surmounted by a small cupola, with a gilded weathercock, which still retains much of its brightness. On each side of the main buildings are wings at a little distance, connected by a covered way supported by small pillars. One of the wings is now a negro quarter, dilapidated and squalid enough in appearance. The central part of the Mount Vernon House was built by Lawrence Washington, brother to the General; the wings were added by the General, and the whole named after Admiral Vernon, under whom Lawrence Washington had served. The interior is wainscotted after the manner of

those days, with the highly-wrought cornices and shafts. On the ground floor are six rooms—generally small, except the dining-room, which is a spacious and hospitable hall. In this is some of the ancient furniture of Washington, and the library-room remains as when occupied by him. Over the door is the telescope used by General Washington, resting on the same hooks where he was used to place it after viewing an approaching sail.

In front of the house, and sloping towards the river, is a pretty lawn of several acres, ornamented with shade-trees and shrubbery. An ancient summer-house stands on the bank of the river, and on the hillside towards the river, west of this, and about thirty rods from the mansion, is the vault where first rested the remains of Washington. It was built by his direction, and the doorway is now entirely gone. The cedars planted in the sods which covered it are withered. This vault overlooked the Potomac, and was constructed of a coarse-grained rotten sandstone, which is fast crumbling away. A new vault has been built a short distance off, at a place selected by Washington, and thither his remains were removed a few years ago. It is enclosed by a high brick wall, and the front is brick, with double open iron doors. Over the doors in a panel is inscribed:

WITHIN THIS ENCLOSURE

REST

THE REMAINS OF

GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In view is a marble sarcophagus, which contains the dust of Washington. The lid is wrought with the arms of his country. His name is his expressive epitaph. By his side, a few feet distant, in a corresponding tomb, are the ashes of "MARTHA, consort of Washington." Venerable oaks and evergreen cedars surround the tomb. It is a retired, picturesque spot; and is the Mecca of many a pilgrim, as is evidenced by the numerous evergreen boughs tossed through the grated doors upon the sacred urn within. It is related that when La Fayette visited the tomb, he descended alone into the vault, and after a few minutes appeared, bathed in tears.

GIVE THANKS.

WHEN softly came the wreathing Spring,
To dance around the rosy ring—
And still to raise the early flowers,
The sky flung down refreshing showers,
The Lord was pleased to bless our land,
To scatter round His favors kind;
Then praise him for His liberal hand,
And all His mercies bear in mind.

When Summer came, with twilight eyes,
Her path a rainbow in the skies,
Her hands with fragrance dropping sweet,
And roses gathered at her feet,
She brushed the blossoms from the trees,
And left the fruit unformed and bare,
To court the sunshine and the breeze,
And ripen in the balmy air.

Then Autumn claimed the sovereign day,
And swept the clustering leaves away,
Yet nourished still the branching root,
And filled the earth with ruddy fruit.
Then raise your fervent hearts to heaven,
Give gracious thanks to God above,
Who all these glorious gifts hath given,
And praise His mighty love.

And also on the venturous deep
Our God a watchful eye did keep;
He bade the billows rage no more,
And brought our vessel safe to shore.
Then bless Him for His wondrous grace—
Give thanks for His almighty care,
And bending low, with veiled face,
Lift up the voice of praise and prayer!

Give thanks to God! Glad homage pay!
He swept destruction from our way!
He let no fell disease appear,
But blessed us with a healthy year;
Then sing loud praises o'er and o'er—
All honor to the Lord Divine!
For He has overflowed our store
With waving corn and flashing wine.

With reverent awe, and holy fire,
Exalt the heart and strike the lyre;
Oh, sing to Him a sacred song,
To whom all sacred things belong!
With earnest soul, with humble voice,
We'll breathe our thankful prayers to Heaven,
Praise our kind Father, and rejoice
For all the favors He hath given!

MEDITATION ON DEATH gives a grand and mellow tint to our habits of thinking; as a great ocean exposed to the rising sun, borrows from its edge to the farthest bound of waters a celestial glow of light.

OUR HABITS are at first the slaves of our desires, and at last their tyrants—like an old servant, who begins by obeying in all things, and ends by domineering over us.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY REV. M. SHEELEIGH.

THE whole life of the faithful Christian may be summed up in very few words: he endeavors to *become* good and to *do* good. He uses the Gospel means for subduing his sinful desires and passions, overcoming unholy habits, and cultivating the virtues which adorn our nature with a heavenly character. He is diligent in prayer for Divine aid; he is careful in watchfulness over his heart and his steps. He goes to the word of truth for the rule of his conduct, and disciplines his powers by self-denial and holy exercise. With him it is an exalted object to grow up in newness of life in Christ Jesus; to become still more, according to the language of Peter, "partakers of the Divine nature," and thus to grow more and more in favor with his God and Redeemer. With him, it is a glorious exercise to meditate on the merciful and gracious dealings of his Saviour towards him, to kindle the flame of love and devotion on the altar of his heart, and to dwell on the unspeakable things which the Gospel hope pledges to the faithful. In his estimation and experience, it is the most happy of all human exercises to sit down in the light of God's truth and love, until his soul becomes still more transformed into the image of God. It is thus that the Divine work of purifying the soul is facilitated. Each successive step of progress prepares for another of still greater advantage and enjoyment. It is thus that the blessed results of a true regard for the precept, to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," are exemplified. With such a one, religion is life—and with him life is nought without religion. It is religion, in his view, that gives life a meaning—it is this that solves the great problem of existence. That the creature should love God, and become God-like in nature, and thus advance towards the perfection of his wonderful powers, brings out in full relief the glorious end of man, which is, "to glorify God and enjoy him forever."

But this process of *becoming good* is an exercise that is divinely directed and con-

summated. But God never works in one department, either in nature or grace, without a reference to another. No one thing stands alone. All things are related to others. Every object has its place and its use. Nothing exists in vain. And so, when the Christian grows in grace, and thus gradually regains the lost image of his Maker, we might presume, without any definite instruction on the point, that the man thus conducted from grace to grace, should live and die unto himself. Every one stands in the centre of a wonderful network of relationships to the universe around him. This is a law both of our creation and our regeneration. We must then not stop with *getting* good, but must earnestly engage in *doing* good. The Psalmist, in addressing the Lord, reverently exclaims, "*Thou art good, and doest good.*" And the human being that has been regenerated by the Divine power, and is a partaker of the Divine nature, must resemble God in this respect. The man who is a follower of Jesus, will have his Master's spirit, which is the spirit of the Gospel—the spirit that breathes universal benevolence—the spirit that prays for "Peace on earth, and goodwill towards men."

The man possessed of this spirit will employ the good *received* in the heavenly exercise of *imparting* good. The holy sympathies, and affections, and impulses of the regenerated heart are kindled by the breath of Deity; and they must find a sphere of exercise in the creature as well as in the Creator. To speak, then, of a Christian who is wholly selfish or unbenevolent, or inactive as regards the glory of God and the spiritual welfare of his fellow-men, is simply to present a contradiction. One of the strongest evidences of *growing* good, is found in *doing* good. In a limited sense, the language of the Psalmist to his God, may, without irreverence, be accommodated to the Christian, whose new nature is the workmanship of God's Spirit: "*Thou art good, and doest good.*"

The soul that has in its own experience tested the love and faithfulness of the Lord, and that has learned to understand in some degree the awful condition of the unrepent-

ing sinner, and the blessedness of the righteous, will yearn in anxiety and prayer over those who know not God. There will be a longing of heart to do something, according to the opportunities presented, for the salvation of precious souls. A deep solicitude will be manifested for the present and eternal welfare of all mankind. The poor and suffering will not be taunted or neglected. The wayfaring man and the stranger, whose tale of sorrow bears the show of probability, will find in his heart a responsive beat. The Christian, who with himself is travelling the way to the heavenly Zion, finds in him one to sympathize and encourage. The world is better for the life of such a one. He desires to be wholly the Lord's—to be possessed and ruled by him. He desires—and labors for the promotion of his desire—to see all around him led in the way of the Lord. He is a true and lasting blessing to his family, to the church of which he is a member, to the community in which he lives. The unprejudiced will acknowledge his worth. Men will feel that the life of such a one is a blessing to himself and others. And however the wicked hearts of unsanctified men have always been disposed to detract from the worth of the righteous, and to cast reproach upon those who live for eternity, the children of God are notwithstanding known and felt to possess a character worthy of regard. They should be respected and honored while they live, and their death should ever be regarded as a great loss to the world. Their deeds of love spread light and joy around, their prayers draw down blessings from heaven, and their example, like salt, is purifying and preserving in its influence. By their words, and deeds, and presence is vice restrained and virtue established. They live to a good purpose here, and a blessed end hereafter. Who would not strive to be good? Who would not be a Christian?

VALATIE, N. Y., October, 1856.

THOSE who would conscientiously employ power for the good of others, deserve it, but do not desire it; and those who would employ it for the good of themselves, desire it, but do not deserve it.

A CARD.

“A CONCERT will be given on Tuesday, May 20th, at 4½ A. M. Robin, Oriole, Thrush, and many other exquisite and justly celebrated musicians will be among the performers. Price of admission, ‘early rising.’ Children are particularly invited to attend.”

I don't know whether Herbert and Ellie found this card written upon some green buds, or whether they dreamed it, or, indeed, whether they saw it at all. At any rate, they attended the concert, and got for their tickets, not only the music, but red cheeks and sparkling eyes, which lasted them all that day. Robin did his best. Oriole was so brilliant in his bright red coat that the audience only looked at him, and didn't think much about his music. Thrush, though he only wore a plain brown suit, sung a soft sweet song, which pleased every one. Whip-poorwill was there, but didn't sing much, for he had been out all night serenading, and was getting sleepy. There were many other singers, but I cannot tell you about them all.

This concert has been repeated every pleasant morning since. Though I do not understand the language in which birds sing, I think I can tell what very many of the songs mean. I imagine that some tell of a country where winter never comes, and where the flowers blossom all the year; and some of a long flight over ocean and land to the singer's summer home. One low, sad song I am sure comes from a mother bird, whose nest was robbed last year; and she says she is almost afraid to build another nest, for fear some naughty boy will take away her little ones, and make her poor little heart ache again. And many, many songs are those of praise and love to the God who has given the birds a home in this beautiful world, and who taught them to sing. I hope Herbert and Ellie, and all the little children who read this story, will remember God when they wake; and though they may not sing songs like the birds, will thank him in their *hearts* for keeping them safely through the night, and bringing them to see the bright morning again.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY SERMON,
IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR SIR: Sunday, October, 5th, 1856, was a day which will no doubt be long remembered by the people of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church in this city. The day had long been anticipated when the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, D.D., was to deliver his Fiftieth Anniversary Sermon before this people. As such an event is of very rare occurrence, I have thought that a short statement of this interesting occasion might prove not only interesting, but profitable to your numerous readers. Regretting that a notice had not been penned by abler hands, I shall endeavor to do the best I can without further apology. The church edifice, well known as one of the largest in our city, was completely filled by an attentive audience, composed mainly of our own congregation and their descendants, many of whom no doubt have not been within the walls of this sanctuary for a long time. The services commenced (after the usual organ voluntary) by singing part of the hymn commencing,

“When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;”

after which the usual form of Confession, and then the reading of a suitable lesson from the Scriptures by the pastor; selected as follows, viz., the 84th Psalm, together with admirably appropriate selections from the latter part of the 12th chapter of St. John's gospel and the 1st chapter of the 2d Epistle of Peter. The hymn—

“Thus far on life's perplexing way,
Thus far thou, Lord, hast led me on,”

was then sung, and at its conclusion a most fervent prayer was offered. Then came the sermon; would that I could give it to your readers entire, but for the present, this brief sketch must suffice. The text selected was Deuteronomy, 8th chapter, 2d verse, “Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God hast led thee.” Dr. Mayer commenced by comparing life to a journey, in which all are engaged, and the necessity of our pausing occasionally to reflect upon the Divine goodness in the past, and to adopt a

suitable response; and after stating the circumstances under which the words of the text were uttered, proceeded to show with what propriety they might be, and with what profit they should be considered on such an occasion as this.

The revolutions of Europe, the memorable events on our own Continent, the extensive progress of our city, were each beautifully alluded to; each showing what lessons might be learned by the statesman and the patriot by considering the events of half a century. The increase of our ecclesiastical communion was then noted. When Dr. M. commenced his ministry, but eight pastors were included in the body by which he was ordained, viz., the New York Ministerium. It now contains more than fifty, independently of three other Synods in the State of New York. At that day the only other association of our Church existed in Pennsylvania, and extended from Pennsylvania to Maryland and Virginia, and was more comprehensive than the one first referred to. Compare this fact with the number at the present time, and take into the account the number of academies, colleges, theological schools, our foreign and domestic missions, and we certainly have reason to rejoice that our Zion is lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes on every side. The circumstances connected with the organization of our own particular communion were then considered, and the fact that we had, during that whole space of time, lived together in unbroken harmony was noted. While more than one church in our community has, to our sorrow, been rent to pieces by discord, we have had it in our power to say, “How pleasant it is to dwell together in unity!” Three thousand six hundred children have been baptized, and more than one thousand three hundred have been united with us by confirmation. After reviewing all our privileges, and all our manifold blessings, when contrasted with other portions of our globe, we should ask ourselves, had the aids and opportunities so long vouchsafed to us been withheld, how different might have been our spiritual state. Then followed a touching tribute to the memory of our departed brethren, and an exhortation to follow them so

far as they followed Christ. Dr. Mayer then went into a somewhat lengthy exposition of the policy that had ever marked his ministry; taking the Bible as his only directory and guide, and presenting the truths therein contained, as he understood and believed them, without regard to mere human speculation or display.

In the course of his remarks, he paid the following beautiful tribute to a mother's memory, worth, and love. "It was the privilege of my early days to enjoy the inestimable blessing of a religious education, the watchful attendance, unwearied industry, affectionate prayers, and admirable example of a mother, faithful unto death, to whom, under Heaven, I look with the fondest and warmest thankfulness."

A high tribute was also paid to his preceptor in divinity. While the Doctor was stating the circumstances that induced him at first to take charge of St. John's congregation, he mentioned the remarkable fact, that during the first thirty years of his ministry he had only been denied the privilege of performing his public duties but two Sabbaths from sickness. "Again and again have I been filled with admiration for the goodness of the Most High. With unaffected gratitude I appear before you to acknowledge the mercies of my Heavenly Father. It is because I received health of God that I continue to this day, the oldest pastor of any church in our city, and the oldest acting minister, I believe, of any denomination in America." Reference was then made to the mutual good feeling that had always existed between himself, the board of officers, and the members of the congregation. After an elaborate and earnest exhortation to all to lay to heart the momentous lessons the occasion called forth, he, in a most solemn and fervent manner, asked forgiveness for any omissions of duty, and the prayers of his people, that he might be enabled to utter the words of the aged apostle without trepidation—2d Epistle of Peter, 1st chap. 13, 14, 15, ver. It would be impossible to convey any accurate idea of the excellence of this sermon, and we would only say, it should have been heard to be fully appreciated, as it was generally conceded by those

who had this pleasure to have been one of the best productions ever delivered from the Philadelphia pulpit. After an impressive prayer, and the singing of another hymn, the apostolic benediction was pronounced, and the large congregation dismissed, all, we feel, solemnly, and we trust profitably, impressed by the exercises of the morning.

Three particulars are worthy of especial notice: the entire pulpit services were performed by Dr. Mayer himself; the singing was done in real congregational style, all uniting with heart and voice (this church abandoned the use of a choir some time ago), and the anniversary itself falling on the same day (Sunday), and same date (October 5th), as that on which Dr. M. delivered his first sermon as pastor of this people.

Another interesting feature of the day were the services of the afternoon. The Sunday-school, not wishing to be outdone by the congregation, who had, in a truly substantial manner, testified their appreciation of the long and faithful services of their pastor, had prepared a highly valuable edition of the Holy Bible, with a suitable inscription, and accompanied with a handsome velvet cushion. Dr. Mayer having been invited to be present at 3 o'clock, the whole school, consisting of the main department, male and female Bible classes, and infant school, were collected in the lecture-room, and organized as a missionary society (it being the day for their regular meeting). As Dr. M. entered the room, all united in singing the appropriate hymn,

"How beautiful are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill."

When this was concluded, the superintendent, Wm. M. Heyl, made the presentation in a very neat and appropriate address. Dr. Mayer responded; thanking the schools for their kind remembrance, eulogizing the volume of God's word, and again paying a tribute to his mother's memory similar to that referred to in the morning sermon. After a prayer and the singing of another hymn, the school was dismissed, and we trust the occasion was one of interest and profit to every one present.

Services were again held in the church as

usual in the evening, when we had the pleasure of listening to another discourse by Dr. M., from the text, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations," 90th Ps. 1st verse.

Thus was passed one of the most interesting Sabbaths in our life, and the writer of this could say from his heart, "It was indeed good for me to be there." The feelings that the exercises gave rise to will never be forgotten; and we trust that the lessons then taught, and the truths there enforced, will be indelibly impressed upon the minds of all who heard them.—*From the Missionary.*

IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.—Everything in nature is a series of concatenation. Frequently the most trifling observation leads to the most important discoveries. A little piece of iron that turns towards the north, guides fleets through the trackless deserts of the ocean; and the reed of an unknown species cast upon the beach of the Azores, led Christopher Columbus to imagine the existence of the American world. The movement of the tea-kettle lid, by the effects of steam, led to most important discoveries of this wonder-working principle, which seems likely to become the great leviathan of modern science, though fresh manifestations of its applicability tend to confirm the so frequently formed opinion, that steam is only yet in its infancy.

THE LOVE OF CHILDREN.—Tell me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes where there are no children, "where," as the good Germans have it, "the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall,"—tell me not of the never disturbed nights and days, of the tranquil, unanxious heart where children are not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, to call out all our faculties to extend enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fire-side bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children.

DEATH OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. MARGARET K. BROWNE.

DURING the past summer the Angel of Death has been passing over our city, and many a playful, happy little one, whose innocent mirth had gladdened many a parent's heart, has been taken from the joyful fireside, to slumber in the quiet house of the dead; the cold and silent tomb. Often has the grass been displaced to hollow out the last resting-place for little ones, dear to a parent as their own soul. The diseases peculiar to infancy and childhood have been unusually fatal this summer. Many a door has borne the sign of mourning and death, and in many papers have we read the short and simple words that speak of the departure of some loved and innocent child to the spirit world. Cold and carelessly are the words read by the man of the world, that announce to the world "CHARLIE or ANNIE is dead;" but Oh, what a tale of sorrow do these short funeral notices tell! We have said that disease and death had been busy among the little children of our city. The little dancing feet have ceased their gambols, and many a bright eye has suddenly been closed in death, many a fair rosy cheek has paled into the marble hue of death. Weeping and woe and desolation have been in many homes; tears have fallen over sweet young faces, over whom the coffin lid was about to close. Soft clustering hair has been fondly smoothed back, and warm kisses pressed for the last time on lips from which the breath of life had passed away forever. There has been bitter, bitter weeping, and the sound of the closing coffin, the funeral prayer, the sad ride to the open grave, and the agonizing sound of the fresh earth on the coffin that holds the precious form, so lately cherished with a mother's yearning heart, a father's tender care. It was our lot, some few weeks ago, to enter a death-stricken home, and behold a scene of unusual sorrow. The parents had already mourned the death of two of their cherished ones. They had now two angel daughters in the world above, when disease made its appearance, and after a short week's suffering the spirit of the little Arabella passed

away to join the countless number of little children who circle around the throne of Jehovah. The heart-stricken parents turned from her death-bed but to watch the dying struggles of their younger darling, whose imploring eyes turned on them for aid. So intensely did the poor child suffer that the weeping mother at last rejoiced to see her at rest, though it was that of death. Arabella died on Sabbath, and on the following day her little sister joined her in Heaven. The scene was most sad and distressing as we entered the parlor and beheld the two small black coffins, containing the little sleepers. Here they lay, wrapped in that strange deep slumber, from which nothing but the voice of the Almighty can arouse. Yet the voice that called these little ones home, is the voice of gentleness and love. Bereaved parents, look to Jesus. Behold, by the eye of faith, those precious little ones, in his arms, resting on that bosom that is even now filled with the most tender compassion for you. You loved your children, they have but passed away from your tender care to One who loves them with a far more exceeding love than yours, with a love that is infinite. Can you not yield them as jewels of his crown, the crown that adorns the brow that was once crowned with thorns for you? Are they not safe with Him? They are not dead; they have changed their residence, and gone to live with the Lord Jesus—amid the glory and brightness, the joys and raptures of Heaven, are the countless numbers of those happy redeemed little ones who always behold the face of our Father in Heaven.

ARABELLA AND MATILDA.

There was weeping in the chamber,
 Each face was full of gloom,
 For the gentle Arabella
 Was sinking to the tomb.
 Oh, there was bitter weeping
 Beside the little one,
 But the sweet, sad eyes, were closing,
 Soon the young life was gone.

They smoothed the sunny tresses,
 And closed the loving eyes,
 And said that "Arabella
 Was an angel in the skies."
 But she, the sweet Matilda,
 The youngest and the pet,

"O God would spare her to them,
 He would not take her yet!"

She was her father's darling,
 She would watch beside the door,
 To meet him when returning;
 Were those happy days all o'er?
 Alas, her cheek was paling
 To her sister's marble hue,
 And soon her spirit hastened
 To be in heaven too.

Yet mourn not, weeping parents,
 Though you see their face no more,
 They have joined their little sisters;
 They have only gone before.
 Oh, bow in meek submission,
 'Neath a Father's gentle hand,
 And prepare to enter Heaven,
 And join that happy band.

REVERENCE FOR RELIGION!

IMPRESS your mind with a reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies. Besides the guilt thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance to youth, than the reflection of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind, which, vain of the first smattering of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere. At the same time you are not to imagine that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to be more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years, or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and kindness. It is social, kind, cheerful,—removed from the gloom and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for Heaven with an honorable discharge of the duties of active life. Of such religion, discover on every proper occasion that you are not ashamed, but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world.

CHRIST ALWAYS NEW.

THE believer is made "a new creature in Christ Jesus." By faith he hath passed from death unto life, and is graciously renewed in the image of God. "Old things have passed away; behold all things have become new." Here is a new creation,—a new creature,—new delights, new joys, new prospects, new consolations, new pleasures. But, above all, to them "that walk after the Spirit," Christ is always new. His presence is always glorious. He is eternal excellence itself. "Altogether lovely,—the fairest among ten thousand."

The most gorgeous prospects of earth, by their frequency to our vision, lose their attractiveness; the loveliest flowers that bloom, as we often observe them, impart not at first such fresh delight; the melody of the sweetest song tires, and our loudest hosannahs languish on our tongues; but in Christ there is always something new. His grace ever cheers us; his promises impart to our souls new life, and His presence gives us abiding rest.

Murmuring rivulets lose their sweet minstrellings; the glories of the day soon vanish before the darkness of the night; the feathered tribes, when autumn comes, no longer cheer our groves; good and useful books may cease to please, and we grow weary even in the society of our friends. But the presence of Christ is always cheering to our hearts, light ever more to our pathway, and even fills our souls with new pleasures, and opens before us inexpressible beauties and imperishable glories.

"The grace the dear Redeemer brings,
Will bear a strict review;
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new."

H.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

THERE are probably no four lines in the English language that are repeated so many times daily, as the following:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

And it is not only children and youth that

repeat them. Many whose heads are "silvered o'er with age," have been accustomed to repeat them as their last prayer before closing their eyes in sleep, every night since they were taught them in infancy. The late ex-President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, was among the number. A Bishop of the Methodist Church, in addressing a Sabbath-school, told the children he had been accustomed to say that little prayer every night since his mother taught it to him when he was a little boy.

In conversing recently with a ship-master, over seventy years of age, and who has been many years a deacon in the Church, he said that when he followed the seas, and even before he indulged a hope that he was a Christian, he never lay down in his berth at night without saying, with great seriousness, and he thought sincerity,

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

He felt so strongly his need of religion, and his danger without it, that he used always to read his Bible, and place that precious book under his pillow at night, and often kiss the sacred volume, trusting, no doubt, in his reverence for the word of God, instead of trusting alone in the Saviour.

Let every reader learn, and every night repeat that little prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep," &c.

THERE is but *one* pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow, and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue, is to gain her; and zealously to labor after her wages, is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is late; her reward also is with her, and she will come quickly. For the breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth; where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence, every safety from danger, resource from sterility, and subjugated passion, "like the wind and storm, fulfilling his word."

A WORD once spoken, a coach with four horses cannot overtake it and bring it back.

Home Circle.

EMMAUS;

OR, THE HOME OF OLD AGE.

"Abide with us: for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent."

"And while the shadows round his path descend,
And down the vale of age his footsteps tend,
Peace o'er his bosom sheds her soft control,
And throngs of gentlest memories charm the soul;
Then, weaned from earth, he turns his steadfast eye
Beyond the grave, whose verge he falters nigh,
Surveys the brightening regions of the blest,
And like a wearied pilgrim, sinks to rest."

LATE in the afternoon of the first Christian Sabbath, two of the disciples were on their way from Jerusalem to Emmaus. Around their mountain path is early spring with its beauty and song, but these lonely travellers are so absorbed in their own thoughts, that their hearts feel no sympathy with rejoicing nature. They walk on, and are sad. For their fondest hopes and dreams of life have been buried in the grave with Jesus. As they went on their way, talking of the things which had happened, sorrowful and dejected, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. They knew not their Lord, and yet there was a strange fascination about the spirit and speech of this stranger, that made their hearts burn within them, as he talked to them by the way. If he were not their Lord, he was at least so like him, that in looking at him, they seemed to behold the twilight dawn of their risen Lord. His conversation in its effects on them, resembled the rosy glimmer that gilds the morning sky, which though not the sun himself, is the mild herald of the day. As they communed by the way, hope dawned on the darkness of despair. The breathings of Divine promise, from the lips of this mysterious stranger, had calmed their troubled thoughts, and diffused a heavenly peace through their desponding hearts. As they drew nigh unto the village, the disciples urge the stranger to turn aside with them to their humble home. They press their appeal by the lateness of the hour, for the shadows of coming night were falling around their

path. "Abide with us; for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent." The stranger turned aside to tarry for the night, and in his, "Peace be with you," revealed himself the Saviour whom they loved.

There is much in that afternoon walk and evening scene at Emmaus, which we profitably apply to Christian experience. It is true Jesus cannot enter personally our homes, as our guest, and abide there in actual, visible presence. But the Spirit of Jesus, his truth and love, may enter our hearts, and thus abide with us in the peace, spiritual communion, and immortal hopes of our households. And how beautiful, when the day is far spent, in the serene and holy twilight, to join those disciples in spirit, and ask the Saviour to abide with us in our homes.

This prayer for the Saviour's presence, may be expressed at the time of the natural evening.

I.

EVENING.

"Morn is the time to act, noon to endure;
But O! If thou wouldst keep thy spirit pure,
Turn from the beaten path, by worldlings trod,
Go forth at eventide, in heart to walk with God."

How appropriate this prayer of the two disciples, at the close of every natural day! When the din of business, and the fever of excitement subside with the twilight of evening, and we are gathered in our quiet homes, how natural to turn our thoughts to Jesus, with the prayer, "Abide with us!" For who can speak to us then, as He, of our past and fleeting hours? Who, as He, can soothe our cares, and calm our troubled spirits, touch our hearts with penitence for the past, or inspire us with hope for the future? How in such hours of the closing day, have we felt and sung, with the devout Cowper:

"I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer."

There is something in the natural evening,

that is in beautiful harmony with the presence of Christ—something which prompts the prayer "Abide with us!"

Peace comes with evening. It is a gentle and a soothing season. But the peace of Christ abiding with us, will make it yet more peaceful; because it is the answer of the internal to the external; the quietness of the soul responding to the serene twilight, rendering it more profound and grateful. And in this secret silence of the mind, the hushed quietude of our spiritual nature, the soul is brought into communion with the unseen and eternal,

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree."

The soft broad shadows come with evening. They close round us, as if they would envelop, and shade the petted and fevered spirit, before giving it time for restoration. But how much safer and more quiet is the spirit, if, by the presence of Jesus, it claims a higher protection, and takes refuge under the shadow of the Almighty. Then the shadows of night seem like a curtain from the hand of God,

"To shade the couch where his children repose."

Sleep comes with evening. When, in that still and shadowy season, we gather for the evening prayer—when we are pitching the tent of another day's journey, and would lift up our souls to Him who looks upon us, and whose purity is above us, like that pure heaven; we may say to Jesus, "Abide with us; for the day is far spent." Abide with us, that we may feel that our sins are forgiven—abide with us, as we lie down to gentle sleep, that it may be pleasant and refreshing to us, "that pure thoughts may keep the portals of our dreams, and God's blessing hold watch over us!" Sweetly will sleep fall upon our eyelids, if we have been holding communion with Jesus; and, as if we heard from Him the words of kind permission, "Sleep on now, and take your rest," we can commend ourselves in confidence to the Watchman of Israel, and lie down to rest,

"As in the embraces of our God,
Or on our Saviour's breast.

T. S.

IPHIGENIA.

THE DAUGHTER.

Translated from Chateaubriand.

BY E. B. STORK.

IPHIGENIA and Zara, present an interesting contrast in the *daughter*. Both yield themselves to paternal authority, and devote themselves to the religion of their country. Agamemnon, it is true, requires of Iphigenia the double sacrifice of her love and of her life, and Lusignan only asks of Zara to forget her love; but for a passionate woman to live and renounce the object of her devotion, is perhaps a more grievous and painful condition than death itself. As to their natural interest, the two situations might be the same; let us see whether the religious interest is equally balanced. Agamemnon, in obedience to the gods, does nothing, after all, but sacrifice his child to his ambition.

Why should the young Grecian devote herself to Neptune? Is he not a tyrant whom she ought to detest? The spectator takes part with Iphigenia even against heaven. The pity and terror which is felt, depend solely upon situation, and upon spontaneous sympathy; and even if the religious character of the piece is changed, it is quite evident that the dramatic effect would remain the same. But in Zara, if you take away the pious motive, the whole effect of the piece will be destroyed. Does Jesus Christ require this bloody sacrifice? Does He command this renunciation of affection? Ah! is it possible there can be a doubt upon this point? Was it not to redeem even Zara, that he was nailed to a shameful cross, that he endured the insults, contempt, and injustice, of mankind? Did He not drink the cup of bitterness to the dregs? And will Zara give her heart and hand to those who have persecuted this merciful God! to those who sacrifice Christians every day of their lives! to those who hold in irons, this successor of Bouillon, this defender of the faith, this father of Zara! Truly the religious sentiment is not out of place here; and whoever would suppress it would annihilate the piece. As to the remainder, it appears to us that Zara, as a tragedy, is still more interesting than Iphigenia,

for this reason, because it is yet to be developed. And this will oblige us to ascend to the first principles of composition as an art. It is a matter of fact, that these examples, placed before the humbler classes for imitation, ought to be taken from the highest rank in society. This remark holds to a manifest agreement, that the fine arts in unison with the human heart know how to develop. The representations of misfortunes, which we have ourselves experienced, would afflict us, without our being suitably instructed or improved thereby. There is no necessity of our frequenting public spectacles, in order *there* to learn the secrets of our own firesides; fiction will not please us, when the sad reality exists beneath our own roof. Besides, it is improbable that any moral lesson will be received from a mere resemblance; rather, on the contrary, we shall be apt to despond with the picture of our own condition, or to become envious of a position elevated above our own. The multitude are interested by theatricals, but they do not care to look in upon a thatched cottage, as if there they should behold a representation of their own indigence; they demand of you the great, clothed in purple; the ear would hear noble names, and pompous titles, and the eye would be riveted upon the misfortunes of kings and princes. Morality, curiosity, the nobleness of art and purity of taste, and perhaps the envious nature of man, require that the characters in tragedy should be elevated above the masses. But if the personage be distinguished, his sorrow ought to be common to all, and felt by them. Indeed, it is in this aspect that Zara appears to us more touching than Iphigenia. That the daughter of Agamemnon dies, in order that a fleet may set sail, is a motive scarcely appreciable by the multitude. But with Zara we forget to reason, as every one can feel the conflict between passion and duty. Hence, take this as a dramatic rule: that it is necessary, as much as possible, to ground the tragical interest, not upon an object, so much as upon a *sentiment*, and that the personages ought to be removed from the spectator by their rank, but draw near to them by their misfortunes. We should, however, seek, in the subject of Iphigenia as

portrayed by Racine, the faint outlines of the Christian character; but the reader can draw these reflections for himself, as they follow naturally; and we shall close these observations with one more remark. Father Brumoy has remarked, that Euripides, in giving Iphigenia a dread of death and a desire to escape, has written more in harmony with nature than Racine, whose Iphigenia seems to be too much resigned. This reflection is good in itself; but, what Father Brumoy did not perceive is, that the modern Iphigenia is the *Christian daughter*. Her father, and Heaven, have spoken, and there is no alternative but obedience. Racine has not given to his heroine this moral courage, but in sympathy with the unconscious influence of a religious institution, which has entirely remodelled our moral code. Here Christianity transcends nature, and is consequently more in harmony with beautiful poetry, which encourages to a slightly exaggerated picture, and ever adorns and ennobles its subject. The daughter of Agamemnon conquering her affection and love of life, shows off to greater advantage than Iphigenia mourning her sins. It is not always that purely natural things will most affect us. It is natural to fear death, and yet, a victim who grieves for herself, dries up the tears we should shed over her. The human heart is ambitious in its aspirations: it would be an object of admiration; it contains within itself an enthusiasm for an unknown beauty or good for which it was originally destined. The Christian religion is so beautifully arranged that it is a species of poetry in itself, since it develops the *beau ideal* of character: herein the martyrs are discovered by our painters, and the cavaliers of chivalry by our poets, &c. Christianity is equally vigorous in her descriptions of vice as of virtue, since it is true that crimes are increased in proportion to the number of laws which the guilty can break. How striking that passage in St. Paul—"When the law came sin revived."

Thus the muses, who overlook the medium classes in society, should seek the more perfectly to accommodate themselves to a religion who ever places her examples either above or below man. In order to complete more

perfectly the circle of natural characters, we ought to mention fraternal affection, but what has been said concerning the son and the daughter, will apply equally to brothers, or to brothers and sisters. To conclude: the Holy Scriptures contain the account of Cain and Abel, the earliest and the greatest tragedy which the world has seen. Elsewhere we shall speak of Joseph and his brethren.

In a word, Christianity leaves natural character as it has ever been represented by the ancients, but she goes beyond them, as she imbues them with all her softening influences. It necessarily augments the power of the drama as the resources are increased; and as the subject-material upon which she can operate are multiplied, so are her beauties augmented.

THE MOTHER.

SCARCELY a day passes that we do not hear of the loveliness of woman; the affection of a sister, or the devotedness of a wife; and it is the remembrance of such things that cheers and comforts the dreariest hour of life; yet a mother's love far exceeds them in strength, in disinterestedness, and in purity. The child of her bosom may have forsaken her and left her; he may have disregarded all her instructions and warnings, he may have become an outcast from society, and none may care for or notice him—yet his mother changes not, nor is her love weakened, and for him her prayers will ascend! Sickness may weary other friends—misfortune drive away familiar acquaintances, and poverty leave none to lean upon; yet they affect not a mother's love, but only call into exercise, in a still greater degree, her tenderness and affection. The mother has duties to perform, which are weighty and responsible; the lisping infant must be taught how to live—the thoughtless child must be instructed in wisdom's ways—the tempted youth be advised and warned—the dangers and difficulties of life must be pointed out, and lessons of virtue must be impressed on the mind. Her words, acts, faults, frailties, and temper, are all noticed by those that surround her; and impressions

in the nursery exert a more powerful influence in forming the character, than do any after instruction. All passions are unrestrained—if truth is not adhered to—if consistency is not seen—if there be want of affection or a murmuring at the dispensations of Providence; the youthful mind will receive the impression and subsequent life will develop it; but if all is purity, sincerity, truth, contentment, and love, then will the result be a blessing, and many will rejoice in the example and influence of the pious Mother.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR CHILDREN.

ONCE saw a preacher trying to teach the children that *the soul would live after they were all dead*. They listened, but evidently did not understand it. He was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket, he says, "James, what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir!"—"A little clock!" says another.

"Do you all see it?"

"Yes, sir!"

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"It ticks, sir."

"Very well; can any of you hear it tick? All listen now." After a still house—"Yes, sir, we hear it." He then took off the case and held the case in one hand and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch?—you see there are two which look *like* watches!"

"The little one—in your right hand, sir."

"Very well again; now I will lay the case aside,—put it away down there in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the watch tick."

"Yes, sir, we hear it!" exclaimed several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is taken off and put in my hat. The watch goes just as well. So it is with you, children. Your body is nothing but the case; the soul is inside. Your case—the body—may be taken off and buried up in the ground, and the soul will live and think, just as this watch will go, as you see, when the case is off."

THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

WHEN I can feel my Saviour mine,
Mine by a sure, unchanging tie;
When on His promise I recline
To guide and guard me till I die;
Little can earthly griefs annoy—
'Tis all devotion, love, and joy.

When I can feel my Saviour mine,
Then dear my pilgrim's staff to me;
All madder pleasures I resign;
I follow where His smile I see;
Not mine to tread where thousands stray,
The noisy, broad, and crowded way.

When I can feel my Saviour mine,
How calm I sleep upon my bed;
The love that fills His heart divine
Sheds sweet refreshing on my head;
His grace subdues me to obey
With all-pervading mildest sway.

When I can feel my Saviour mine,
I own the world, for He's its King;
With angel-light my graces shine,
While humbly to His robe I cling;
Wrapt in confiding, grateful thought,
The worldling's terrors scare me not.

Where'er I feel my Saviour mine,
There is my home, my fatherland!
The gifts Thou dost to me consign
Come doubly precious from Thy hand;
And Christian brotherhood imparts
Its union blest of loving hearts.

ELAKISTEROS.

CHARITY.

NIGHT had kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. Stars shone, and pure dewdrops hung upon its blushing

bosom, and watched its sweetest slumbers. Morning came, with its dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence. Then came the ardent sun-god sweeping from the east, and he smote the young rose with his scorching rays, and it fainted. Deserted and almost heart-broken, it dropped to the dust in loneliness and despair.

Now the gentle breeze, which had been gambolling over the sea, pushing on the home-bound bark, sweeping over the hill and dale, by the neat cottage and the still brook, turning the old mill, fanning the brow of disease, and frisking the curls of innocent childhood, came tripping along on her errand of mercy and love; and when she saw the young rose, she hastened to kiss it, and fondly bathed its forehead in cool, refreshing showers; and the young rose revived, looked up, and smiled in gratitude to the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away: her generous task was performed, yet not without reward, for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured upon her wings by the grateful rose; and the kind breeze was glad in heart, and went away singing through the trees. Thus real, true charity, like the breeze, gathers fragrance from the drooping flowers it refreshes, and unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its offices of kindness, which steals upon the heart, like rich perfume, to bless and cheer.

Editorial Book-Table.

BIBLICAL COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Dr. HERMANN OLSHAUSEN. Translated from the German Foreign and Theological Library. First American Edition, Revised after the Fourth German Edition. By A. C. Kendrick, D.D.

This Commentary is too well known to need any commendation. In philological learning, clear development of the thought of the sacred writings, and its constant recognition of the organic unity of the entire Scrip-

tures, this Commentary stands almost alone, in our own or any language. It combines critical and philosophical discussions with the richest doctrinal and practical reflections. This Commentary, in its English dress, has been received with general and increasing favor in England and America. This first American edition has some important improvements, which, with the reduction in the price, will secure for it a more extensive circulation. The improvements in the American edition consist

in a careful revision of the translation, by a close and constant comparison with the original of the fourth edition, thus giving the reader access to the latest German edition of the work. From specimens, given in the Preface, of the two translations, the improvement by the revision of the American Editor, will greatly add to the value of this incomparable work. The translation of the Greek words and phrases scattered through the text will make the work more acceptable to the general reader. In the mechanical execution of the work, and in cheapness, this edition will commend itself to the American public.

Published by Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York. T. S.

LIFE AND WORKS OF THOMAS COLE. By Rev. LOUIS L. NOBLE. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

This is the life of a Christian artist. He was a great landscape painter. Some of his little American landscapes are perfect gems. His pictures exhibit high poetic feeling. You see his mind in his pictures, and a mind with that impulsive feeling of beauty and sublimity that indicate genius. He never used his pencil without eliciting poetry and feeling. As an artist he was the first genius of his age. The "Course of Empire" and the "Voyage of Life," are enough to give immortal fame to any man. He was a Christian artist, and aimed to give, in all his landscapes, a spiritual meaning, and, when practicable, a moral lesson. The book abounds in touching scenes and romantic adventures, and will interest most readers, and prove a source of unmingled pleasure to all the lovers of the beautiful. We can commend this book to the young. It will furnish a pleasant and profitable recreation for their winter evenings, giving them "pleasures which leave no stain on the wing of time."

T. S.

THE AGE OF PROGRESS; or, A PANORAMA OF TIME. In Four Visions. By DAVID A. MOOR. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

We do not know who this Moor is. Nor can we say much about his book, except that it is full of visions. It seems that on one Sunday morning, while seated in an easy chair in his study, he lost all terrene consciousness, and was translated into another world. Now, there is a remarkable coincidence in this beginning with what took place in the case of John and Paul, and we half suspect that this coincidence was preconcerted; and if so, it was a great piece of arrogance. John had his visions on Sunday morning, and Paul was translated into another world; but it was far from being an easy chair from which he was translated. This clairvoyant had a vision of New Eden,—our world as it will appear transformed and projected 3000 years ahead in the Christian era. It was a beautiful vision of a

state analogous to that of our primitive parents in Eden. The second vision revealed the overthrow of slavery. O that it were true! The third vision,—The Trial of Beelzebub,—an imaginary scene in the infernal regions. Fourth vision,—Triumph of man; scene in Paradise, supposed to transpire about the year 3000. This is all I know of this book. As the publishers sent it to us, we give the above synopsis; for we have not time to read visions with so much of the *actual* claiming our attention. T. S.

THE PROTESTANT THEOLOGICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA. A Condensed Translation of "Herzog's Real Encyclopædia." By Rev. T. H. A. BOMBERGER, D.D. Part II. Lindsay & Blakiston.

As this work has not yet been noticed in the Journal, we give the *Prospectus* that our readers may see for themselves what may be expected in this great work of Herzog coming out in this English dress. This work is based upon "Herzog's Real Encyclopædie für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche," published in Germany. It will embrace all subjects belonging properly to the Literature of the Protestant Catholic Religion and Church, and will furnish the most reliable results of recent study, research, and discoveries in the various departments of science in its relation to Christianity, including the several branches of

1. *Biblical Literature*—Biblical Philology, Geography, History, Botany, Geology, Natural History, Antiquities, Criticism, and Hermeneutics.

2. *Systematic Literature*—Apologetic, Dogmatic, Moral Sciences, Polemical and Pastoral Theology, Homiletics, Liturgical Church Polity, and Church Arts.

3. *Historical Literature*—Church History and Antiquities, History, Theology, History of Sects and Heresies, Patristic History, Biography, &c.

4. *Historical Symbolism*; or, a Representation of the Comparative Position and Relation of the various Evangelical Denominations, and their Respective Doctrinal and other Characteristics.

The work of Herzog numbers more than one hundred contributors, including the ripest scholars and most evangelical theologians of Germany, and the articles are the result of their best judgment and most careful research. It is being edited in this country by the Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D.D., assisted by distinguished theologians of various denominations. Send your names to Lindsay & Blakiston.

T. S.

TO ROME AND BACK AGAIN. By DR. MORRIS.

REGINA, THE GERMAN CAPTIVE. By Rev. R. THEISEE.

THE LAST TIMES. By Rev. J. A. SEISS, A. M.

These works came to hand as the *Journal* was going to press. The two works first mentioned have been extensively noticed and commended in our Church papers. They will no doubt find a place in every Lutheran family.

THE LAST TIMES, by Rev. SEISS, is a work of too much moment to be hastily dismissed with a mere passing commonplace review. We have not yet been able to adopt the interpretation of prophecy according to the school of *Literalists*, to which, I believe, the author belongs. We will give the book a careful reading, and, in the next number of the Jour-

nal, we may give our impressions. In the meantime, we can, from our knowledge of Brother Seiss, commend the work to the careful perusal of all who look for the coming of our Lord, assured that they will find in this book an able "discussion of momentous themes."

We notice, in all of these works sent us by the publisher, T. N. Kurtz, a marked improvement in his style of getting up books. In all that pertains to the externals and *material* of a book, paper, type, binding, &c., the works before us are of a superior style of beauty, exceedingly attractive to the eye.

T. S.

Editorial Miscellany.

APPEAL FOR THE HOME JOURNAL.—With the present No. of the *Home Journal* our kind patrons will receive a circular, calling attention to its financial embarrassments, and soliciting a renewed and yet more vigorous effort, on the part of all our friends, to secure to the work that degree of patronage which is necessary to its future maintenance. This appeal, we trust, will not be overlooked. If the *Home Journal* is to be kept in existence, both Ministers and Laymen will have to exert themselves in the solicitation of subscribers, and the awakening of a more lively and active interest in its behalf. We religiously believe that this Magazine is eminently calculated to foster a refined and enlightened literary taste in the Lutheran Church, and to prove, under God, an instrumentality of achieving real and substantial good among every family, to whose fireside it is happily introduced. Hundreds have assured us, that they greet it as a most welcome monthly visitor to their families, and would not be without it for ten times the cost. The Editing Committee and the Board are sincerely solicitous not only to keep it in existence, but secure to it a still more extended circulation, and to this end they most earnestly invoke the hearty and efficient co-operation of all friends of the work. We ask the attention of all our kind brethren to the accompanying circular. H.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.—When we assumed, in connection with our two able colleagues, Brothers SCHAEFFER and STORK, the editorship of the *Home Journal*, it was our earnest wish and desire to fill up its pages, as nearly as possible, wholly with *original* articles, and those, too, from the pens of the intelligent clergymen and laity of *our own Church*, and thus render the work, as its title purports, in a

pre-eminent sense, a *Lutheran* magazine. It was not our intention, then, to fill up its pages with *extracts*, nor to travel very often without the bounds of our own Church for matter to adorn them. From this determination we have, however, been obliged, the present month, to deviate, for the simple reason, that we have received only a very few articles from our *Lutheran* brethren, most excellent in their character, but not more than quarter enough to fill up the *Journal*. We again, therefore, invite the good brethren of our Church, especially our able and intelligent Ministers, many of whom enjoy such a deserved eminence for authorship, not to be unmindful of the claims of the *Home Journal*. Who will encourage us with a contribution for the *December* number? We are, as yet, without a single article for the next one. If the sunshine of patronage, both as to money and literary matter, be obscured by indifference and neglect, how can it be expected that our enterprise should flourish? We work for nothing, and find ourselves, and make the sacrifice gladly, if our efforts in anywise contribute to the edification and elevation of the families, to whose firesides our *Journal* pays its monthly visits. We trust, then, our literary gentlemen, and ladies, too, of whom we have so many, will trim their lamps for our behoof, and send us the result, either in the solid effusions of prose, or the sweeter inspirations of the Muse. To those, whose delinquency, in the present No., has produced such an enormous deficiency, we would say: Come, now, and let us reason together,—is it not your duty to assist the *Home Journal* in every honorable way that lies in your power? H.

NEW LUTHERAN CHURCH.—The cornerstone of a new Lutheran Church was recently

laid in Germantown, Philadelphia City, which is being erected by the congregation of Rev. LUTHER E. ALBERT, on the site of the old one. An able and interesting address was delivered on the occasion by Rev. P. F. MAYER, and other appropriate exercises were conducted by the brethren in attendance. A new edifice was needed by the increasing wants of the membership, and we rejoice that their liberality is fully commensurate with the exigency. The new church will doubtless prove a substantial and imposing structure, as we learn it is to cost, irrespective of the ground, nearly fifteen thousand dollars. May the Divine blessing rest upon both pastor and people.

H.

VANDALISM.—In one of the popular assembly-rooms of this city, conspicuously posted against the wall, is the notice, "GENTLEMEN are requested not to place their FEET upon the seats." We deem such a notice wholly superfluous. No "gentleman," certainly, coming into a church, a lecture-room, or any other place of decency, would for a moment think of placing his feet upon the seats, and vulgar persons will pay no attention whatever to the advertisement. In a hotel in New England, we once saw a notice stuck up against the wall: "Gentlemen are requested to abstain from tearing the newspapers, whittling the chairs, or writing against the mantel-piece." All these things, to our mind, are ridiculously conceived. If people are genteel and well-bred, they will abstain from these infractions of decency, without any request, public or private. If they are otherwise disposed, they will not pay heed to any advertisements, advising them to the contrary. It is a sad reflection, however, that in this country matters have been precipitated to such a height of freedom, that even so-called "gentle-men" have to be solemnly admonished not to stand on seats made to sit on, not to whittle chairs and mantel-pieces, not to spit in each other's hats, nor to stand upon their heads in public assemblies! We shall next be prepared to hear that in places where the long-fingered gentry are most in the habit of congregating, placards have been posted, as follows: "Gentlemen are politely requested to abstain from picking each other's pockets." The Goths and Vandals are evidently among us.

H.

EFFECTS OF POLITICAL PREACHING.—The deplorable consequences to Christianity resulting from mere political preaching, are sadly apparent in the lamentable decline of religious interest throughout the length and breadth of New England. The *Puritan Recorder* of a recent date discloses the remarkable fact, that in many of the churches of New Hampshire, the Lord's Supper has not been administered for a period of more than two years, and the general attendance on Divine service has sensibly

diminished. The number of church members in the City of Boston of all evangelical denominations, at the present date, is not so large by several thousands as it was ten years ago, notwithstanding the increase of the population. We entertain no doubt whatever, that this lamentable decline of religious interest throughout New England is distinctly traceable to the secularization of the ministry, by the almost general substitution of political topics for the great cardinal truths of Christianity. Unless "*Jesus Christ and Him crucified*," be the burden of preaching, the Alpha and Omega, the Church will inevitably retrograde, and sin, Satan, and the world, will be in the ascendant. We trust the day is not far distant when the clergy of New England, of the PARKER and BEECHER school, will perceive and acknowledge their mistake.

H.

AVOID QUARRELLING.—There is much good sense in the following, which, though old, deserves to be repeated at least once a year:

"If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after, than he did before one; it degrades him in the eyes of all; and, what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace, on the one hand, and increases his temper and passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on, the better—the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheat you, quit dealing with him; if he be abusive, quit his company; if he slander you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is just to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with."

H.

APPOINTMENT.—Rev. J. S. CRUMBAUGH, Pastor of the St. John's Lutheran Church, of Lancaster, Pa., has been appointed by Governor POLLOCK, the Superintendent of the Common Schools of Lancaster County, in place of J. P. WICKERSHAM, resigned. Owing to the shattered condition of his health, we regret to state, Brother Crumbaugh has been disqualified from any pulpit effort, for some time past, and has been obliged to suspend his ministerial labors wholly for the present. This explains his acceptance of the appointment referred to; for which, by the way, his enlarged experience, and fine literary attainments, eminently qualify him. We trust it may please God to restore Brother CRUMBAUGH'S health, so that he may be able to continue in the discharge of the active duties of the ministry. But His will, not ours, be done.

H.

THE
Lutheran Home Journal.

DECEMBER, 1856.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

(Translated from the German.)

BY REV. DANIEL GARVER.

ON holy Christmas Eve, a poor woman was sitting with her two children in the narrow room of a little house in the suburbs. The father of the children had died after a protracted illness. Having been unable to labor he left his family in great want. But the mother could earn nothing, being compelled to remain with the youngest child, to wait upon it, and to nurse it, for it was always sick. There sat the poor mother and secretly wept, for she had no wood to warm the room; and on the eve when everything is joyful, and all parents light up for their children a Christmas tree, she was compelled to sit in darkness, because the last oil in the lamp had been consumed. Accordingly, as the elder child heard his mother sobbing, he threw his arms around her neck, and said: "Oh mother, if we only had a light! If I could only see you! Then, I believe, I should not be so cold, and you would not cry so, if you could see your children." Hereupon the poor woman was almost overcome with grief, and she reached into her pocket and said: "Well then, my child, here, take this, my last penny, and go, bring some oil. I intended to buy bread with it to-morrow, but who knows, it may be, the holy Christ will furnish us bread some other way." Then the boy took the money and ran along, looking to the right and left, if perchance he might see through some clear window,

an illuminated Christmas tree. But along this street lived only poor people, and most of the houses were dark; only here and there glimmered a faint light through the cloudy windows. The boy still ran on and came into the great wide streets, where one shop after another stood in a row, from which dazzling lights shone upon him. In the stately mansions lived only rich folks, for everywhere through the large window panes sparkled the glittering Christmas trees. At length he came to the market, where stall after stall was ranged along, and his astonishment was unbounded as he gazed upon the splendid things there exposed for sale—the sweetmeats, the variegated playthings, the burning Christmas trees. He walked hither and thither, examined this and that, and was so happy that he did not feel how his hands and feet had been benumbed by the frost. At last he came to a stall which was lighted with peculiar brilliancy, and before which many persons had collected themselves. As he looked in, he knew not what to make of it, for what his mother had so often related to him about the birth of the holy infant—Christ—all this he beheld exactly before him, very beautiful and neat, formed out of wax. In a stable was sitting the Virgin Mary, holding in her lap the infant Saviour; before her were kneeling the shepherds, adoring him; cows and sheep were lying around, and wax angels with wax wings were hanging over the child. Anything so beautiful the boy had never before seen, and he might have stood and wondered a long

time, when he was pressed away by the gathering crowd, and now suddenly bethought himself that his mother was sitting in darkness at home with his little sister, and that he had gone for oil. But how terrified was he, as he felt that the penny had fallen from his benumbed hand. He began to weep aloud, but, although men pressed around him and pushed him aside, purchased the beautiful things, and with their treasures rushed past him, still no one inquired what ailed him; he remained unnoticed in his distress. He, accordingly, went back slowly through the brilliantly illuminated streets, and looked neither to the right nor left, for nothing now afforded him joy. At last he came again to the dark alley where his mother lived. As he now thought how sad his mother would be on account of the lost penny, he had not the heart to go home, but seated himself on a large stone, and wept bitterly.

"Alas!" thought he, "to-day the infant Christ (das Christkind) brings joy to all men—only my mother He permits to be so sad—and now I shall make her still more sorrowful." Thus he sat and lamented a long while, until at length he heard the watchman cry the hour, singing as he came down the street:

"In the holy, silent night,
Has Christ, the Lord descended.
Peace on earth was his delight,
His advent joy attended."

In the light of the lantern the boy saw something glistening in the snow; he picked it up as if it had been a toy. But the watchman came to him and asked why he sat upon the street at night in the cold, and why he did not go home. Weeping, the boy told him how he had lost the last penny, for which he should have brought oil; how his mother is always weeping so much ever since his father died, and that he could not bear to see how she must be grieved on account of the lost penny. "Come with me," kindly said the watchman; "I will give you some oil, but then run home quickly, for your mother will be distressed about you."

As he took the child by the hand, he felt something hard in it, and asked what it was. The boy showed him the shining thing, and

said he had just found it in the snow. "Why!" cried the watchman, "look what the holy Christ has given to you! That's a gold piece! For a gold piece you can get many pennies. With that, to-morrow, your mother can buy bread and wood." Then the lad's heart was full of joy, and, after he had obtained oil from the watchman, he ran to his mother, who had been anxiously waiting for him—he told her about everything he had seen, and how he lost the penny and found the gold piece. Then the mother wept, but for joy, and took her children in her lap, and taught them to thank the holy infant Christ (dem heiligen Christkinde), that He had not forgotten them in their poverty, and had made them so rich.

FEMALE SOCIETY.

YOU know my opinion of female society. Without it, we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men, and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time of life, the literary man may make a shift—a poor one, I grant—to be without the society of ladies. To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion—next to his Creator—to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from the pollution which besets it on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding-gown, for qualities that "wear well." One thing at least is true: that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find employment in study: men of literary taste can find in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend and children around him to cherish and support the dreariness of old age.—*John Randolph.*

MUSIC OF WORDS.—Listen to the mother talking comfort to her young babe. The comfort is surely not in the words, for the child understands not one of them. It lies, of course, then, in the music of words. It is the mother's tone of voice,—her music,—which the child understands and receives into its little troubled heart.

SUSPENSE.

BY REV. W. H. LUCKENBACH.

A CONDITION of suspense is one of pain. To wait for the realization of a hope, for the approach of some crisis, for a moment whose issues will materially affect our interest, one way or the other, involves one's self in an anxiety of mind more or less distressing. This may be graduated, however, by the degree of patience that ought to possess the soul. We live upon anticipation. It is the regimen that keeps the energies, the muscles and nerves, the powers of mind and body, strong and active and vigorous. And although the object anticipated be a delightful one in itself, yet the time intervening between the present and the moment when it shall be realized is fraught with restless emotions, and the unpromising sentiments of doubt, whether the object will be all that we expected, whether it shall be realized at the time appointed, or whether we shall not have to wait a little longer, and then not be disappointed in it after all.

A mother anticipates the return of a wandering son. He has been absent from the home of his youth, the spot consecrated by a parent's prayers, a parent's tears and instructions, for many long and weary years. He left the scenes of his childhood, where he gambolled in all the innocent revelry of hearts yet uninjured by contact with the world, to roam abroad. Since then he has been cradled to sleep in the trough of the ocean, night after night, week after week, year after year. His brow has been crowned with the dripping briny crest of the waves. He has stood upon the mizzen-mast's top-sail, between the thundering cloud-hosts above, angrily cleaving each other's frowning folds, and the boiling, surging, dashing waters below. He has been within four inches of eternity for many years together. During all this time his heart, like a tablet of wax, has been receiving impressions of evil from ungodly companions. He has been in danger of being dashed not only upon the rocks that lie concealed beneath the surface of the seas, but upon the reefs and shoals of sin. He is now expected home again. The day

has been set. The time moves along as though crippled by pain. Never have the hours seemed so tedious and protracted. The mother watches every approaching conveyance, hoping to see a sailor's chest strapped on before or behind, or on the top, but every carriage passes by, every footstep dies away in the distance, every sign fails. It is not difficult to conceive the anxieties incident to such a condition of suspense. Will he come at all? is the unpleasant sentiment that settles its gloom upon her countenance. He *may not* come at the appointed time, or if he does come he *may not be* what she expects to find him; instead of seeing before her a model man, she may be pained at his roughness of manners, his uncouth expressions, his bloated appearance, at the unmistakable evidences of a life of dissipation and sin. He may have become a drunkard, a shame and disgrace to his name and family. And thus the time between the reception of the letter stating when he was coming and the day appointed, may be a period of the most painful emotions.

Thus, to a greater or less extent, no matter what the object hoped for is, the emotions that suspense begets are experienced by all. Uncertainty, that "demon of our fears," that illegitimate child of hope and doubt, constantly harasses our moments and obtrudes its unwelcome suggestions, even when expectation is fired to the highest degree of the moral thermometer. In its vascillating atmosphere, hope glimmers but flickeringly, feebly, and unsteadily. Now a word, a sign ominous of success, flatters us, then a trivial thing upsets all our prospects, and like the scorching sirocco withers all the beautiful flowers with which expectation had stocked the fields before us. Now anticipation, like the main spring of a watch, keeps all our energies and powers at work: then again a doubt, a single doubt, like a small obstruction in the lesser wheels of the watch, causes them to stand still. Now the sun shines brightly, gloriously in the heavens; but in a little while a cloud comes from some unexpected quarter, and gathers over its face, and all around us is enveloped in a dim, hazy atmosphere. These are the al-

ternations of suspense, or that condition of the mind in which we are found balancing the probabilities and possibilities of realizing some object. One moment we are ready to sing

"Hope's at best
A star that leads the weary on,
Still pointing to the unpossessed,
And palling that it beams upon;"

and then, again, having weighed our prospects in the balance of judgment, and finding that the encouraging ones far outweigh the discouraging, hope becomes

"A beam of comfort, like the moon through clouds."

As to the realization of earthly aims and projects some minds seem to be in no suspense whatever. No clouds of uncertainty gather o'er their future. They take hold of the realities of life with a firm hand, a steady grasp, a fixed eye, a courageous heart, as though all that they aimed for *must* be gained. Their hearts are made of sterner stuff than to quail before a shadow, or shrink before an ideal trouble. Their hopes are substantial things, and not the fitting, airy, undefined reveries that often convert the life of man into a mere dream. But there is a class of men who occupy the other extreme. Successive disappointments have schooled them to fear, to waver, to halt, to be uncertain of the realization of any aim even though the prospect be ever so encouraging; continued misfortunes have made them exquisitely sensitive to the presence of doubt. This timidity ought not to be blamed. If angels sympathize with any one man more than with another, it is with him who having experimented upon the alternations of hope and disappointment for many years, comes at length to trust *for* nothing earthly and *in* nothing earthly, save that which he can immediately see, hear, taste, feel, or handle. Whether, dear reader, you belong to the former or the latter of these classes, try to become sure of one thing, *viz., heaven*. Be in no suspense whatever as to the realization of this hope. If you have earnestly and sincerely repented of sin; if you have appropriated to yourself the benefits of the atonement by faith, by simple, earnest faith; if you are endeavoring to devote yourself exclusively to the Lord, then to doubt of

reaching heaven, to be uncertain that you will get there, is a reflection upon that faith, by which, had we enough, we could move mountains from their bases into the midst of the sea.

(Selected.)

THE SABBATH EVENING.

HOW calmly sinks the parting sun!
Yet twilight lingers still,
And, beautiful as dreams of heaven,
'Tis slumbering on the hill.
Earth sleeps with all her glorious things,
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
And rendering back the hues above,
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Mysterious music from the pines,
O'er you dark rocks reclined,
Falls like the whispered words of peace
Upon the heavenly mind;
And winds, with pinions steeped in dew,
Breathe the gently, as if, stealing through!
From Eden's bowers, they came to bless
The spirit with their holiness.

And yonder glittering throng of clouds,
Retiring from the sky,
So calmly move, so sweetly glow,
They seem, to fancy's eye,
Bright creatures of a better sphere,
Come down at noon to worship here,
And from that sacrifice of love
Returning to their homes above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
The night-arch, floating high,
The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,
The bright streams leaping by,
Are living with religion; deep
Its glories on the waters sleep,
And mingle with the moon's pale rays,
Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve
Comes through the silent air,
To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes
The gush of music there;
And the far depths of ether beam
So passing fair, we almost dream
That we can rise and wander through
Their open paths of trackless hue.

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,
Each pulse is beating wild,
And thought is soaring to the shrine
Of glory undefiled;
And holy aspirations start
Forth from the temple of the heart,
And chain—for earth's dark ties are riven—
Our spirits to the gate of heaven.

M. S.

THE man who is without an idea, generally has the greatest idea of himself.

RAILROAD REFLECTIONS.

NO. III.

BY LEWIS L. HOUPT.

“MY son,” said a father to his little boy, “have you ever watched a train of cars in motion, and seen with what majesty and grace they move? It is about time for the evening train to the city to pass by; let us sit here and await its coming.” And they drew their chairs out upon the portico, overlooking a beautiful expanse of country. On one side the dark green of the forest was shaded with a deeper hue by the setting sun, whose beams gilded the opposite shore of the noble Susquehanna.

The bosom of the mighty river reflected the thousand gold-tipped clouds that gathered around the sun at his departure, like pages or courtiers attendant upon some powerful king.

It was just at a point where two mountains met and almost kissed each other—around their tops the fleecy clouds, now ruddy with retiring day, gathered in brilliant contrast to the deeper hue of the trees that covered their sides. The gorgeous heavens seemed to open far back into a glorious world, radiant with beauty, almost reminding one of the open gate to Heaven, surrounded by the infinite glory, whilst below, the pleasant valley and quiet river, gave a beauty and repose to the scene that nothing could excel.

But here comes the train—scarcely perceptible but by the distant rumbling of the wheels, and the long line of black smoke that marks its progress. It draws nearer and nearer—it is crowded with passengers on their way to the city.

Now it reaches an ascending grade: the quick breathing of the locomotive becomes slower and more difficult, showing that the engine labors more than before; its speed, too, is decreased in proportion to the weight of the load, and the steepness of the ascent; but having reached the summit, it begins to descend; and so rapidly does it move, owing to the increased momentum acquired by the descending grade, that the engineer, by a short, quick whistle, causes all the brakes to

be applied in order to check the speed, and avoid accident. As in the ascending grade the speed was diminished in proportion to the length and weight of the train, so now, for the same reason, the rapidity is greatly augmented.

Now the cars pass on, freighted with their living cargo, apparently safe and happy, until they are lost to view as the road curves around a distant hill; and yet upon what a slender thread their security depends.

Suppose there should be some defect in the rail or the machinery, or that the engineer in an unguarded moment should discover an obstruction upon the track, and the brakemen be not at their posts, or the brakes out of order, or the tracks slippery, so that they could not stop, how sad to think of the inevitable consequence,—the whole train might be dashed to atoms and destroyed!

But is there nothing in all this analogous to our spiritual life? The track of life is made up of a series of ascending and descending grades, along which we are impelled, just as the train of cars is impelled by the locomotive engine. Sometimes ambition, a desire for wealth or honor, is the motive power—perhaps study, or business-engagements of one kind or another is the great incentive; or it may be some higher motive, such as a desire to please God, or to benefit our fellow-men.

The Christian's life is the ascending grade, requiring difficulties to be overcome; and whether in the daily avocations of life, or in his business relations, his is an up-hill road—his evil desires, corrupt heart, and improper associations all gravitating against him, and making his ascent towards the terminus of life the more slow and tedious; and the greater these evil propensities, the heavier the train of guilt he carries, the more difficult will be his progress. But fear not, Christian! the promise is, that “To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne.”

Then be not discouraged, nor faint, or grow weary in well-doing. Just as the wood and water give new impetus to the engine,

so shall the grace of God enable you to reach the station-house on high.

The impenitent and ungodly man has the descending grade before him; his evil desires and corrupt inclinations all bear him on more and more rapidly down the steep descent—the greater the load of sin, the faster he is hurried onward and downward; every uncrucified lust, every unholy passion unsubdued, but adds steam to the powerful locomotive that drags him downward along the track of life, increasing the danger, and adding to the risk of an awful death.

Sinner! your path is dangerous, and full of obstruction—take heed to your steps.

Intemperate man! pause ere you put the glass to your lips—yours is a slippery track—you may not be able to stop when you wish, and that dreadful moment may suddenly come, that will send you unbidden into the presence of your Maker!

Thou infidel, that darest to despise the threatenings of Almighty God, beware! Your philosophy will not save you—your boasted safeguards will not avail. Oh! take heed, lest when you come to pass through the dark valley, and the shadows of death gather around you, and the signal is given, “Prepare to meet your God,” you find that your brakemen are not at their posts, and your doom is forever sealed.

Oh! thou mere professor of religion, whether old or young, flatter not yourself that you can by a mere outward show of piety, deceive God, and merit Heaven.

Be not deceived, God is not mocked. Therefore, before it is too late, look to your brakes.

THE best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

PUNCH says,—“Matrimony should be a stereoscope, in which two hearts, though they may slightly differ, appear to the observer as one.”

MORAL COURAGE.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

THERE is scarcely any quality which is more frequently the theme of admiration and praise than that which constitutes the subject of the present article. It is a most beautiful trait of character, and, in the formation of habits, is worthy of our serious attention and careful culture. It is a virtue of noble origin, and an essential element of true greatness. It arises from a consciousness of rectitude, and makes a man in the pursuit or defence of truth, superior to a feeling of personal danger, the fear of reproach, opposition, or ridicule. While it renders due respect for the opinions of others, it yet seeks to find the truth, which it maintains at every sacrifice. It is not to be turned away from what it believes to be right by flatteries or denunciations, by the dread of contempt or persecution, by the hope of life or the apprehension of death. It resolutely determines an individual to do his duty at all times, regardless of the consequences that may follow. It is that virtue, which, strong in the belief of its integrity, is not humbled and abashed, though it stands alone,—which, secure in its conscious rectitude, can pursue its own convictions, though the world may smile or frown.* Correctly has it been said, that to stand up against prevailing but pernicious sentiments and practices, to brave the smile of contempt and the finger of scorn, when one knows that he is right, to bid the world laugh on, while we pursue the even tenor of our way, often requires a rarer courage than to face the cannon's mouth, or to expose the life to the fire of a skilful marksman.

This quality has led to some of the finest actions recorded in the annals of the past. History and poetry have painted in vivid colors the daring intrepidity of heroes, and the magnanimity of sages, who have figured in the world's dramas. Many of the ancient heathens possessed this sublime virtue, whose names will be transmitted with unsullied freshness to distant people, and to the most remote ages, whilst Sacred Scrip-

* *Conscia mens recti famæ mendacia ridet.*—OVID.

ture abounds with instances of genuine heroism worthy of study, and designed for our imitation. What a beautiful illustration of this trait is furnished in the life of the intrepid Daniel! How nobly he braves the decree of the monarch on the throne! Although a youth, a stranger, and a captive in a foreign land, cut off from the religious institutions of his native country, surrounded by an idolatrous and licentious court,—the influence of which was to withdraw his heart from God, and to lead him to forget duty—yet nothing could seduce him from what he believed to be right. When he knew that the writing was signed, which destined him to the lions' den, there was no change in the man; although the prospect of a terrible death was before him, yet not a word of apology, remonstrance, or defiance escaped his lips—"he went into his house, and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did *aforetime*."

When Nebuchadnezzar, the proud and infatuated monarch of Babylon, had enriched himself by the conquest of the surrounding nations, he erected a golden image, and ordained that, at a certain signal, every man should prostrate himself before it, in token of adoration, and that if any one refused to comply with the mandate, he would do so at the fearful expense of being cast into the fiery furnace. Although their lives were in great jeopardy, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego refused, from conscientious principle, to submit to this unrighteous requisition. With a noble courage, which could encounter the frown of a mighty tyrant, and even the most appalling horrors of martyrdom, they replied: "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning, fiery furnace; and he will deliver us out of thy hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship thy golden image, which thou hast set up."

It was this same heroism, which Christianity inspires, that enabled Paul, in his dungeon at Philippi, to sing praises to God, and

sustained the Apostles generally, in their efforts to preach "Jesus, and him crucified," amid cruel persecution, and in opposition to a brilliant mythology, which had been regarded with veneration for ages, and in support of which, painting and sculpture had long consecrated their genius. It was in the true elevation of this character, too, that the immortal Reformer defied the thunders of the Vatican, and when cited to appear at the Diet of Worms, said to his friends, who begged him not to go, and presented the example of John Huss, who had been burned alive, under similar circumstances, "I am called in the name of God to go, and I would go, though I were certain to meet as many devils in Worms, as there are tiles on the houses." His was a moral courage that never blanched. He would have defended the truth in opposition to the whole universe. It made no difference who were with him, or who were against him. It was sufficient for him to know that he was right. When he was convinced, too, he was in the path of duty, no human being could have intimidated him; no influences that were brought to bear upon him could have tempted him to swerve from his principles. His language uniformly was, "*Hier stehe ich—ich kann nicht anders—Gott helfe mir!*"

Memorable examples of this spirit have been exhibited by Christian martyrs in the early history of the Church, and by Christian missionaries in later ages, among the heathen. It was this that sustained Schwartz and Judson, and Elliot and Brainard, and enabled Jerome and Huss, and Latimer and Ridley to triumph at the stake, and "to ascend to glory in chariots of fire." With what admiration are we filled for the character of the good and aged Eleazer, high priest of the Jewish Church, whom the haughty Antiochus required to renounce his religion. "Prepare," said the venerable man, "your instruments of torture—kindle your flames to a fiercer rage. I stand without fear, amidst your threatenings, engines, and implements of martyrdom. I will not save these silver locks by violating the laws of my country and of my God." We might point also to

the undaunted Wilberforce, who, through evil as well as good report, persevered in his protracted efforts to secure the abolition of the slave traffic; to the philanthropic Howard in his pilgrimages of mercy to prisons and hospitals, reckless of danger, and regardless of infection, in order that he might alleviate suffering and minister to the comfort of his fellow-men; and to a hundred others, "of whom the world was not worthy," as exemplifications of this noble virtue.

How we love and honor the man who is not afraid nor ashamed to do that which he thinks to be right; who expresses his honest convictions without regard to the unfavorable influence which those opinions may exert; who will stand by the virtuous, when they happen to be unfortunate, and when every one's hand seems turned against the innocent sufferer! Of all kinds of cowardice that is most contemptible which makes a man afraid to have an opinion of his own; which leads him to adopt views merely because they are current in the community in which he lives, and which prevents him from pursuing a course of action required by truth and justice, only because it is unpopular, or may render him odious in the estimation of the people. Physical fear may be involuntary, and therefore excusable, but the moral pusillanimity of the time-serving weather-cock, we despise! If there is any man at whose feet we would bow down with the most sincere expressions of veneration, it is he, who is described by one of our poets, the man like

"Mount Atlas:
Whilst storms and tempests thunders on its brow,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmoved, and glories in its height.

His towering soul,
Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior.*"

Let us then urge upon our young friends the cultivation of that courage, which

* The same sentiment is also beautifully expressed by Horace:

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida, neque Auster,
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis:
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae."

Lib. iii, Car. 3.

shows itself in independent thought, in an intelligent adherence to its convictions of what is true and right. Suffer not yourself to be "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine." After a patient and mature examination of a subject, hold fast to the opinions which you have formed; remain steadfast to your original persuasions, unless there be new and decisive evidence of an opposite kind presented, when it would be obstinacy not to yield to the power of reason. In the second place, having once gained a distinct and impressive perception of truth, the next step is a resolute and decided course of action. Having clearly ascertained the path of duty, and faithfully consulted an enlightened conscience, we must reduce our principles to practice, and steadily pursue our convictions. Our actions must correspond with our decisions. Our hands must be nerved for effort, although there may be a thousand pleas for relaxing exertion. And that direction only which conscience approves, must be given to this activity; although there may be the strongest temptations to a contrary system.

We recommend the culture of this virtue, because it insures our *self-respect*. If we are conscious that we possess no stability of purpose, that our opinions of men and of things are not our own, but are received upon trust—that we do not think our own sentiments, even upon the most common subjects, but merely echo those of others, we may try to respect ourselves, but we cannot. Add to this, that we must often experience the humiliating conviction, that others do not respect us. If a man is a slave to the opinions of others, with no opinion of his own, he cannot be regarded with any other feeling than that of pity or contempt. As we desire then to secure the favorable regard of others, or even of ourselves, we must acquire this habit.

It is the *easiest* course. Such a one is far less embarrassing and perplexing, than a timid and temporizing course. When difficulty and temptation meet us in the way, if we are determined and evince a courage, which threats cannot intimidate or flatteries influence, those who would seduce us from

the path of rectitude, will soon retire from the conflict and abandon their efforts. But if, when tempted, we show a disposition to temporize and to yield, we will be perpetually in trouble. In every instance in which we surrender the least ground to our enemies, we encourage them to renew their demands upon us.

Such a course is *essential to our usefulness*. The want of this quality diminishes our opportunities of doing good. Many deeds, which have been succeeded by the most important and permanent benefits to society, could never have been accomplished without this virtue. What immense advantages did the Jewish nation and the world derive, under God, from the course which Moses adopted! Yet nothing but true moral courage could have persuaded him to reject the great temporal superiority which was offered him as "the son of Pharaoh's daughter," and "to suffer affliction with the people of God." In the possession of this virtue, under the influence of the Divine guidance and teaching, our labors will be much more successful. The very fact that we are conscious of doing right, will render our exertions easier and more pleasant. If we enjoy the confidence and respect of those around us, our means of usefulness will be multiplied. An energy and an efficiency will be imparted to our efforts, apparent in every work in which we engage.

It is the *safest* course we can adopt. It furnishes a security against false principles and corrupt practices. How many of the young are there, who, without this power, have had their prospects blighted, and become the victims of pernicious and fatal error! Although conscience may have remonstrated, they could not resist the current, and have made shipwreck of their character. A vacillatory course will always involve us in difficulty. It is ever accompanied with danger. A decided course, based upon enlightened principle and upright intentions, will secure for us the special care and protection of Heaven, although there may be no miraculous interposition, when we are brought into circumstances of peril. If difficulties and trials do seem to environ our path, we shall be delivered from them, in

some way, which we had not anticipated. Even if we should be called to encounter death, in the discharge of duty, it is still the safest course—for it is most emphatically true in this case, that "he that loseth his life shall find it"—and our departure from this world will be only an admission to richer joys and purer and unending pleasure, at the right hand of the Father.

Such a course secures *peace and comfort* for us during life; because thus only can we "have always a conscience void of offence." Without an approving conscience we cannot expect to be happy. "Conscience makes cowards" of those who are guilty. Its accusations produce misgivings, and fill us with dismay. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." The individual who has acted on this principle, will experience no inward trepidation. He may be calm, fixed in his purpose, and heroic in action. He has also laid the foundation for a peaceful and happy death. When flesh and heart are failing, he can look back with satisfaction to the past, and forward with confidence to the rewards of the future. In the triumphant language of the Apostle, he can exclaim, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

The most effectual means of securing the result so earnestly desired, is to cherish a profound sense of God's constant presence, and our responsibility to Him for all our conduct. An habitual impression of this kind, will render us comparatively unconcerned in reference to the censure and praise of our fellow men; and will lead us to consider every other subject of little importance, compared with the simple subject of duty. And the result of this must be, that we will carefully and honestly decide what is right, and will act with undoubted courage.

Let it then be our constant effort, by consistent exercise, to give development to the *moral nerve*. Let it be our determined resolution to do our duty, at all times and at all hazards. Let us never be afraid to

stand alone in a good cause. Let us remain inflexible, although the world may smile, ridicule, sneer, and authority frown. If the world spread before us its seductive and brilliant snares, we must not listen to the voice that would lead us astray; if difficulties and trials crowd our pathway in life, we must press forward in our course "toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Thus will we travel onward in our journey to the tomb, cheered by the evidences of God's gracious presence; and beyond it we will be permitted to "walk over the plains of immortality, in the full radiance of the Redeemer's throne!"

FRAGMENTS OF GERMAN HYMNS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

I. CHRISTMAS.

JOYOUSLY my heart is springing,
 'Tis the time,
 Of the chime
 Of angelic singing;
 Hark! the heaven with songs is riven—
 All the sky
 Echoes high,
 Christ to man is given.

PAUL GERHARDT.

II. ETERNITY.

Eternity! Eternity!
 How long art thou, Eternity!
 While God continues God to be,
 The pains of hell shall stretch through thee,
 The bliss of heaven through thee shall flow,—
 Unending bliss—unending woe!

WUFLER.

III. NIGHT.

Day has faded into night,
 And the golden stars grow bright
 In the courts of yon blue skies;
 Starlike thus my soul shall shine,
 Summoned by a voice divine
 From this lowly vale of sighs.

PAUL GERHARDT.

IV. SLEEPING CHILDREN.

IMITATED FROM PAUL GERHARDT.

Smile in your happy dreaming,
 Your couch by God is spread,
 A heavenly light is streaming
 Around your sleeping head—
 'Tis the golden armor gleaming,
 Of hosts that guard your bed.

(For the Lutheran Home Journal.)

THE RUINED VOTARY OF FALSE AMBITION.

I AM sick and faint, on this dizzy height,
 Where the unbound storms in their fury blow,
 And the fearful gloom of eternal night,
 Shuts out from my spirit the sunset glow;
 O, for one glad beam of morn's golden ray,—
 O, for one sweet kiss of the summer breeze,—
 When the crimson flush of the rising day,
 Wakes up the gray shadows 'neath forest trees.

There calm 'neath the light of God's azure sky
 Smiles out a home from the o'erhanging leaves,
 Green sloping vales, by silver waters lie,
 And blossoms cluster round the casement eaves;
 There faith keeps guard beside the cottage gate,
 And love gives welcome by the lowly door,
 There too, I know, fond hearts with yearning
 wait,—

Watch, weep, and pray, for one whose peace is
 o'er.

I stretch my arms in anguish, where the gleam
 Of purple eve now decks the misty hill;
 Soft looks from dark eyes haunt me, and I dream
 That by the hearthstone I behold them still:
 I cast life's pure white lilies to the blast,
 My blushing roses from their stems are torn.
 Now I would cherish them,—the time is past,
 And I am wounded by a piercing thorn.

Ah! I heard a voice up the mountain side,
 And it spoke of crowns for the victor's brow,
 Till a burning thrill swept, with mighty tide,
 Through the soul it is wasting, even now
 It said, "In my palace of shining gold,
 Fair pictures look down from the dazzling walls,
 And rich ruby caskets king's treasures hold,
 And stars of fire light up the marble halls.

"Thou shalt dwell with monarchs, the great of yore,
 With the poets of burning thought, and song,
 Laurels wreath the high shrines they bow before,
 And fadeless garlands their pathways along:
 Up, up, to yon portal, speed on, arise!
 Haste thou to fame's glory, and endless bliss,
 Tear out from thy heart thy low human ties,
 We spurn trembling love, in a world like this."

My soul drank in those words as nectar sweet—
 I could not turn, nor pause to say farewell;
 In toiling pain, in tears, and scorching heat,
 I panted on to find that joy;—it fell.
 Fell! for no castle walls shone proudly there;
 Decay, and dust of thousands, met my view,
 Cold chills swept o'er me, and wan, black despair,
 Stood by to mock me; it alone, was true.

I heard in other days, of One divine,
 Whose words were powerful all wounds to heal;
 He giveth sleep to those for rest who pine,
 And on their foreheads His own mark doth seal;
 He calleth gently, sweetly, to His blest,—
 "Come, my beloved, bind your sandals on!"
 Then to that faithful bosom kindly pressed,
 In the dark vale, His arm they lean upon.

If I had strength, if I had *time* to bear
My feeble limbs to find His cross, and live,
Poor guilty souls, I know, can meet Him there,—
He hears their sighs, and He will pardon give;
My lips should kiss the dust His footsteps trod,
If I might cleanse my vestment where He bled,
I would not shrink from the chastising rod,
If by the righteous hand that smote me led.

Off, hellborn demons! with your serpent fangs!
They drag me, thrust me to yon flaming brink.
Oh God! thus frenzied, torn by burning pangs,
To torments greater, endless, I must sink.
O mercy! mercy! thou avenging Judge, yet just!
Earth! heaven! hear my wild, despairing cry!
The flesh was weak—I was a slave to lust!—
Is there no answer? Hopeless, lost, I die!

READING, PENNA., November, 1856.

A.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY REV. M. SHEELEIGH.

I.

TO-DAY repeat the story
Of our Redeemer's birth,
Which angel-hands from glory,
Proclaimed in joy to earth.
Come, raise your voice to heaven,
The tidings hymn again,
That peace on earth is given,
And God's good-will to men.

II.

Dismiss your thoughts of sadness,
Swell forth a joyful voice;
Let angel-songs of gladness
Make every heart rejoice.
Prolong the gracious story,
Repeat it still again,
That God, from highest glory,
Came down to dwell with men.

III.

Let every land and nation
The isles and ocean meet,
In bringing an oblation
To our Emmanuel's feet.
O, haste the day all glorious,
Which poet-prophets sing,
When, o'er the world victorious,
Our Saviour reigns the King!

IV.

From temple and from dwelling
Raise ye the anthem high,
That hill to valley swelling,
Make shore to shore reply.
All Adam's sons and daughters,
Roll forth your songs of praise;
With voice like many waters,
Your alleluias raise!

VALATIE, N. Y., November, 1856.

MARIA GRAFTON;

OR, LET EVERY GIRL CHOOSE HER OWN
HUSBAND.

SEATED in a pleasant chamber, was a young lady, the daughter of one of the most aristocratic merchants in New England. He had risen from obscurity, and by a course, although not strictly honest, yet in accordance with the practice of some of the wealthiest merchants in the country, had amassed a large amount of property. With him *wealth* was everything; he knew nothing of happiness, save when it was considered in the scale of dollars and cents; and it needed only that a man be wealthy, no matter by what means he became so, to insure respect.

His residence was but a few miles from the city of Boston, and it was one of the most beautiful in that vicinity. No pains had been spared to make it worthy of notice, for Mr. Grafton was a man fond of praise. His youngest daughter, Maria, was now the only child remaining at home. Two sons, on whom he had placed his hopes for the reputation of his family name, and on whom he had designed to bestow the greater portion of his wealth, died ere they had attained to manhood. Of three daughters, two were married, leaving Maria with her father, who loved her next perhaps to his money.

Sad were the thoughts of the fair girl, as she sat alone in her chamber; but they were soon interrupted. The voice of her father summoned her to the parlor. When she descended, she found he was accompanied by a young man named Stevens, who had, some time previous, offered his hand to Maria, but not content with her refusal, and knowing the attachment of her father to wealth, he called him to aid. Maria raised her eyes as she entered the room, but as she saw Stevens, turned her head and seated herself by the window. Her father addressed her, presenting Stevens, and informed her that it was his wish that she should accept him as her future husband. Maria informed her father that she had rejected Mr. Stevens once, and that even did she *love* him, which she was very certain she did not, her own

judgment taught her better than to risk her happiness in his hands.

"What do you know of *love!*" said Mr. Grafton; "and why are you unwilling to risk your happiness with him? His wealth is sufficient to procure every comfort, and his character is——"

"*Infamous!*" interrupted Maria, looking him full in the face.

Stevens turned pale, and his lips quivered with rage, and the anger of her father scarcely knew bounds. At length, pointing his finger at Stevens, he inquired—

"And what do you know of his character?"

"Enough to convince me that my words are true," answered Maria.

"My daughter," said Grafton, assuming a milder tone, "though you may have heard reports unfavorable to Mr. Stevens, believe me, they are without foundation. He is one of the wealthiest men in the city."

"He may be all that you *think* he is," said Maria, "but I cannot marry him."

"You may go to your chamber," said the father; "I am determined that Henry Stevens shall be my son-in-law, and you must marry him or quit my house. I will neither own nor support an ungrateful and disobedient daughter. To-morrow I shall expect your answer."

Maria knew too well the character of her father to make any reply. A crisis had arrived which she had for some days feared. She knew that her refusal of Stevens would bring down his wrath on her head, and had written to both her sisters, stating the circumstances, and requesting, in case her father should drive her from the house, the privilege of remaining a short time with them. Their husbands had married them more on account of the wealth of their father, than for any affection they had felt for them, and they feared, if they gave Maria a home, their father would disinherit them. Such is the effect which wealth has on the affections.

Maria retired to her chamber, and after giving vent to a flood of tears, deliberated on what course to pursue. One thing was certain, she was determined not to marry Stevens. The next thing was, how could she obtain a living? After thinking of the

matter for some time, she said to herself, "Well, I have a good constitution and can labor; but how would it appear for the daughter of the rich Mr. Grafton, to go about the city seeking employment?" This would not answer. At last she concluded, that, rather than remain in the city, she would go to some village, and, if possible, obtain employment. At this moment she recollected having heard one of the housemaids speak of being employed in a factory, and she descended to the kitchen.

"Hannah," said she, addressing the girl, "I heard you a few days since speak of working in a factory; how did you like it there?"

"O, I liked it very much, Miss Maria, and should have remained there, had my health been good."

"Was the work harder than your work here?" inquired Maria.

"No, ma'am, I don't think it was, but it was more confined."

"Will you tell me where it was?" again inquired Maria.

The girl gave the required information, and also the name of the overseer of the room where she had worked, and the name of the lady with whom she boarded, adding, "she is the kindest woman I ever saw."

The mind of Maria was now made up. She decided upon entering a factory. Another difficulty now presented itself. Would her father allow her to take her clothing and what money she had; she determined if he should still adhere to his resolution to ask him the question.

In the morning she met her father at the breakfast table. At length her father inquired—

"Well, Maria, have you concluded to marry Mr. Stevens?"

Maria hesitated for a moment, but said firmly, "I have not."

"You heard my determination last night," said he; "I now repeat it. You must marry Henry Stevens, or quit my house."

"I cannot marry him, father," said she, "sooner would I quit, not only this house, but the world."

"Then go!" said he, angrily, rising from his chair.

"Shall I take my clothes?" asked Maria.

“Yes; and never let me see or hear from you again,” said he, slamming the door violently, and leaving her alone.

Maria sank back in her chair, and wept bitterly. For a moment she seemed almost inclined to comply with his wish; but the idea that she must be forever linked to a villain, and suffer reproach if his villainies were discovered, was more than she could bear, and she preferred the anguish of separating from her friends, free, and with honor, to that of marrying Stevens. She hastily packed up her things, and in a few hours left her father's house.

As she passed through the city of Boston, where her sisters resided, a desire sprang up to see them—but from their recent treatment she dared not visit them, and she also feared again meeting her father.—

Maria was well furnished with clothing, and had about twenty-five dollars in money. Although she had been surrounded with wealth, she never till now knew the value of money. A thousand reflections, doubts, and fears crossed her mind, as she was pursuing her journey to the place designated by the girl of whom she had inquired in her father's kitchen; and though she felt sad at the thought of being driven from home, she could scarce suppress a smile at the awkwardness with which she should engage in any kind of labor.

She at last arrived at the house of Mrs. D——, the lady designated by Hannah, and easily obtained board in the family. She also learned that Mr. P., the overseer whose name she had taken, was in want of help.

It is unnecessary for us to follow the fortunes of Maria through their various channels. She entered the factory, learned to work, and found many friends; among whom, and the only one it would be of interest to the reader to name, was Caroline Perkins, a girl about her own age. These two soon became intimate friends. In the factory their looms were next to each other, and they occupied the same room at their boarding house. They were much attached to Mrs. D——, with whom they boarded, and she in turn evinced a deep interest in their welfare.

About six months after Maria entered the

factory, an incident occurred which bound, if possible, the two friends closer to each other. One evening, as they were in their chamber, and Caroline was engaged in re-packing a large trunk, Maria, who was looking on, was rather surprised at the amount of clothing and jewelry possessed by Caroline, and jokingly inquired if her beau was a jeweller.

Caroline blushed, and after some hesitation informed Maria that her father had once been wealthy, but at his death it was ascertained that his property, though amply sufficient to pay his own debts, would be swept away by the failure of some friends for whom he had indorsed notes. The creditors had allowed her to keep everything given her by her father except the piano. She also told her, that although she might have supported herself by music-teaching, she preferred working in a factory to remaining among those, who, though they were once intimate friends, would consider her, after the loss of wealth, as far below them.

Maria repaid Caroline by telling her own history, and her reason for leaving home, and corroborated her story by the display of jewelry and other trinkets her father had allowed her to take.

Probably there never were two persons who enjoyed themselves better than these two girls. None save themselves knew their history, and, as their natural dispositions were not arrogant, they never appeared to be above their fellow-laborers. For two years they remained together, at the end of which Caroline was married, and at the urgent request of herself and husband, Maria was induced to leave the factory, for a while at least, and take up her abode with them.

One day, while Maria was engaged in perusing a paper which had been left at the house, her eyes fell on a paragraph stating that Mr. Henry Stevens, who had always been considered a wealthy merchant, was arrested and committed to prison for committing heavy forgeries. She handed it to Caroline, with a shudder, exclaiming, “As I expected.” The next brought intelligence that no doubt was entertained of his guilt; and that Mr. Grafton, if not entirely ruined, would be a heavy loser on account of his

villanies, as he hired of him a large sum of money. For a moment Maria indulged in the idea of immediately visiting her father; but after consulting with Caroline, concluded to write to him, which she did—begged his pardon for not obeying him, and and requested him to receive her again to his arms, adding, as a postscript, that she “had one hundred dollars which she would send him, if he was in want of money to pay his losses by Stevens.” Her father read her letter with feelings more of sorrow than anger, but at the end of it, broke out in a hearty laugh, exclaiming—

“Well, women are the best judges of rascals.”

In a few days he visited Maria, expressing his regret for the sorrow he had caused her, and requested her to return with him. Maria complied with his request, and became once more an inmate of her early home. Her father endeavored by every means to make her happy, as an atonement for past wrongs; and when, about a year after, she asked his consent to her marriage with a mechanic, without wealth, he answered, “Do as you please, Maria; I have learned to let every girl choose her own husband.”

LEPROSY.

THE awful disease of leprosy still exists in Africa. Whether it be the same leprosy as that mentioned in the Bible, I do not know; but it is regarded as perfectly incurable, and so infectious that no one dares to come near the leper. In the south of Africa there is a large lazarus-house for lepers. It is an immense space, inclosed by a very high wall and containing fields which the lepers cultivate. There is only one entrance, which is strictly guarded. When any one is found with the mark of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate and obliged to enter in, never to return. No one who enters in by that awful gate is ever allowed to come out again. Within this abode of misery there are multitudes of lepers in all the stages of the disease. Dr. Helbeck, a missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighboring hill, saw them at work. He noticed two particularly,

sowing peas in the field. The one had no hands, the other had no feet—these members being wasted away by disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other who wanted the feet, upon his back, and he, again, carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot, and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Ah! how little we know of the misery that is in this world! Such is this prison-house of disease! But you will ask, who cares for the souls of the hapless inmates? Who will forsake father and mother, houses and land, to carry the message of a Saviour to these poor lepers? Two Moravian missionaries, impelled by a divine love for souls, have chosen this lazarus-house as their field of labor. They entered it never to come out again. And, I am told, that as soon as they die, other Moravians are quite ready to fill their place. Ah! my dear friends, may we not blush and be ashamed before God, that we, redeemed with the same blood, and taught by the same spirit, should yet be so unlike these men in vehement, heart-consuming love to Jesus and the souls of men.—*McCheyne.*

HOME.

A MAN'S house is his earthly Paradise. It should be, of all other spots, that which he leaves with most regret, and to which he turns with most delight. And in order that it may be so, it should be his daily task to provide everything convenient and comfortable, and even the tasteful and beautiful should not be neglected.

A few sunny pictures in simple frames shrined,
A few precious volumes—the wealth of the mind;
And here and there treasured some rare gem of art,
To kindle the fancy, or soften the heart;
Thus richly surrounded, why, why, should I roam?
Oh! am I not happy, most happy, at home?

THE POWER OF THE BIBLE.—It was not Saxon Confessions, neither was it Saxon Liturgies, that broke the pillars of Popery on the Continent of Europe; but it was the *Bible*, translated and circulated by Martin Luther.—*Dean Milner.*

A FRIGHTFUL BATTLE-FIELD.

ALLISON gives a thrilling description of the appearance of the ground on which the famous battle of Eylau was fought on the morning after the battle :

"Never was spectacle so dreadful as the field of battle presented on the following morning. Above fifty thousand men lay in the space of two leagues, weltering in blood. The wounds were, for the most part, of the severest kind, from the extraordinary quantity of cannon-balls discharged during the action, and the close proximity of the contending masses of the deadly batteries which spread grape at half musket-shot through their ranks. Though stretched on the cold snow, and exposed to the severity of an Arctic winter, they were burning with thirst, and piteous cries were heard on all sides for water, or assistance to extricate the wounded men from beneath the heaps of slain, or loads of horses, by which they were crushed.

"Six thousand of these noble animals encumbered the field, or, maddened with pain, were shrieking aloud amidst the stifled groans of the wounded. Subdued by the loss of blood, tamed by the cold, exhausted by hunger, the foemen lay side by side amidst the general wreck. The Cosack was to be seen beside the Italian; the gay vine-dresser, from the smiling banks of the Garonne, lay athwart the stern peasant of the Ukraine. The extremity of suffering had extinguished alike the fiercest and the most generous passions. After his usual custom, Napoleon, in the afternoon, rode through the dreadful field, accompanied by his Generals and staff, while the still burning piles of Serpallen and Saussgraten sent volumes of black smoke over the scene of death; but the men exhibited none of their wonted enthusiasm; no cries of *Vive l'Empereur* were heard; the bloody surface echoed only with the cries of suffering, or the groans of woe."

FROM LUTHER.—Truth is stronger than eloquence; the spirit is mightier than genius; faith is greater than learning.

DEVOTION.

DEVOTION implies sincere gratitude to God, for all his benefits. This is a warmer emotion than simple veneration. Veneration looks up to the Deity, as he is in himself; gratitude regards what he is towards us. When a devout man surveys this vast universe, where beauty and goodness are everywhere predominant; when he reflects on those numberless multitudes of creatures, who, in their different stations, enjoy the blessings of existence; and when at the same time he looks up to a Universal Father, who hath thus filled creation with life and happiness, his heart glows within him. He adores that disinterested goodness which prompted the Almighty to raise up so many orders of intelligent beings, not that he might receive, but that he might give and impart; that he might pour forth himself, and communicate to the spirits which he formed, some emanations of his felicity.

The goodness of the Supreme Benefactor he gratefully contemplates, as displayed in his own state. He reviews the events of his life, and in every comfort which has sweetened it he discerns the Divine hand. Does he remember with affection the parents under whose care he grew up, and the companions with whom he passed his youthful life? Is he now happy, in his family rising around him, in the spouse who loves him, or in the children who give him comfort and joy? Into every tender remembrance of the past, and every pleasing enjoyment of the present, devotion enters; for in all those beloved objects it recognizes God. The communication of love from heart to heart is an effusion of his goodness. From his inspiration descends all the friendship which ever glowed on earth; and, therefore, to him it justly returns in gratitude, and terminates on him.

TO PARENTS.—Childhood is like a mirror—catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate upon a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after-scouring can efface.

SACRED POETS.

WHOSE NAMES ARE FOUND IN THE HYMN-BOOK OF
THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH.

BY REV. M. SHEELEIGH.

I. JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!"

C. WESLEY.

THE subjects of this sketch, the Revs. John and Charles Wesley, Providence raised up to do a great work in the kingdom of Christ. They were Reformers; and, like the *great* Reformer, Dr. Luther, God had gifted them with the spirit of poetry, to enable them the more effectually to accomplish the great work to which they were called. These men were brothers—brothers natural and spiritual—brothers in labor and song: their histories are therefore so blended together, that should one attempt to present their lives successively, it would be necessary, in great measure, to travel over the same ground a second time. This explains the reason why they are not here separated.

The two Wesleys sprung from a family of eighteen or nineteen children, and were the sons of a minister of the Gospel, Rev. Samuel Wesley, of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, England, at which place they were born. John was born June 17th, 1703; and Charles, December 18th, 1708.

Their parents were deeply pious; and their mother, in the government and tuition of the family, exercised the strictest discipline, even to the minutest points of morals and manners. All the children received from her their instruction in the rudiments of their education. The impression which their mother made upon the subjects of this article in their earliest years, was doubtless that which laid the foundation for that method, decision, and uprightness of character, which rendered them so distinguished and useful in the days of their manhood. What a lesson is this for every parent to consider!

Having early enjoyed the advantages of

good schools, they at proper ages entered Oxford University, where they were, in due time, both graduated. At college they formed an association with a few others, who were like-minded, for religious improvement; the members of which were so distinguished for their *methodical* habits in attending to their studies and religious duties, that a student reproachfully applied to them the name *Methodist*. This was the origin of the name now borne by the denomination of Christians which originated with the Wesleys. Among those who were early members of the association referred to, were two persons, who also, in after life, became distinguished: James Hervey, who wrote the "Meditations;" and George Whitefield, the eloquent preacher of his day. The brothers, after receiving their degree, were both engaged for some time as tutors in the University.

In 1735, they were prevailed upon to accompany Gen. Oglethorpe across the Atlantic, to the new colony in Georgia, which had been commenced under the auspices of George II. Oglethorpe, who was the governor of the colony, intended John as a missionary to the Indians, and Charles as secretary to himself. John had, for some years, been ordained a minister; and Charles, who had refused to enter the ministry, now consented to receive ordination, that, on his arrival in America, he might also attend to the spiritual interests of the people. During their voyage, they formed the acquaintance of a number of pious Germans, who were emigrating to Georgia; and from them they learned much of the true nature and spirit of piety. After passing through a severe school of adverse circumstances, in which the Lord was training them for a work they knew not of, they returned to England,—Charles in 1736, and John in 1738.

According to the most accredited Life of Charles Wesley, a large octavo volume of 797 pages, by Thomas Jackson, of England, published in 1841, it appears, in the language of Charles and his brother John, that it was only in the year 1738 that they first learned fully to know, by experience, the nature of saving faith in Jesus Christ. They

acknowledge themselves wonderfully indebted for clearer views to Peter Boehler, a deeply devoted Moravian minister, who had been educated at the University of Jena, a Lutheran institution, and had come to London, on his way from Germany to America, as missionary to the slaves. Soon after Mr. B.'s departure, Charles was led to hope in Christ. But the instrument which, according to his own account, was divinely employed especially to instruct him in the true nature of faith, was Luther's "Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians." His own language is, "I now found myself at peace with God. I saw that by faith I stood." Only a few days after this, John wrote in his diary concerning himself: "In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society [of Moravians] in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's 'Preface to the Epistle to the Romans.' About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation. I then testified openly to all there, what I now first felt in my heart." We might call this Apostolical succession, had the term not been so much abused in its application.

"To the principles which John and Charles Wesley recognized in the act of their conversion, they steadily adhered to the end of their lives." For twelve or thirteen years had the former, and the latter for ten, been seeking peace without finding it. Thus were these men, in this view at least, trained for their work in a manner similar to that in which the same Hand had two centuries before perfected the chief of Reformers for his. They all thoroughly learned to *know and feel* that we are justified by faith, and not by works—that we must renounce ourselves and fly to Christ. It was during this year that John made a journey to Germany, for the purpose of visiting the Moravians at Herrnhuth and other settlements. During his absence he met many pious ministers and others, from whom he gained much religious instruction, that was of lasting benefit to him and his brother in their subsequent labors.

The brothers now commenced earnestly preaching the word of life. At this time great ignorance and formality in religion very extensively prevailed in England. Richard Watson, one of John Wesley's biographers, says, "Infidelity began its ravages upon the principles of the higher and middle classes; the mass of the people remained uneducated, and were Christians but in name, and by virtue of their baptism; while many of the great doctrines of the Reformation were banished both from the universities and the pulpits." It might well have been presumed, then, that when these earnest men commenced holding forth a religion of faith and life, they would meet with violent opposition from all classes of society. The churches generally were closed against them, and in some instances their lives were greatly endangered. But without being intimidated, knowing in whom was their hope and their help, they proclaimed the Gospel wherever opportunity offered, and from day to day. They also, in connection with their intimate and sympathizing friend, George Whitefield, commenced field-preaching. On these occasions there were often many thousands collected together in the open air, and thus the Gospel was extensively preached to the poor. Gradually churches were organized, other ministers raised up, and their work extended into various parts of the kingdom and beyond it. They both at different times visited Wales and Scotland, and John crossed over to Holland and other places. An extensive system of church organization was gradually developed, many hints in regard to which John had derived from the Moravians.

In 1769, a beginning was made to send ministers to America, whither numbers of their converts had emigrated. In pursuance of this a system of government for their ministers and churches here was also established. All these varied and extensive movements John shaped into an organized system, and exerted a guardian and controlling power over the whole. At the same time he was himself busily engaged in preaching, and yet found time to write many books on a great variety of subjects.

The lives of these eminent men were

strongly expressive of the power of Christianity to beautify and elevate our fallen humanity. They eminently sought to honor God and to do good to men. They sometimes differed in their views as to policy, and did not hesitate to remind each other of what they regarded as faults; but even then, they were ready to concede to one another honesty and conscientiousness of purpose. In some comparative observations on these two brothers, Jackson remarks, "They entertained precisely the same views concerning the nature and importance of true religion, and the manner of its attainment. Yet their characters were very dissimilar. Charles was the child of feeling and emotion; and John of intellect, who demanded a reason for everything." Rev. Henry Moore, one of John's biographers, as regards their preaching, says: "John's preaching was all principles; Charles's, all aphorisms." In person, they are said to have been both considerably under medium size.

Charles was married in 1749, and lived a happy domestic life. John married in 1751, but proved to have made a very unhappy choice. At length, when their work on earth was completed, they passed away in a good old age, in the peace and hope of the Gospel. Charles died in London, March 29th, 1788, in his eightieth year. John died also in London, March 2d, 1791, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-sixth of his ministry.

But let us now view these brothers as Christian poets. Their father and grandfather, together with their brother Samuel, and others of the family, were known to some extent as writers of poetry. This fact would seem to agree with the saying that poets are born, not made.

At a very early day in the public career of the Wesleys, they published a hymn book for their people, compiled from various sources, and interspersed with compositions of their own. Gradually other books appeared, whose hymns were wholly their joint production. But it is to be regretted that, as they chose not to designate the authors of the individual hymns, some difficulty still exists, and will probably always remain, in regard to a few, in determining

to which of the brothers to refer their authorship. Charles distinguished himself more as a poet than John, on account of the extent to which he exercised his gift. And yet, when their hymns are comparatively tested by a judicious standard of lyrical excellence, it must generally be admitted that if John had found more time to cultivate his poetic talent, he might at least have equalled, if not excelled, his brother in celebrity as a hymnologist. Though perhaps not greatly endowed by nature with the first elements of a poet, he has generally displayed more artistic taste and fewer extravagances of expression. It is, indeed, owing, in great measure, to his judgment and discrimination that the best of Charles's hymns were selected and revised for Christian use. It would doubtless have been better for the merit of what Charles might have written, had he produced far less. He would then have been able to improve the literary finish. A great proportion of what he has written will fall away and be forgotten; but there are some of his sacred songs that will ever be dear to the heart of the true Christian. They express so much earnestness, and breathe such a spirit of piety, that the devoted one will always sympathize with them.

The hymns of Charles Wesley amount to several thousands in number. They enter almost every department of Christian doctrine, experience, and practice. During the last fifty years of his life he published, in connection with his brother, and separately, between thirty and forty volumes of sacred poetry. Some of these were entirely occupied with distinct subjects; as for instance, "Hymns on the Lord's Supper, Hymns on the Trinity, Hymns on God's Everlasting Love." His poetry is written in upwards of thirty different metres. Verse was "a vehicle in which his thoughts flowed in the most natural manner, especially when his feelings were excited." "It was in devotional poetry that his emotions, both of joy and sorrow, found their most natural and appropriate expression."

There is found among the hymns of the Wesleys a number translated from the German. It has long been a matter of discus-

sion which of the brothers performed the labor of rendering these in English. But it is now pretty generally agreed, by those who have made it a subject of special inquiry, that the credit belongs to John. It is well known that he visited the Moravians in Germany, and was conversant with their language; while there is no evidence that Charles understood the German at all. John himself, in speaking of his intercourse with the Moravians on the voyage to America, adds, "I translated many of their hymns for the use of our own congregations." Besides all this, Charles's daughter, when questioned on the subject, gave it as her opinion that her uncle had executed all the translations from the German.

These translations much exceed in number John's original hymns. Watson, in speaking of the translated hymns, derives "one from the Spanish, 'O God, my God, my all Thou art,' &c.; one from the French, 'Come, Saviour Jesus, from above;' and the others from the German hymns of the Lutheran and Moravian Churches." Those from the German have generally been referred to the Moravians; but it is known that this people employed many Lutheran hymns. The two glorious hymns, "Give to the winds thy fears," and "Commit thou all thy griefs," are both from one German hymn, "*Befehl du deine Wege,*" by Paul Gerhard, who was a Lutheran minister, and the most distinguished hymnologist of Germany. The excellent hymn, "Jesus, Thy boundless love to me," is another translation from Gerhard.

Although it is generally conceded that Charles Wesley did not translate from the German, he was still known to translate occasionally from other languages. It is interesting to follow him further to the sources from which he largely gathered his materials. In the preface to one of his poetical works, he remarks, "Many of the thoughts are borrowed from Mr. Henry's Comment, Dr. Gell on the Pentateuch, and Bengelius on the New Testament." Thus we find that he often turned the discussions of heavy Commentaries into hymns, sometimes varying very little in their general arrangement. To many it may be acceptable

to be informed that Dr. Bengelius, to whom he acknowledges indebtedness, was a distinguished Lutheran divine, eminent for his learning and piety, who died in 1752. Jackson also remarks, that "many of John Wesley's Notes on the New Testament are translated from the works of this celebrated critic and expositor."

In the Lutheran Hymn Book we find about sixty of Charles Wesley's hymns, and about half a dozen of John's. In addition to the translations already designated, the 455th hymn, beginning, "How happy is the pilgrim's lot," is from the pen of the latter. The 867th, commencing, "Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness," Mr. Creamer, the author of the book on "Methodist Hymnology," tells us, "is a translation from the German of Count Zinzendorf, embracing twenty-four stanzas." The 384th, "I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God," is a translation from the German. Another produced by him is the Morning Hymn, No. 622, "We lift our hearts to Thee."

Of Charles's hymns, No. 324, "O love divine, how sweet thou art!" and No. 423, "Love divine, all love excelling," are full of their author's energy and devotion, and are strongly expressive of ardent love and a longing after holiness. Those commencing, "Sinners, turn, why will ye die?" and "What could your Redeemer do?" are parts of the same composition, of sixteen stanzas, founded on Ezekiel 18 : 31. They would not readily be spared from the hymn books of the times. The hymn, "And am I only born to die?" is a solemn and dignified consideration of the great work of life, and is a general favorite, especially from the third stanza. Another, in a kindred strain, is, "Thou God of glorious majesty." It has been said that this was written while standing on Land's End, the southwestern point of England, a high granite cliff running out into the sea; and that the circumstance accounts for the figure in the second stanza. Among others of this author's pieces that have become well known, may be named, "O for a thousand tongues to sing;" "Arise, my soul, arise;" "Thou great, mysterious God unknown;" "Christ, the Lord, has risen to-day;" "How do thy mercies

close me round;" "Draw near, O Son of God, draw near;" "Arm of the Lord, awake, awake." It must suffice to make simple references, as it does not fall in with the design of these articles to present minute criticisms.

As the reader will sometimes find a discrepancy between the authorship of hymns, as here given, and as found in the index of his Hymn Book, the writer deems it proper to add an explanation. The original list of authors for the Hymn Book was prepared by the writer at the solicitation of his friend and pastor, Rev. J. McCron, for the revising committee, appointed by the General Synod of 1848. Not knowing what the committee were doing, it was necessary to use the Hymn Book as it then was. But, behold, when the first revised edition of the book left the press, it appeared, to the mortification of all who understood the matter, that, although the committee had substituted about fifty hymns in the body of the book, and made an entirely new arrangement, and a considerable addition in the Appendix, they had overlooked the necessity of making a corresponding transfer of the names of authors, but left them to stand opposite the old numbers. By the request of an active member of the committee, the writer, in 1851, revised the whole for a subsequent edition; and again, in 1854, for the miniature edition, at the request of the publisher, as the corrections made in the first revision had not all been faithfully printed, and other errors had crept in. The committee have also made some corrections and added names. The 48mo., or miniature edition, contains, therefore, the most reliable list of authors. This will be copied into other sizes, and will from time to time receive additions.

VALATIE, N. Y.

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.—Lieut. Maury, of the National Observatory at Washington, in a lecture in New York, said, "I have always found in my scientific studies, that when I could get the Bible to say anything upon the subject, it afforded me a firm platform to stand upon, and another round in the ladder by which I could safely ascend."

(For the Home Journal.)

DEATH.

I HEAR the tramp of a curbless steed,
As he rushes by with furious speed,
I feel the chill of his queaking breath,
I fear to look up at his rider, Death.

I dread the flash of his fiery eye,
And closely clasp, as he hurries by,
My beautiful to my trembling breast,
I yield them not to his wild behest.

Far off in the mystic olden time,
I heard him named in the nursery rhyme,
And shuddering thought, as the winds moaned by,
'Twas the reckless steed and his rider nigh!

I looked in each face of the loved ones near,
But gazing my forehead grew white with fear,
As a whisper deep from each pale lip fell,
"O, spare thou the darlings we love so well!"

But a laugh rang out on the sighing breeze,
A mocking laugh, our blood to freeze;
We looked in the eyes of the household pride—
They were glazing o'er with oblivion's tide!

I saw 'mid the glare of the festal hall
A shadowy vision, grim and tall—
He stood by the side of the fairest there,
Till his icy breath swept her shining hair!

But wilder still poured the burning song,
Then a hush fell deep on the listening throng,
And a wailing sound from the falling lute,
As the eye grew dim and the cold lips mute!

They have one by one of the cherished band,
At his call, gone forth to the spirit land;
He hath broken the links of affection's chain,
He hath severed united hearts in twain!

I caught the chill breath, but 'twas not for me:
"O say, what now is thy stern decree?"
The form that I clasp to my writhing heart—
"My only! my cherished! thou must depart!"

I stretch out my arms to that better shore,
To the loved that shall brighten this earth no more;
With drooping brow and suspended breath,
I await thy next call—"Is it mine, oh Death?"
C. G. D.

LUTHERVILLE SEMINARY, August 21, 1856.

A CHILD'S DEATH was never more sweetly mourned than in these lines, by R. Sheridan:

If chance a violet rear its purple head,
The careful gard'ner moves it ere it blows,
To thrive and flourish in a nobler bed,
Such was thy fate, dear child,
Thy opening such!

Pre-eminence in early bloom was shown,
For earth too good, perhaps,
And loved too much—

Heaven saw and early marked thee for its own!

DROPS OF COMFORT.

IF we can exercise the confidence of that little child on the sea, who, while the ship was rocked with wild fury by the winds, said serenely, with a smile on its lips, but no tear in his eye, "My father is at the helm!" we shall never be disturbed by the clouds and storms which gather around us. Even the bitterest afflictions are recognized as blessings when we know they are from a Father's hand. They are medicines *necessary* to our health. They are clouds to shelter us from the dangerous sun of prosperity, showers to refresh us in a summer's noon. What is a picture without shades?—Clouds enrich and adorn a landscape. Perpetual sunlight wearies, and the freshness and fragrance of a dewy evening are hailed with gladness after the "long sunny lapse of a summer's daylight." Afflictions are *sweet* to the Christian, even when the heart is almost bursting with grief, for he is assured that the pain is inflicted by a kind Father, and for the profit of his child. In the darkest hour he hears the precious assertion—"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth," and the entreaty, "Let not your heart be troubled." When we are in the depths of poverty, can we not remember Him who feeds the ravens when they cry, and clothes the lilies? and shall we doubt his willingness to minister to our necessities? When we are homeless, we can hear a voice whispering, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you."

If we are friendless, without an *earthly* friend, do we not read, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." "I love them that love me?" When we are assailed by enemies—when our characters are aspersed—our motives maligned—our conduct vilified—our best efforts condemned, may we not, in a Christian spirit, say, "Shall not God avenge his own elect?"

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness," and there are sorrows which must be endured without sympathy, and in solitude; but is there a grief in which our Father will not sympathize? Is there a sorrow which cannot be whispered in His ear? "Is His

ear heavy that it cannot hear?" "Is His arm ever shortened, that He cannot save?" No. There is no sorrow that he cannot cure, no wound that He cannot heal.

Let us then repair to our heavenly Father in every dark, distressful hour, and remember that He said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." And shall we not respond, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire besides thee."

THE following beautiful and affecting lines were written by Miss Carrie De Valin, of Baltimore, to a friend in Philadelphia, and formed a part of a kind and sympathizing letter to one who had just buried a dear sister. The person referred to in the following was Mrs. ANN ELIZA D. WOODBURY.

PARTING WORDS.

THOUGH the dust must sully thy brow so fair—
And dim the sheen of thy silken hair—
Though it quench the light of thy lustrous eye,
And its shade on thy sunny lips must lie!—
Life's visions gone from thy silent breast—
Sleep on, beloved, in thy dreamless rest!

Though we miss the voice whose music fell
On our restless hearts, like the soothing spell
Of a fount, 'mid the thirsting flowers at play,
At the noontide heat of a summer day—
Though the voice is fled that our hearthstones
blessed—
Sleep on, beloved, in thy dreamless rest!

Thou art gone with the rose on thy youth's fresh
bloom,
In thy bridal robes, to the cheerless tomb,
With a trusting hope at thy loving heart,
Of a starry home, where the words "we part"*
Shall haunt no more thy peaceful breast!
Sleep on, beloved, in thy dreamless rest!

There were burning tears on thy pale brow shed,
From fond hearts wrong that had truly bled,
As they watched thee so frail pass sweetly away,
With a smile that still brightened thy beautiful clay.
Though yearning hearts inourn for their purest and
best,
Sleep on, beloved, in thy dreamless rest!

To the spirit-land thou art wandering now,
With a radiant light on thy upturned brow,
With an angel-guide for thy trembling wing,
To a ransomed throng that exulting sing—
A welcome for thee to the home of the blest!
Sleep on, beloved, in thy dreamless rest!

* "We met but to part—we shall meet to part no more!"—Her dying words.

A MERCHANT SHOULD BE AN
HONORABLE MAN.

ALTHOUGH a man cannot be an honorable man without being an honest man, yet a man may be strictly honest without being honorable. Honesty refers to pecuniary affairs; honor refers to the principles and feelings. He may pay his debts punctually, he may defraud no man, and yet he may act dishonorably. He acts dishonorably when he gives his correspondents a worse opinion of his rivals in trade than he knows they deserve. He acts dishonorably when he sells his commodities at less than real value, in order to get away his neighbor's customers. He acts dishonorably when he purchases at higher than market price, in order that he may raise the market upon another buyer. He acts dishonorably when he draws accommodation bills, and passes them to his banker for discount, as if they arose out of real transactions. He acts dishonorably in every case wherein his external conduct is at variance with his real opinions. He acts dishonorably, if, when carrying on a prosperous trade, he does not allow his servants and assistants, through whose exertions he obtains his success, to share in his prosperity. He acts dishonorably, if, after he has become rich, he is unmindful of the favors he received when he was poor. In all these cases there may be no intentional fraud. It may not be dishonest, but it may be dishonourable conduct.—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

"SI JE TE PERDS, JE SUIS
PERDU."

The idea is taken from the device on a seal. A mariner, with his hand on the helm (and a stormy sea) and his eyes fixed on a single star. The motto, "*Si Je Te Perds, Je Suis Perdu,*"—"If I lose thee, I'm lost."

SHINE on, thou bright beacon,
Unclouded and free,
From thy high place of calmness,
O'er life's troubled sea!
Its morning of promise,
Its smooth seas are gone,
And the billows rave wildly—
Then, bright one, shine on.

The wings of the tempest
May rise o'er thy ray,

But tranquil thou smilest,
Undimmed by its sway.
High, high o'er the worlds,
Where storms are unknown,
Thou dwellest, all beauteous,
All glorious, alone.

From the deep doom of darkness
The lightning-flash leaps,
O'er the bark of my fortune
Each mad billow sweeps;
From the port of her safety
By warring winds driven,
And no light o'er her course
But yon lone one of heaven.

Yet fear not, thou frail one,
The hour may be near,
When our own sunny headlands
Far off may appear;
When the voice of the storm
Shall be silent and past,
In some island of haven
We may anchor at last.

But, bark of eternity,
Where art thou now?
The tempest-wave shrieks
O'er each plunge of thy prow.
On the world's dreary ocean
Thus shattered and lost—
Then, lone one, shine on,
If I lose thee, I'm lost.

MEXICAN MILKMEN.

ONE of the curiosities of Mexico is the manner of selling milk; instead of the neat white wooden vessel, or the spouted tin can, with the different measures hung upon it, and the rattling bell-cart, to convey it from place to place with despatch, or an old homespun-looking negro packing it about on his hard-crowned head, we have the animals themselves driven from door to door of the different regular customers, where they are milked, and a regular stand, where the transient patrons are supplied by milking it into the vessels in which they take it home. Besides a drove of cows, with the calves all muzzled, running and bleating after them, there is also a gang of goats and asses driven along, that people may suit themselves to quality and price, as also their different tastes—for which there is no accounting.

THE greatest misfortune of life is old age
without the remembrance of virtue.

Home Circle.

CHRISTMAS AT HOME.

"The tidings which that infant brings,
Are not for conquerors, or for kings:
Not for the sceptre or the brand,
For crowned head, or red right hand.
But to the contrite and the meek,
The sinful, sorrowful, and weak:
Or those who, with a hope sublime,
Are waiting for the Lord's good time.
Only for those the angels sing,
'All glory to our new-born King,
And peace and good-will unto men,
Hosanna to our God! Amen!'"

MISS LONDON.

THERE are some things which never grow old—never lose their freshness and beauty. The bow in the cloud is as beautiful now, as when it first spanned the sky as the bright seal of heaven. Its fair fringe upon the retiring storm-cloud is hailed anew, and still whispers to the heart of man an assurance of grace and love. The stars are as keen in their sparkle, and the sky as lovely in its blue expanse, as when they first hung over Eden. And so this season is hailed by old and young, with hearts and faces that are flushed and gleam with joy. We have heard the story of Mary with the infant Messiah in her arms, from earliest childhood. It was sung over our cradle. Our memory of earth's first joys is associated with Christmas greetings. Some of the brightest gleams of our youthful home, come from the social gatherings and innocent joys of Christmas. And still we feel our hearts glow with kindly greetings, and a sacred joy at the return of this religious home-festival—

"So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!"

T. S.

THE EPIPHANY.

"They saw the young child, with Mary his mother, and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts."

How gaily seems the sun to rise
On christening days, and days of birth;
Whether he smile in summer skies,
Or faintly warm the wintry earth!

Bright are the dreams he drives away,
And bright the promise of that day:
All charms, all gifts of love are there,
Love breathes in all the fragrant air.

Oh haste we then to-day to greet
Him who is born our glorious King;
Of gold and myrrh, and incense sweet,
Your treasures to His cradle bring.
The Virgin Mother waiting by,
Your offering scans with earnest eye;
Angels and saints, with jealous heed,
Watch, if you bring your best indeed.

And He, the Holiest, Humblest One,
Making as though He could not see,—
Yet is His eye all hearts upon;
O may He find some good in me!
A poor, weak, wayward soul is mine,
Yet own I, Lord, thy saving sign;
Thou seest me daily, how before
Thy gracious footsteps I adore.

Fain would I there my stores unfold,
And of the gifts thy love hath given,
One heart restore of virgin gold,
One prayer, like incense, seeking heaven;
One drop of penitential love,
Fragrant and dear to God above;
Yet bitter in the mouth as gall,
Fain would I bring thee: 'tis mine all.

O blessed, who with eyes so pure,
Have watched thy cradle day by day,
Thy look may in their hearts endure,
Brightening their dim and weary way!
Blest, whom sweet thoughts of Christmas tide,
Through all the year may guard and guide,
As on those sages journeying smiled
In dreams, the Mother and the Child.

GUSMAN; OR, THE SON.

Translated from Chateaubriand.

BY E. B. S.

VOLTAIRE has furnished us with another Christian character in the *Son*. He is neither the docile Telemachus with Ulysses, nor the haughty Achilles with Peleus, but he is a young man full of fire and enthusiasm, whose passions are brought into subjection to religious principles, and whose inclinations are tempered by gentleness and forbearance. Alzire, notwithstanding the unnaturalness of the characters, is a very attractive play: we see drawn as upon a chart, the Christian morality which elevates it above the vulgar code, and it is in itself

a divine poetry. The peace which reigns in the soul of Alvarez is not alone the peace of nature. Let us suppose that Nestor would seek to moderate the passions of Antilochus: at first, he would relate examples in the history of children who have been ruined because they turned a deaf ear to parental advice; then, giving some general maxims upon the inexperience of youth and the wisdom of age, he would crown his remonstrances with a eulogy upon himself, and a sigh after the days of olden time. The influence which Alvarez employs is of an altogether different kind; he casts into forgetfulness his hoary locks and his paternal authority, and speaks only in the name of religion. His endeavor is not to deter Gusman from any private or aggravated crime; he counsels him in an enlarged charity, and in every virtue—a celestial humanity as it were, brought down from heaven by the *God-man*, and which never had an abiding-place upon this earth before the establishment of Christianity. Indeed, Alvarez commanding his son as a *father*, and requiring his obedience as a *subject*, is a most beautiful lesson in morals, and as far superior to the morality of the ancients as the Evangelist surpasses the dialogues of Plato in the instruction of the virtues. Achilles wounds his enemy, and insults him after having conquered him. Gusman is as proud as the son of Peleus; pierced with blows from the hands of Zamor, expiring in the flower of his age, losing at the same time an adored wife and the command of a vast empire, behold and listen to the sentence which he pronounces over his rival and his murderer, brilliant triumph of religion, and of paternal example over a *Christian Son*.

Gusman to Zamor:

"Now learn the difference with thy faith and mine: Thine bids thee *lift thy dagger to my throat— Mine can forgive the wrong, and bid thee live.*"

And to what religion belongs this high morality and this death? It reigns here as a splendid fact or *beautiful truth*, superior to all poetical ideality. When a truthful ideal is presented to us, it is no exaggeration; it is recognized instantly by all good and great minds. Voltaire is very ungrateful to have calumniated a worship

which has furnished him (as an author) with his best title to immortality. This verse which he has written should have recalled him to himself: it originated undoubtedly in an involuntary inspiration of approval and of admiration.

What then! true Christians inherit all the virtues! They are born to command.

And let us add, that the best things of genius fall also to their portion.

Thoughts for the Closing Year.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street,
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall,
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands.
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;

O precious hours! O golden prime,
 And affluence of love and time!
 Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
 The bride came forth on her wedding night;
 There, in that silent room below,
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
 And in the hush that followed the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
 Some are married, some are dead;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 "Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
 As in the days long since gone by,
 The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time shall disappear,—
 Forever there, but never here!
 The horologe of eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly,
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

A WARNING VOICE TO MOTHERS.

BY DR. H. HUPFELD.

MOTHER, watch that child with care,
 If you would it happy make;
 Ev'ry fault teach it beware,
 Ev'ry evil way forsake.
 Pluck each noxious weed you find,
 In the garden of the mind;
 Flowers then will there abound,
 Spreading fragrance all around.

Teach it to be just and kind,
 All to love, and all endeavor;
 Bid it ever bear in mind,
 Goodness makes us happy here.
 If you wish it lovely grow,
 Seeds of virtue early sow;
 Blossoms then will cheer your sight,
 Worldly frosts can never hight.

Cheerful patience early teach;
 Chase away each scowl you see;
 And if pride its heart should reach,
 Teach it true humility.
 Ever let the thought abide,
 Sinful is all foolish pride,
 Withering oft, despite your art,
 Noblest feelings of the heart.

Its temper curb without delay,
 Never angry let it be;
 If ill-natured, then, I pray,
 Teach it amiability.
 Bid it ne'er the truth forsake,
 Nor a single promise break;
 Never let it see in you
 What you would not have it do.

Let it know of that kind Friend,
 Who protects it night and day;
 Needful comforts He will send,
 If it will but love His way.
 Teach it act a Christian's part,
 Bid it give the Lord its heart,
 Warn it with your latest breath,
 Sin's sure hire is pain and death.

Mother, watch that child with care,
 If you would it happy make;
 Ev'ry wrong teach it beware,
 Never once the right forsake.
 Nature us this truth doth show,
 Few on it a thought bestow,
 "As the twig is bent, we find
 So will be the tree inclined."

BALTIMORE, November, 1856.

ABIDE IN ME AND I IN YOU.

THE SOUL'S ANSWER.

THAT mystic word of thine, oh, Sovereign Lord!
 Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
 Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
 I breathe it back again in prayer to thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee,
 From this good hour, O leave me never more;
 Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed;
 The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me—o'ershadow by thy love,
 Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;
 Quench, ere it rise, each selfish low desire,
 And keep my soul as thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay,
 Pervades it with a fragrance not its own—
 So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
 All heaven's own sweetness seems around it
 thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
 Grows out of tune, and needs that hand divine;
 Dwell thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
 Till every note and string shall answer thine.

Abide in me: there have been moments pure,
 When I have seen thy face and felt thy power;
 Then evil lost its grasp, and, passion hushed,
 Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
 Abide in me—and they shall ever be;
 I pray thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,
 Come and *abide* in me, and I in Thee.

H. E. B. S.

Editorial Book-Table.

LAST OF THE PATRIARCHS. By Rev. J. CUMMING, D.D. Lindsay & Blakiston. Dr. Cumming is so universally and favorably known to the readers of religious books, that the simple announcement of a work from his pen is all that is needed to secure for it a prompt and an extensive sale. For after all the flippant criticisms of the wisecracks about his style, bombast, &c., and the sage remarks of the scholastic doctors, that he is not profound and consistent, or that he is too discursive and fanciful, he is one of the most popular writers of our age. And until these carpers can show practically their competency to give the public something better, their supercilious cavillings will pass for what they are worth. The learned may say what they please, Cumming is a man of genius, and what is more, he consecrates his genius to the glory of God. His works abound in gems of thought that sparkle on almost every page. The present work is an illustration of Divine Providence, from the beautiful and touching incidents in the life of Joseph. It is a book full of suggestions adapted to the old and young, and if rightly read cannot fail to make the reader wiser and better. T. S.

THE LAST TIMES. By J. A. SEISS, A.M. Published by T. Newton Kurtz. We have given this book a careful perusal, and consulted some half-a-dozen of other authors, maintaining the views of Brother Seiss on the Second Advent, Restoration of the Jews, and the Millennium; and after a careful and an impartial investigation, we are unable to adopt the views of these momentous themes which to our brother seem so clear and indisputable. Once I was disposed, most enthusiastically, to embrace the interpretation of prophecy, so dogmatically assumed by the Literalists; but latterly it is different. The more I look at it, the more serious and insuperable appear the difficulties in the reception of the pre-millennial advent of Christ, and the concomitant and consequent doctrines of the first and second Resurrections, with the intervening literal reign of a thousand years. And yet, I do not the less devoutly and joyfully anticipate the coming of my Lord. It is a fallacy in the reasoning and pious admonitions of these literalists with which I have no patience, that unless we adopt their ideas of the Second Advent, we cannot watch for our Lord's coming, as we are so often commanded to do in the New Testament. One would suppose that all the anti literalists must necessarily be foolish virgins, with no oil in their lamps, to be terrified by the sound, "Behold the Bride-

groom cometh," and to have the door of heaven shut in their face. I am sorry that brother Seiss has been betrayed into this dogmatism. The book would be more likely to convince, if freed from these repellent points. The fact that a man has spent half a score of years in studying the matter does not warrant the assumption of being right; otherwise, every misconception of Divine truth, that has grown through years into some gigantic form of error, might plead infallibility. Our brother, I think, might have spared those warm and impassioned appeals to us, poor sinners, who cannot receive his doctrine of the Second Advent.

This work, however, is ably written, and is full of materials, elaborated by patient thought, and confirmed by learned authorities. All who study this subject should have this work. T. S.

THE LADY ANGELINE. By LOUIS L. NOBLE. Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York, 1856.

This is one of those little volumes of poetry that now flood the country in such numbers, that find their way to every library, often to the exclusion of the noble company of bards that have long since sung their song and departed. We will not say that there may not be some good in these poetlings; but like Gratiano's reasons it is "as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff—and when you have them they are not worth the search," when the masters of old have flung wide to the world, with lavish hand, their richest jewels. This poem, in its poetic measures, its thought, and its diction, has no glaring faults, and as a very natural accompaniment it has no great beauties; its merit, if it has any, is entirely negative—it does not offend and it does not please. The Ballads that are found in the same volume are somewhat better, but too much in imitation of Tennyson to add much to the fame of their author.

ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF FAMILY AND CHRISTIAN NAMES. By WM. ARTHUR. Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York, 1857.

This is something that those curious concerning their descent, and the manner in which their family received its name have often wished for. It will also be a valuable aid to the philologist. It opens with an Introductory Essay on the Origin and Import of Family Names, full of instructive and amusing facts, showing by how trivial circumstances the choice of many of our family names has been determined. The composition, however, is very faulty, being thrown together without order, and in a very careless and disconnected

manner. The Dictionary is very full and complete, and well worthy a place in the family library.

LIFE IN ISRAEL. By MARIA T. RICHARDS. Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York, 1857.

Scott wrote what are called historical novels. Mrs. Richards writes what we might in analogy style a Biblical novel—an attempt to make clear those points in the history of Israel's wanderings, and to develop those qualities in the great character of that time upon which the Bible dwells but lightly; with what success might easily be prophesied: it is a failure. The style is diffuse, and loaded with epithet, the attempt at Bible phraseology is unhappy, and the whole work is aimless. We give two extracts as instances of her descriptive and her conversational styles. Speaking of Jerusalem, she says, "Splendor was her dazzling sceptre, when the eastern sun illumined her marble palaces, and lit up her golden temple; and beauty was her robe and diadem when, lushed in the silence of moonlight, she listened to the music of the brooks that sang their low song at her feet."

"Surely, it must be a delight to thee to look upon the walls of the Temple, with their wondrous wealth of fine gold," said Azariah,

'and to know that thou hast thyself spent many years in bringing it from afar to beautify the Lord's house. 'It surely is a joy unto me,' answered Benjamin. 'Five times have I left my country—yea, even my wife and children, by the space of three years at a time, to go down to the sea in ships, and bring the gold of Ophir unto David and Solomon.'"

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES OF BAPTIST CHURCHES. By FRANCIS WAYLAND. Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

This work, from one of the ablest writers of our country, is intended to present a distinctive view of Baptist denominations, in their belief and practice. Whilst the book is designed specially for Baptists, there are discussions upon preaching, and pastoral duties, which may profit ministers of every denomination.

THE INNER LIFE OF THE CHRISTIAN. By Dr. RAUCH. Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

These discourses, originally addressed to students, are admirably adapted to the general reader. They will prove a valuable auxiliary to all who are endeavoring to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ
T. S.

Editorial Miscellany.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—The day set apart by the Governor of this State, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving to God, viz., Thursday, November 20, was generally observed by the religious community of this city. There were exercises in most of the churches, business was generally suspended, and the day observed as a religious festival. In St. John's Church, Rev. Dr. Mayer's, after an able and impressive discourse by the pastor, a collection was lifted in behalf of the Orphan's Home at Pittsburg, and the liberal sum of \$148 was obtained. In St. Matthew's Church, New Street, a union meeting of the congregations of Revs. Baker, Stork, and Hutter, was held, when the three congregations listened to an interesting and edifying discourse, eminently appropriate to the day, preached by the Rev. LUTHER E. ALBERT, of Germantown. The congregation, which was large, appeared unusually interested in the exercises, and doubtless realized the eminent utility and propriety of this and all similar observances. H.

NEW LUTHERAN CHURCH.—On Sunday, November 16, a new Lutheran Church was dedicated to the service of God, in Dillsburg,

York County, a flourishing little town, situate on the State Road, between Gettysburg and Harrisburg. The Rev. J. R. FÖCHT is pastor of the congregation, through whose persevering and self-denying labors the church has been built. The consecration sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. KURTZ, of Baltimore, and the residue of the debt incurred in the erection of the building was subscribed. This is the first Lutheran house of worship erected in the village. May it prove a blessing to the population, and in it may many souls be converted to our Lord Jesus Christ. H.

"THE CHURCH-GOING BELL."—We learn, with pleasure, from the *Independent Press*, published at Williamsport, Pa., that the Lutheran Church at that place has been supplied with a first-class bell. We make the following extract from the article in the *Press*, and are glad to find a pleasing reference in it to the Lutheran pastor in that place: "On us the sound of the church-going bell has a most soothing influence. Other bells, for other purposes, we hear, but they scarcely arrest a passing notice; but how different the Church

Bell—how its solemn tones bring to our memory our boyish days—how often have its tones arrested and turned our steps to the old and ivy turreted village church on the hillside—and how sacred were its sounds as we softly trod o'er the grassy mound of the grave that contained the remains of a beloved companion, and as the burning tear rolled down our cheek have we turned aside to greet the venerated and loved pastor whose admonitions and teachings have influenced us through life.

"These reflections were induced on hearing last Sabbath morning the bell recently erected in the cupola of the Lutheran Evangelical Church of this borough. This addition is a desirable one, and, we believe, completes all the arrangements of this neat and convenient edifice.

"Too much praise cannot be awarded the Rev. J. WELKER, to whose untiring exertions are mainly to be attributed its erection and completion. His congregation are fully sensible of these facts, and his truly Christian deportment and zeal in his ministerial calling have created an attachment that is hard to sever. There is a prevailing disposition among his congregation to induce him to forego his anticipated removal from his present pastoral charge." H.

REV. W. N. SCHOLL.—It affords us sincere pleasure to have it in our power to state, that the health of this esteemed brother and pastor of the Lutheran Church at Norristown, which for some time past has been seriously impaired, is again so far restored that he is able to resume the active duties of the ministry. Our Church and Sunday-School in Norristown, through the efforts of Brother SCHOLL, and the superadded blessing of Heaven, were never before in so prosperous a condition; and there is every prospect that both will be established on a sure and permanent basis. We sincerely rejoice in these tokens of good, in that important and interesting field of Christian labor. H.

THE AMERICAN UNION.—From an able and exceedingly eloquent address, recently delivered by the Hon. ROBERT J. WALKER, former Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, in the City of New York, we make the following extract: "The American Union is a moral, a physical, a political, a commercial necessity, and never can nor will be dissolved. As well might we attempt to decompose the great element of nature which holds together the planets, suns, and systems of the universe, as hope to sever the links of mighty lakes and rivers, of ever-extending telegraphs, railroads, and canals, of free trade, of intercourse, of interest, of love and affection, of the glories of the past, the present, and the future, which must forever bind together the American

Union. Indeed, when we look upon the American Revolution, the framing of our Constitution, the addition of Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and Oregon—our ever-extending area, products, and population—our triumphs in war and peace—we must be blind to the past, and close our eyes upon the fulfilling realities of the future, if we cannot perceive and gratefully acknowledge that a higher than an earthly power still guards and directs our destiny, impels us onward, and has selected our great and happy country as a model and ultimate centre of attraction for all the nations of the world." H.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.—The receipts of the New York Temperance Society for the past year, from donations, amounted to \$13,018. Five persons—Erastus Corning and E. Delavan, of Albany; Charles Butler, of New York; Gerritt Smith, of Madison County, and Dr. Nott, of Schenectady, gave \$1000. The whole amount was expended in the publication of Temperance papers and other documents.

STATUE OF MELANCHTHON.—The Stockholm journals state that the proposals for erecting at Wittenburg, in Prussia, a statue of Melanchthon, by the side of that of Luther, was so favorably received in the Swedish capital that thousands of persons immediately subscribed to the object.

CHAPEL TO THE MEMORY OF LUTHER.—The German Journal of Frankfort states that a subscription limited to three kreutzers (about fifteen centimes) to each person, has been opened at Worms for the construction of a Gothic chapel in that town, in honor of LUTHER, and of his Protest at the Diet of Worms.

REV. SPURGEON, the celebrated London preacher, is expected to visit this country shortly.

DYING TESTIMONY.—Among the last words of JOHN M. CLAYTON were the following: "I wish every man who has ever known me to be assured, that I am a firm believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, my only and blessed Saviour."

ERROR CORRECTED.—In an article published in the July number, by Rev. D. GARVER, on Cemeteries, an error inadvertently occurred, which the writer requests to have corrected. The Greek word should be, and was so written: Κοιμασθαι, to sleep. The word was misprinted in the article, page 215.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.—"A PILGRIMAGE TO WASHINGTON'S TOMB," an interesting article, by Rev. T. T. TITUS, has been unavoidably crowded out. We have it in reserve for the January number. We have been obliged, likewise, to omit an interesting narrative, translated from the German, by Rev. G. A. WENZEL. This will, also, appear in due season. H.

